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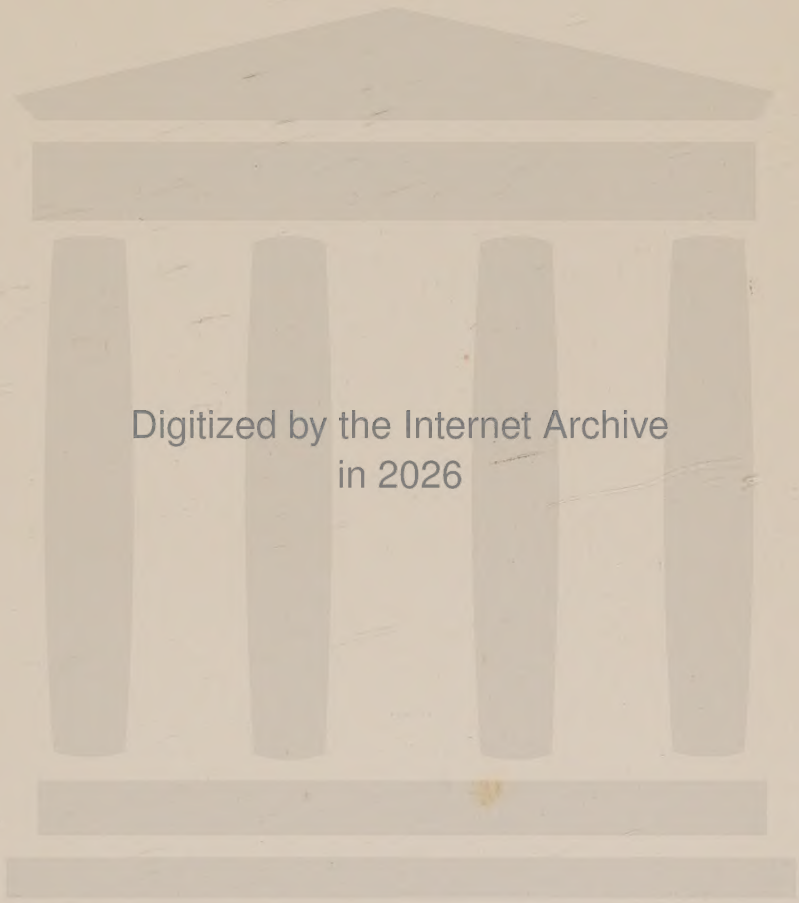
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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

VOLUME VII

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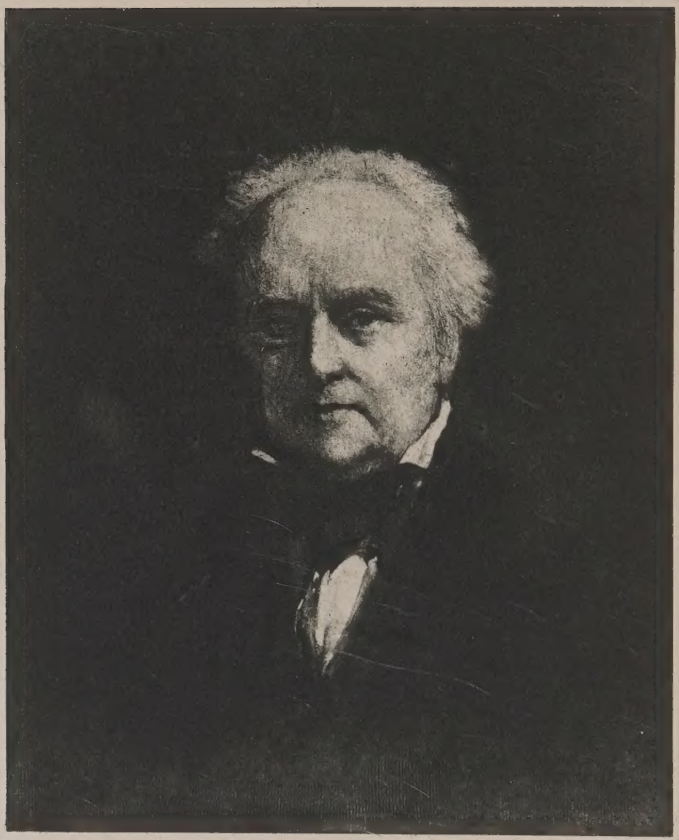

Photographed from the Painting by Sir W^m. Boxall. R.A.

Your affectionate old friend W. Longfellow

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

EDITED BY

T. EARLE WELBY

VOLUME VII

LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL LTD.

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IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

AMERICAN—(continued)

II. BISHOP SHIPLEY AND BENJAMIN FRANKLIN [1]

(*Ablett's Lit. Hours*, 1837; *Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, iii., 1876.)

SHIPLEY.[2] There are very few men, even in the bushes and the wildernesses, who delight in the commission of cruelty; but nearly all, throughout the earth, are censurable for the admission. When we see a blow struck, we go on and think no more about it: yet every blow aimed at the most distant of our fellow-creatures, is sure to come back, some time or other, to our families and descendants. He who lights a fire in one quarter is ignorant to what other the winds may carry it, and whether what is kindled in the wood may not break out again in the corn-field.

FRANKLIN. If we could restrain but one generation from deeds of violence, the foundation for a new and a more graceful edifice of society would not only have been laid, but would have been consolidated.

SHIPLEY. We already are horrified at the bare mention of religious wars; we should then be horrified at the mention of political. Why should they who, when they are affronted or offended, abstain from inflicting blows, some from a sense of decorousness and others from a sense of religion, be forward to instigate the infliction of ten thousand, all irremediable, all murderous? Every chief magistrate should be arbitrator and umpire in all differences between any two, forbidding war. Much would be added to the dignity of the most powerful king by rendering him an efficientm meber of such a grand Amphictyonic council. Unhappily they are persuaded in childhood that a reign is made glorious by a successful war. What school-

[1] The unpopularity of Shipley as an opponent of the American War is historical, but there is no evidence that he and Franklin were mobbed as described by Landor.

[2] From "SHIPLEY" to "they will hit us," p. 2, not in 1st ed.

master ever taught a boy to question it? or indeed any point of political morality, or any incredible thing in history? Cæsar and Alexander are uniformly clement: Themistocles died by a draught of bull's blood: Portia by swallowing red-hot pieces of charcoal.

Franklin. Certainly no woman or man could perform either of these feats. In my opinion it lies beyond a doubt that Portia suffocated herself by the fumes of charcoal; and that the Athenian, whose stomach must have been formed on the model of other stomachs, and must therefore have rejected a much less quantity of blood than would have poisoned him, died by some chemical preparation, of which a bull's blood might, or might not, have been part. Schoolmasters who thus betray their trust, ought to be scourged by their scholars, like him of their profession who underwent the just indignation of the Roman Consul. You shut up those who are infected with the plague; why do you lay no coercion on those who are incurably possessed by the legion-devil of carnage? When a creature [1] is of intellect so perverted that he can discern no difference between a review and a battle, between the animating bugle and the dying groan, it were expedient to remove him, as quietly as may be, from his devastation of God's earth and his usurpation of God's authority. Compassion points out the cell for him at the bottom of the hospital, and listens to hear the key turned in the ward: until then the house is insecure.

Shipley. God grant our rulers wisdom, and our brethren peace!

Franklin. Here are but indifferent specimens and tokens. Those fellows throw stones pretty well: if they practise much longer, they will hit us: let [2] me entreat you, my lord, to leave me here. So long as the good people were contented with hooting and shouting at us, no great harm was either done or apprehended: but now they are beginning to throw stones, perhaps they may prove themselves more dexterous in action than their rulers have done latterly in council.

Shipley. Take care, Doctor Franklin! *That* was very near being the philosopher's stone.

Franklin. Let me pick it up, then, and send it to London by the

[1] George III. Compare the passage in the Conversation of Romilly and Wilberforce: "an old madman who never knew the difference between a battle and a review."

[2] In 1st ed. the Conversation begins at this point.

diligence. But I am afraid your ministers, and the nation at large, are as little in the way of wealth as of wisdom, in the experiment they are making.

Shipley. While I was attending to you, William [1] had started. Look ! he has reached them : they are listening to him. Believe me, he has all the courage of an Englishman and of a Christian ; and, if the stoutest of them force him to throw off his new black coat, the blusterer would soon think it better to have listened to less polemical doctrine.

Franklin. Meantime a few of the town-boys are come nearer, and begin to grow troublesome. I am sorry to requite your hospitality with such hard fare.

Shipley. True, these young bakers make their bread very gritty, but we must partake of it together so long as you are with us.

Franklin. Be pleased, my lord, to give us grace ; our repast is over ; this is my boat.

Shipley. We will accompany you as far as to the ship. Thank God ! we are now upon the water, and all safe. Give me your hand, my good Doctor Franklin ! and although you have failed in the object of your mission, yet the intention will authorise me to say, in the holy words of our divine Redeemer, Blessed are the peacemakers !

Franklin. My dear lord ! if God ever blessed a man at the intercession of another, I may reasonably and confidently hope in such a benediction. Never did one arise from a warmer, a tenderer, or a purer heart.

Shipley. Infatuation ! that England should sacrifice to her king so many thousands of her bravest men ; and ruin so many thousands of her most industrious, in a vain attempt to destroy the very principles on which her strength and her glory are founded ! The weakest prince that ever sat upon a throne, and the most needy and sordid parliament that ever pandered to distempered power, are thrusting our blindfold nation from the pinnacle of prosperity.

Franklin. I believe *your* king (from this moment it is permitted me to call him *ours* no longer) to be as honest and as wise a man as any of those about him : but unhappily he can see no difference between a review and a battle. Such are the optics of most kings and rulers. His parliament, in both houses, acts upon calculation.

[1] William Shipley, son of the Bishop, and Dean of St. Asaph.

There is hardly a family, in either, that does not anticipate the clear profit of several thousands a year, to itself and its connections. Appointments to regiments and frigates raise the price of papers; and forfeited estates fly confusedly about, and darken the air from the Thames to the Atlantic.

SHIPLEY. It is lamentable to think that war, bringing with it every species of human misery, should become a commercial speculation. Bad enough when it arises from revenge; another word for honour.

FRANKLIN. A strange one indeed! but not more strange than fifty others that come under the same title. Wherever there is nothing of religion, nothing of reason, nothing of truth, we come at once to honour; and here we draw the sword, dispense with what little of civilisation we ever pretended to, and murder or get murdered, as may happen. But these ceremonials both begin and end with an appeal to God, who, before we appealed to him, plainly told us we should do no such thing, and that he would punish us most severely if we did. And yet, my lord, even the gentlemen upon your bench turn a deaf ear to him on these occasions: nay, they go further; they pray to him for success in that which he has forbidden so strictly, and when they have broken his commandment, thank him. Upon seeing these mockeries and impieties age after age repeated, I have asked myself whether the depositaries and expounders of religion have really any whatever of their own; or rather, like the lawyers, whether they do not defend professionally a cause that otherwise does not interest them in the least. Surely, if these holy men really believed in a just retributive God, they would never dare to utter the word *war*, without horror and deprecation.

SHIPLEY. Let us attribute to infirmity what we must else attribute to wickedness.

FRANKLIN. Willingly would I: but children are whipt severely for inobservance of things less evident, for disobedience of commands less audible and less awful. I am loth to attribute cruelty to your order: men so entirely at their ease have seldom any. Certain I am that several of the bishops would not have patted Cain upon the back while he was about to kill Abel; and my wonder is that the very same holy men encourage their brothers in England to kill their brothers in America; not one, not two nor three, but thousands, many thousands.

SHIPLEY. I am grieved at the blindness with which God has afflicted us for our sins. These unhappy men are little aware what combustibles they are storing under the church, and how soon they may explode. Even the wisest do not reflect on the most important and the most certain of things; which is, that every act of inhumanity and injustice goes far beyond what is apparent at the time of its commission; that these, and all other things, have their consequences; and that the consequences are infinite and eternal. If this one truth alone could be deeply impressed upon the hearts of men, it would regenerate the whole human race.

FRANKLIN. In regard to politics, I am not quite certain whether a politician may not be too far-sighted: but I am quite certain that, if it be a fault, it is one into which few have fallen. The policy of the Romans in the time of the republic, seems to have been prospective. Some of the Dutch also, and of the Venetians, used the telescope. But in monarchies the prince, not the people, is consulted by the minister of the day; and what pleases the weakest supersedes what is approved by the wisest.

SHIPLEY. We have had great statesmen: Burleigh, Cromwell, Marlborough, Somers: and whatever may have been in the eyes of a moralist the vices of Walpole, none ever understood more perfectly, or pursued more steadily, the direct and palpable interests of the country. Since his administration, our affairs have never been managed by men of business; and it was more than could have been expected that, in our war against the French in Canada, the appointment fell on an able commander.

FRANKLIN. Such an anomaly is unlikely to recur. You have in the English parliament (I speak of both houses) only two [1] great men; only two considerate and clear-sighted politicians; Chatham and Burke. Three or four can say clever things; several have sonorous voices; many vibrate sharp comminations [2] from the embrasures of portentously slit sleeves; and there are those to be found who deliver their oracles out of wigs as worshipful as the curls of Jupiter, however they may be grumbled at by the flour-mills they have laid under such heavy contribution; yet nearly all of all parties want alike the sagacity to discover that in striking America you

[1] 1st ed. reads: "one great man—Burke."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "communications."

shake Europe; that kings will come out of the war either to be victims or to be despots; and that within a quarter of a century they will be hunted down like vermin by the most servile nations, or slain in their palaces by their own courtiers. In a peace of twenty years you might have paid off the greater part of your national debt, indeed as much of it as it would be expedient to discharge, and you would have left your old enemy France labouring and writhing under the intolerable and increasing weight of hers. This is the only way in which you can ever quite subdue her; and in this you subdue her without a blow, without a menace, and without a wrong. As matters now stand, you are calling her from attending to the corruptions of her court, and inviting her from bankruptcy to glory.

SHIPLEY. I see not how bankruptcy can be averted by the expenditure of war.

FRANKLIN. It can not. But war and glory are the same thing to France, and she sings as shrilly and as gaily after a beating as before. With a subsidy to a less amount than she has lately been accustomed to squander in six weeks, and with no more troops than would garrison a single fortress, she will enable us to set you at defiance, and to do you a heavier injury in two campaigns than she has been able to do in two centuries, although your king was in her pay against you. She will instantly be our ally, and soon our scholar. Afterward she will sell her crown-jewels and her church-jewels, which cover the whole kingdom, and will derive unnatural strength from her vices and her profligacy. You ought to have conciliated us as your ally, and to have had no other, excepting Holland and Denmark. England could never have, unless by her own folly, more than one enemy. Only one is near enough to strike her; and that one is down. All her wars for six hundred years have not done this; and the first trumpet will untrance her. You leave your house open to incendiaries while you are running after a refractory child. Had you laid down the rod, the child would have come back. And because he runs away from the rod, you take up the poker. Seriously, what means do you possess of enforcing your unjust claims and insolent authority. Never since the Norman Conquest had you an army so utterly inefficient, or generals so notoriously unskilful: no, not even in the reign of that venal traitor, that French stipendiary, the second Charles. Those were yet living who had

fought bravely for his father, and those also who had vanquished him: and Victory still hovered over the mast that had borne the banners of our Commonwealth: *ours*, *ours*, my lord! the word is the right word here.

SHIPLEY. I am depressed in spirit, and can sympathise but little in your exultation. All the crimes of Nero and Caligula are less afflicting to humanity, and consequently we may suppose will bring down on the offenders a less severe retribution, than an unnecessary and unjust war. And yet the authors and abettors of this most grievous among our earthly calamities, the enactors and applauders (on how vast a theatre!) of the first and greatest crime committed upon earth, are quiet complacent creatures, jovial at dinner, hearty at breakfast, and refreshed with sleep! Nay, the prime movers in it are called most religious and most gracious; and the hand that signs in cold blood the death-warrant of nations, is kissed by the kind-hearted, and confers distinction upon the brave! The prolongation of a life that shortens so many others, is prayed for by the conscientious and the pious! Learning is inquisitive in the research of phrases to celebrate him who has conferred such blessings, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne! Philosophy, O my friend, has hitherto done little for the social state; and Religion has nearly all her work to do! She too hath but recently washed her hands from blood, and stands neutrally by, yes worse than neutrally, while others shed it. I am convinced that no day of my life will be so censured by my own clergy, as this, the day on which the last hopes of peace have abandoned us, and the only true minister of it is pelted from our shores. Farewell, until better times! may the next generation be wiser! and wiser it surely will be, for the lessons of Calamity are far more impressive than those which repudiated Wisdom would have taught.

FRANKLIN. Folly hath often the same results as Wisdom: but Wisdom would not engage in her school-room so expensive an assistant as Calamity. There are, however, some noisy and unruly children whom she alone has the method of rendering tame and tractable: perhaps it may be by setting them to their tasks both sore and supperless. The ship is getting under weigh. Adieu once more, my most revered and noble friend! Before me in imagination do I see America, beautiful as Leda in her infant smiles, when her father Jove first raised her from the earth; and behind me I leave

England, hollow, unsubstantial, and broken, as the shell she burst from.[1]

SHIPLEY. O worst of miseries, when it is impiety to pray that our country may be successful. Farewell! may every good attend you! with as little of evil to endure or to inflict, as national sins can expect from the Almighty.

[1] But it is to be remembered that Franklin, in conversation with Burke, expressed profound concern at the separation of the two countries, predicting that "America would never again see such happy days as she had passed under the protection of England."

III. WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN

(*Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824; ii., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, iii., 1876.)

Washington.[1] Well met again, my friend Benjamin! Never did I see you, I think, in better health: Paris does not appear to have added a single day to your age. I hope the two years you have spent there for us, were spent as pleasantly to yourself as they have been advantageously to your country.

Franklin. Pleasantly they were spent indeed, but, you may well suppose, not entirely without anxiety. I thank God, however, that all this is over.

Washington. Yes, Benjamin, let us render thanks to the Disposer of events, under whom, by the fortitude, the wisdom, and the endurance of our Congress, the affairs of America are brought at last to a triumphant issue.

Franklin. Do not refuse the share of merit due to yourself, which is perhaps the largest.

Washington. I am not of that opinion: if I were, I might acknowledge it to you, although not to others. Suppose me to have made a judicious choice in my measures, the Congress then made a judicious choice in me: so that whatever praise may be allowed me, is at best but secondary.

Franklin. I do not believe that the remainder of the world contains so many men who reason rightly as New England. Serious, religious, peaceable, inflexibly just and courageous, their stores of intellect are not squandered in the regions of fancy, nor in the desperate ventures of new-found and foggy metaphysics, but warehoused and kept sound at home, and ready to be brought forth in good and wholesome condition at the first demand. Their ancestors had abandoned their estates, their families, and their country, for the attainment[2] of peace and freedom; and they themselves were ready to traverse the vast wildernesses of an unexplored continent,

[1] From "Washington" to "this is over" not in 1st ed.
[2] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "obtainment."

rather than submit to that moral degradation which alone can satisfy the capriciousness of despotism. Their gravity is converted into enthusiasm: even those among them who never in childhood itself expressed by speech or countenance a sign of admiration, express it strongly in their old age at your exploits.

Washington. Benjamin, one would imagine that we both had been educated in courts, and that I were a man who could give, and you a man who could ask. Prythee, my friend, be a philosopher in somewhat more than books and bottles, and, as you have learned to manage the clouds and lightnings, try an experiment on the management of your fancies. I declare on my conscience I do not know what I have done extraordinary, unless we are forced to acknowledge, from the examples to which we have been accustomed, that it is extraordinary to possess power and remain honest. I believe it may be: but this was a matter of reflection with me: by serving my country I gratified my heart and all its wants. Perhaps I am not so happy a creature as he[1] who smokes his pipe on the bench at the tavern-door; yet I am as happy as my slow blood allows; and I keep my store of happiness in the same temperature the whole year round, by the double casement of activity[2] and integrity.

Franklin. I do not assert that there never was a general who disposed his army in the day of battle with skill equal to yours: which, in many instances, must depend almost as much on his adversary as on himself: but I assert that no man ever displayed such intimate knowledge of his whole business, guarded so frequently and so effectually against the impending ruin of his forces, and showed himself at once so circumspect and so daring. To have inoculated[3] one half of your troops under the eye of the enemy——

Washington. Those actions are great, which require great calculation, and succeed in consequence of its correctness: those alone, or nearly alone, are called so, which succeed without any. I knew the supineness of the British general,[4] his utter ignorance of his profession, his propensity to gaming, to drinking, in short to all

[1] 1st ed. reads: "the fellow who."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "action and."

[3] In February 1777 Washington had his entire force inoculated against smallpox.

[4] Burgoyne. As to gaming, Mr. Stephen Wheeler provides me with a reference to Junius, Letter xxxiv.

the camp vices. I took especial care that he should be informed of my intention to attack him, on the very day when my army was, from the nature of its distemper, the most disabled. Instead of anticipating me, which this intelligence, credited as it was, would have induced a more skilful man to do, he kept his troops unremittingly on the alert, and he himself is reported to have been sober three days together. The money which he ought to have employed in obtaining just and necessary information, he lost at cards; and when he heard that I had ventured to inoculate my army, and that the soldiers had recovered, he little imagined that half the number was at that moment under the full influence of the disease.

Attribute no small portion of our success to the only invariable policy of England, which is, to sweep forward to the head of her armaments the grubs of rotten boroughs and the droppings of the gaming-table; and, Benjamin, be assured that, although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice, or a deficiency of what in physics is called [1] excitability, is the cause of it: neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue. Clive, the best English general since Marlborough and Peterborough, was apparently an exception: but he fell not into this degrading vice until he was removed from the sphere of exertion, until his abilities had begun to decay, and his intellect in some measure to be deranged.

Franklin. I quite agree with you in your main proposition, and see no exception to it in Clive, who [2] was more capable of ruining a country than of raising one. Those who record that chess was invented in the Trojan war, would have informed us if Ulysses, Agamemnon, or Diomedes ever played at it: which however is usually done without a stake, nor can it be called in any way a game of chance. Gustavus Adolphus, and Eugene of Savoy,[3] and Marlborough, and Frederick of Prussia, and Charles XII. of Sweden, and

[1] 1st ed. reads: "called stimulus and excitability."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "who, although he gained the most glorious victory that has been obtained since the battle of Poictiers, was more," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "Savoy, who hold, I think I have heard you say, the most distinguished rank among the generals of modern nations, and Marlborough, who united with military science an equal share of political sagacity and dexterous conciliation, and Frederick," etc.

William III. of England, had springs and movements within themselves, which did not require to be wound up every night. They deemed it indecorous to be selvages to an ell of green cloth, and scandalous to cast upon a card what would cover a whole country with plenteousness.

Gaming is the vice of those nations which are too effeminate to be barbarous, and too depraved to be civilised, and which unite the worst qualities of both conditions; as for example, the rags and lace of Naples, its lazzaroni and other titulars. The Malays, I acknowledge, are less effeminate, and in all respects less degraded, and still are gamesters: but gaming with the Malays is a substitute for betel; the Neapolitan games on a full snuff-box. Monarchs should encourage the practice, as the Capets have done constantly: for it brings the idle and rich into their capitals, holds them from other intrigues and from more active parties, makes many powerful families dependent, and satisfies [1] young officers who would otherwise want employment. Republics, on the contrary, should punish the first offence with fine and imprisonment, the second with a public whipping and a year's hard labour, the third with deportation.

Washington. As you please in monarchies and republics: but prythee say nothing of them in mixed governments: do not affront the earliest coadjutors and surest reliances of our commonwealth. The leaders of party in England are inclined to play; and what was a cartouche but yesterday will make a rouleau to-morrow.

Franklin. Fill it then with base money, or you will be overreached, little [2] as is the danger to be apprehended from them in any higher species of calculation. They are persons of some repute for eloquence; but if I conducted a newspaper in that country, I should think it a wild speculation to pay the wiser of them half-a-crown a-day for his most elaborate composition. When either shall venture to publish a history, or even a speech of his own, his talents will then be appreciated justly. God grant (for our differences have not yet annihilated the remembrance of our relationship) that England may never have any more painful proofs, any more lasting documents, of their incapacity. Since we Americans can suffer no farther from them, I speak of them with the same indifference and equanimity as if they were among the dead.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "satisfies many young," etc.
[2] From "little" to "calculation" added in 3rd ed.

WASHINGTON. But come, come: the war is ended: God be praised! Objections have been made against our form of government, and assertions have been added that the republican is ill-adapted to a flourishing or an extensive country. We know from the experience of Holland that it not only can preserve but can make a country flourishing, when Nature herself has multiplied the impediments, and when the earth and all the elements have conspired against it. Demonstration is indeed yet wanting that a very extensive territory is best governed by its people: reason and sound common-sense are the only vouchers. Many may fancy they have an interest in seizing what is another's; but surely no man can suppose that he has any in ruining or alienating his own.

FRANKLIN. Confederate states, under one President, will never be all at once, or indeed in great part, deprived of their freedom.

WASHINGTON. Adventurers may aspire to the supreme power illegally; but none can expect that the majority will sacrifice their present interests to his ambition, in confidence or hope of greater. He never will raise a standing army who can not point out the probable means of paying it, which no one can do here; nor will a usurper rise up anywhere, unless there are mines to tempt the adventurous and avaricious, or [1] estates to parcel out with labourers to cultivate them, or slaves to seduce and embody, or treasures to confiscate.

FRANKLIN. The objections bear much more weightily against monarchal [2] and mixed governments: because these, in wide dominions, are always composed of parts at variance in privileges and interests, in manners and opinions, and the inhabitants of which are not unreluctant to be employed one against the other. Hence, while we Americans leave our few soldiers to the states where they were levied, the kings of Europe will cautiously change the quarters of theirs, and send them into provinces as remote as possible. When they have ceased to have a home, they have ceased to have a country: for all affinities are destroyed by breaking the nearest. Thrones are constructed on the petrifaction of the human heart.

[1] 2nd ed. reads: "or large and well cultivated estates to parcel out, and labourers to cultivate them, or many slaves to seduce and embody, or rich treasures to confiscate, or enemies to invade, whose property may be plundered. FRANKLIN," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "monarchical."

Washington. Lawless ambition has no chance whatever of success where there are neither great standing armies nor great national debts.[1] Where either of those exist, freedom must waste away and perish. We are as far from the one as from the other.

Franklin. Dangers[2] grow familiar and unsuspected: slight causes may produce them, even names. Suppose a man calling another his subject, and having first received from him marks of deference, and relying on his good-temper and passiveness, and exerting by degrees more and more authority over him, and leaving him at last to the care and protection of his son or grandson. We are well acquainted with the designation; but we are ignorant how deeply it cuts into the metal. After a time a shrewd jurist will instruct the subject in his duties, and give him arguments and proofs out of the name itself. What so irrefragable!

The Latin language, which answers so nearly all our demands upon it from its own resources, or, not having quite wherewithal, borrows for us a trifle from the Greek, neither can give us nor help us to find, directly or circuitously, a word for *subject*. *Subditus*, the term in use, is not Latin in that sense, whether of the golden, the silver, or the brazen age: it means *substitute* primarily, and then *subdued* or *subjected*. Yet people own themselves to be subjects who would be outrageous if you called them vassals; an appellation quite as noble.

Poetry,[3] closing her eyes, has sung until people slept over it, that liberty is never more perfect or more safe than under a mild monarch: history teaches us the contrary. Where princes are absolute, more tyranny is committed under the mild than under the austere: for the latter are jealous of power and entrust it to few. The mild delegate it inconsiderately to many: and the same easiness of temper which allows them to do so, permits their ministers and those under them to abuse the trust with impunity. It has been said that in a democracy there are many despots, and that in a kingdom there can be one only. This is false: in a republic the tyrannical temper creates a check to itself in the very person next it: but in a monarchy all entrusted with power become tyrannical

[1] 1st ed. reads: "debts; (I am not speaking of usurpation of encroachment) where," etc.

[2] From "Dangers" to "noble" added in 2nd ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "Excellent pens have written, I know not from what motive, that liberty," etc.

by a nod from above, whether the nod be of approbation or of drowsiness. Royalty not only is a monster of more heads, but also of more claws, and sharper.

It is amusing to find us treated as visionaries. All the gravest nations have been republics, both in ancient times and in modern.[1] I shall believe that a king is better than a republic, when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set, and that in its solitariness there is a warrant for its strength and soundness.

WASHINGTON. Many [2] have begun to predict our *future* greatness * : in fact, no nation is ever greater than at the time when it recovers its freedom from under one apparently more powerful. America will never have to make again such a struggle as she made in 1775, and never can make one so glorious. A wide territory does not constitute a great people, nor does enormous wealth, nor does excessive population. The Americans are at present as great a people as we can expect them to be in future. Can we hope that they will be more virtuous, more unanimous, more courageous, more patriotic ? They may become more learned and more elegant in their manners : but these advantages are only to be purchased by paying down others equivalent.

FRANKLIN. All acquisitions, to be advantageous, must have some mart and vent. Elegance grows familiar with venality. Learning may perhaps be succeeded by a Church Establishment ; an institution perversive of those on which the government of America is constructed. Erudition (as we use the word) begins with societies, and ends with professions and orders. Priests and lawyers, the flies and wasps of ripe and ripening communities, may darken and disturb America. A few of these (we will allow) are necessary ; many are, of all the curses that the world is subject to, the most pernicious. These guardians have been proved in every country

[1] 1st ed. reads : " modern. The Dutch, the Venetians, the Spaniards, will always, unless an insuperable force opposes them, aspire to the dignity of manhood ; the Neapolitans and the French will dream of it and shake it off. I shall," etc.

[2] From " Many " to " zero," p. 16, added in 2nd ed., the passage from " All acquisitions " to the end being there part of Washington's utterance.

* Of the Americans in late years Madame de Staël says, *There is a people which will one day be very great*, placing her fine impressive pen on the broad rude mark of the vulgar, who measure greatness by the standard of aggression. America was never so great as on the day when she declared her independence, and never will be greater ; although she will constitute *two* great empires, more powerful and more unassailable than any now existing.—W. S. L.

the poisoners of their wards, Law and Religion. They never let us exist long together in an equable and genial temperature: it is either at fever heat or at zero.

Washington. The[1] solid sense of our people, their speculative habits, their room for enterprise around home, and their distance from Europe, ensure to them, if not a long continuance of peace, exemption from such wars as can affect in a material degree their character or their prosperity. We might have continued the hostilities, until a part or even the whole of Canada had been ceded to us. The Congress has done what, if my opinion had been asked, I should have urgently recommended. Let Canada be ours when she is cultivated and enriched; let not the fruit be gathered prematurely; indeed let it never be plucked; let it fall when our bosom can hold it. This must happen within the century to come: for no nation is, or ever has been, so intolerably vexatious to its colonies, its dependencies, and its conquests, as the British. I have known personally several Governors, many of them honest and sensible men, many of them of mild and easy character; but I never knew one, nor ever heard of any from older officers, who attempted to conciliate the affections, or systematically to promote the interests, of the governed. Liberality has been occasionally extended to them; the liberality of a master toward a slave, and only after grievous sufferings. Services have then been exacted, not hard perhaps in themselves, but in a manner to cancel all recollection and deaden all sense of kindness. The French and Spaniards act differently: they extract advantage from their undisturbed possessions, appealing to the generosity of their children, and softening their commands by kind offices and constant attentions. Wherever a French regiment is quartered, there are balls and comedies: wherever an English, there are disturbances in the street, and duels. Give the Spaniard a bull-fight, and you may burn his father at the stake, commending him to the God of Mercy in a cassock painted with the flames of hell. The English (and we their descendants are most deserving of the name) require but justice; whatever comes as a favour comes as an affront. To what a pitch then must our indignation be excited, when we are not permitted even to pay that which is required of us, unless we present it with the left hand,

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Let us look forward; let us consider what our country will be a century after our departure; for the sound sense," etc.

or upon the nose, or from our knees amid the mire! The orators of the British parliament, while they are colouring this insolence and injustice, keep the understanding of the people at tongue's length.

FRANKLIN. In good truth then the separation is no narrow one. I have been present while some of them have thrown up the most chaffy stuff two hours together, and have never called for a glass of water. This is thought the summit of ability, and he who is capable of performing it, is deemed capable of ruling [1] the east and west.* The rich families that govern this assembly have made us independent; they have given us thirteen provinces, and they will people them all for us in less than fifty years. Religious and grave men, for none are graver or more religious than the beaten, are praising the loving-mercies of God, in loosening from their necks the mill-stone of America. What a blessing to throw aside such an extent of coast, which of itself would have required an immense navy for its defence! No one dreams that England, in confederacy with America, would have been so strong in sailors, in ports, in naval stores, as to have become (I do not say with good management, I say in spite of bad) not invincible only, but invulnerable.

WASHINGTON. If she turns her attention to the defects of her administration in all its branches, she may recover not much less than she has lost. Look at the nations of Europe, and point out one, despotic or free, of which so large a portion is so barbarous and wretched as the Irish. The country is more fertile than Britain; the inhabitants are healthy, strong, courageous, faithful, patriotic, and quick of apprehension. No quality is wanting which constitutes the respectability of a state; yet, from centuries of misrule, they are in a condition more hopeless than any other nation or tribe upon the globe, civilized or savage.

FRANKLIN. There is only one direct way to bring them into order, and that appears so rough it never will be trodden. The chief misery arises from the rapacity of the gentry, as they are styled, and the nobility, who, to avoid the trouble of collecting their rents from many poor tenants, and the greater of hearing their complaints, have leased their properties to what are called *middle-men.* These

[1] 1st ed. reads: "ruling the two hemispheres."

* Pitt may be complimented on his oratory in the words wherewith Anacreon congratulates the tettinx, *ἀπαθὴς, ἄναιμ', ἄσαρκε.*—W. S. L. [Not in 1st ed.]

harass their inferiors in the exact ratio of their industry, and drive them into desperation. Hence slovenliness and drunkenness; for the appearance of ease and comfort is an allurement to avarice. To pacify and reclaim the people, leases to middle-men must be annulled: every cultivator must have a lease for life, and (at the option of his successor) valid for as many years afterward as will amount in the whole to twenty-one. The extent of ground should be proportionate to his family and his means. To underlet land should be punished by law as *regrating*.

Washington. Authority[1] would here be strongly exercised, not tyrannically, which never can be asserted of plans sanctioned by the representatives of a people, for the great and perpetual benefit of the many, to the small and transient inconvenience of the few.

Franklin. Auxiliary to this reform should be one in church-livings. They should all embrace as nearly as possible the same number of communicants. Suppose three thousand souls under each cure: a fourth part would consist of the infirm, and of children not yet prepared for the reception of doctrine. The service, as formerly, should be shorter, and performed thrice each Sunday: so that all might in turn be present, and that great concourse would be avoided, which frequently is the prelude to licentiousness and brutality. Abolishing tithes, selling the property of the crown, of the church, and of corporations, I would establish a fund sufficient to allow each clergyman, in addition to his house, one hundred and forty pounds annually.[2] Each would be remunerated, not for his profession, but for services done toward the state by his attention to the morals of his communicants. If the people pay forty pounds for taking up a felon, would they not willingly pay four times as much for reclaiming a dozen[3]?

[1] In 1st ed. from "Authority" to "few" is a continuation of Franklin's speech.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "annually. The catholic priest should have the same number of communicants, and should receive a gratuity of fifty pounds annually, and should also possess his parsonage house: offerings and gifts, as at present, would accrue to him from the piety and gratitude of his parishioners. The church, as established by government, would be maintained in its supremacy, and the papal priest would be remunerated, not," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "dozen. I would grant eight hundred pounds yearly to each protestant bishop, obliging him to constant residence in his diocese; four of these are sufficient: I would grant two thousand to one archbishop. The catholics should have the same number, and their stipends should be the same; for although the priests are ignorant and vulgar men in all catholic countries, it is highly

WASHINGTON.[1] I do not know : for we must never argue that men or their rulers are the likelier to do a thing because it is rational or useful. If ever the poorer clergy are rendered more comfortable, it will be only when the richer are afraid of losing a part of their usurped dominions. English and Irish bishops, who possess ten and twelve thousand a year, will be the last to relieve the necessities of their brethren : and their selfishness will not alienate from them those who are habituated to long abuses. The fine linen of popery sticks close to the skin : and there is much of it in the wardrobe of the English church.

On all subjects I can talk dispassionately, and perhaps the most so on that topic which renders the great body of mankind the most furious and insane. Never would I animadvert on the tenets of the Catholic or any other church, apart from civil polity. But I am suspicious, if not inquisitive, when I see questionable articles day after day smuggled in, and when I am pushed aside if I venture to read the direction or lift up the wrapping. Articles of faith are innocent in themselves : but upon articles of faith what incontrollable domination, what insupportable prerogatives, what insolent frauds, what incessant tyranny, have been asserted and enforced.

FRANKLIN. I am ready to be of that church, if you will tell me which it is, in which there are the fewest of them. Show me that a single pope in one country tells fewer lies and sits quieter than twenty in another, and he is the pope for my money, when I lay it out on such a commodity. The[2] abuses of the clergy were first exposed by the clergy, the lower assailing the higher. If something

requisite for the maintenance of order, that the bishops and archbishops here should possess whatever gives authority. Knowledge in some measure gives it ; but splendour in a much greater. Elagabalus would attract more notice and lead after him more followers than Lycurgus, and not merely from the lower orders but also from the higher. WASHINGTON. True enough : and indeed some of the wise become as the unwise in the enchanted chambers of Power, whose lamps make every face of the same colour. Gorgeousness melts all mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding and consuming all beneath it, like a torrent of lava, bright amidst the darkness, and dark again amidst the light. The reductions," etc., p. 20. Washington's speech may be compared with a passage in the Conversation of Demosthenes and Eubulides : " Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires. . . . It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding all beneath it ; like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light."

[1] From " WASHINGTON " to " commodity " added in 3rd ed.

[2] From " The " to " retaining," p. 20, added in 2nd ed.

more like equality, something more near moderation, had pervaded all, fewer sects would have arisen, and those fewer less acrimonious. Dogmas turn sour upon too full stomachs, and empty ones rattle against them. Envy, which the wolves and bears are without, and the generous dog alone seems by his proximity to have caught from us, Envy, accompanying Religion, swells amid her genuflexions to the episcopal canopy, at seeing so much wealth so ill distributed. The low cannot be leaders without a change nor without a party. Some unintelligible syllable is seized; and the vulgar are taught to believe that salvation rests upon it. Even this were little: they are instructed that salvation may be yet perhaps insecure, unless they drag others to it by the throat, and quicken their paces at the dagger's point. Popery first laid down this doctrine; the most abominable and monstrous of her tenets, and the only one that all establishments, splitting off from her, are unanimous in retaining.

Washington. The reductions you propose would bring about another: they would remove the necessity of a standing army in that unfortunate country, and would enable the government to establish three companies for fisheries, the herring, the cod, and the whale, and to enrich her remote dominions with the superabundance of a discontented peasantry. The western part of Ireland in another century may derive as great advantages from her relative position with America, as the eastern from hers with the mercantile and manufacturing towns of Lancashire. The population is already too numerous, and is increasing, which of itself is the worst of curses, unless when high civilisation regulates it; and the superflux must be diverted by colonisation, or occupied on the seas by commerce. Manufactures [1] tend to deteriorate the species, but begin by humanising it. Happy those countries which have occasion for little more of them than may supply the home consumption! National debts are evils, not so much because they take away from useful and honest gains, as because they create superfluous and dishonest ones; and because, when carried as far as England would carry hers, they occasion half the children of the land to be cooped up in buildings which open into the brothel and the hospital.

In assenting to you, I interrupted your propositions; pray go on.

Franklin. I would permit no Englishman to hold in Ireland a

[1] Forster and Crump read: "Manufacturers." I have followed the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd eds.

place of trust or profit, whether in church or state. I would confer titles and offices on those Irish gentlemen who reside in the country [1]; and surely they would in time become habituated to a regular and decorous mode of life. The landlord and clergyman might in the beginning lose something of current coin; but if you consider that their lives, houses, and effects would be safe, that provisions would be plentiful in proportion to the concessions they make, and that in no year would their rents and incomes fail, as they now do at least thirty [2] in each century, you will find that their situation, like the situation of their inferiors, must be improved.

WASHINGTON. Many will exclaim against the injustice of taking from one class alone a portion of its property as insurance-money.

FRANKLIN. Not from one alone: property [3] should be protected at its own cost: this is the right and the object of governments. The insurance is two-fold; that of the private man and that of the community; the latter is the main consideration. I perceive nothing arbitrary, nothing novel, in its principle.* The [4] King of England and Ireland, as head of the church, succeeds by consent of Parliament to the disposal of benefices. He surely can do in his own kingdom what the pope can do in another's, where ecclesiastical property (if any can be called so) is concerned. The religion of a state is established for the correction of its morals, and its morals are requisite to the maintenance of the laws. Religion then, in the view of a statesman, is only a thing that aids and assists the laws, removing from before them much of their painful duties, and lessening (if good and effectual) the number of their officers and executioners. So that in political economy there is between them a close and intimate connection, and both alike are subject to regulations in them from the same authority. Where there is a state religion the salary of a clergyman should be as much subject to the state as the stipend of a custom-house officer and exciseman. If a govern-

[1] 1st ed. reads: "country on their properties; they would," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "twenty."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "all property."

* There is an argument which could not be attributed to Franklin, because it is derived from an authority to which he never appealed, and the words containing it are unlikely to have lain within the range of his reading:—

"Le Pape peut révoquer la loi établie par lui ou par prédécesseur, et oster *mesme sans occasion* les effects procédens d'icelle, et le bénéfice valide à un chacun: car il a entière disposition sur les bénéfices." *Em. Sa.* p. 528.—W. S. L.

[4] From "The" to "exciseman" is part of the footnote in 1st ed.

ment exerts the power of taxing one trade or profession, it does the same thing or more. Suppose it should levy a tax of a hundred pounds on every man who begins the business of an apothecary or lawyer, is not the grievance even heavier, as pressing on those whose gains are yet uncertain and to be derived from others, than it would be if bearing upon those whose emoluments are fixed, and proceed from the government which regulates and circumscribes them? But they have been accustomed, you will say, to the enjoyment of more. So much clear gain for them; and I hope they may have made a liberal and prudent use of the superfluity. Those who have done so, will possess minds ready to calculate justly their own lasting interests, and the interests of the community for whose benefit they have been appointed. If there is anything the existence of which produces great and general evil, and the abolition of which will produce great and general good, in perpetuity, the government is not only authorized by right, but bound by duty, to remove it. Compensation should be made to the middle-men for all losses; it should be made even to the worst; these losses may as easily be ascertained, as those occasioned to proprietors and tenants through whose lands we open a road or a canal.

Washington.[1] Methods, far short of what you indicate, will be adopted, and will fail. Constitutional lawyers[2] will assent that Ireland be subject to martial law for thirty years in the century, and to little or none for the remainder, but will not assent that everything unlawful be unnecessary and unprovoked. In consequence of which, within the lifetime of some in existence we shall have two millions of Irishmen in America, reclaimed[3] from their ferocity by assuaging their physical and moral wants, and addicted to industry by the undisturbed enjoyment of its[4] reward. Experience seems to have given no sort of instruction to their rulers: they profit by nothing old, they venture on nothing new.

Franklin. We[5] are informed by the scientific in chemistry, that

[1] "Washington" added in 3rd ed., when "you" was substituted for "I" in the first sentence.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "lawyers (now England is persuaded that her judicature and her parliament contains them, and even the Irish too!) will assent," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "all reclaimed."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "its sweets."

[5] From "We" to "unextracted," p. 23, added in 2nd ed., and the speech transferred to Franklin in 3rd ed.

a diamond and a stick of charcoal on the hearth are essentially of the same materials. In like manner those among men who to the vulgar eye are the most dissimilar in externals, are nearly the same in mind and intellect; and their difference is the effect of accident and fortune, of position and combination. Those who, governing the political, influence in a high degree the moral world, can perform at once what Nature is myriads of years in accomplishing: they can convert the stick of charcoal into a diamond by the aliment and situation they allow to it. Our government will find its interest in doing so: others will pursue their old occupation in reducing the diamond to its dark original, and exercise their divine right of keeping it unextracted.

If I were a member of the British Ministry, I should think I acted wisely, not in attempting to prove that the constitution is the best in the world, but in demonstrating, if I could, the reverse. For in proportion as they labour to extol it, in the same proportion do they oblige us to suppose them its most impudent and outrageous violators, or, at the least, ignorant of its spirit and incapable of its application. Otherwise how could this excellent form be the parent of deformity? How could the population, where the country is so fertile and the race so industrious, contain a larger number of indigent families, and those among the most laborious and the most virtuous, than any other upon earth? [1]

Washington. If the constitution were what it is represented, its agents could not abuse it; and if its agents could not abuse it, America would not have been at this time separated from England; nor would Ireland have been condemned to a massacre once at furthest in two generations; nor would the British people be more heavily taxed in its comforts and its necessaries than the Algerines and Turks, when its industry is so much greater, and when its territory has not been occupied nor invaded nor endangered by an enemy.[2]

Franklin. The Persian despots never debased the souls of the nations they had conquered, and do not appear to have coveted their

[1] 1st ed. reads: "earth? Such is the beneficence of the supreme Power, unmixed evil, in its exposure to the air and heavens, may contract or produce, by a certain stimulating agency, a somewhat of good, however scantily and slowly; but evil never flows from good unmixed. If the constitution," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "enemy. I suspect that its wars are systematical," etc., p. 24. From "Franklin" to "scourge them" added in 3rd ed.

purses. Herodotus calls the taxation of the Ionian states a tranquillising and pacificatory measure. No portion of the globe was more advantageously situated for commerce than the Greek republics in Asia; no soil richer, no climate healthier, no people more industrious. Æolians, Ionians, and Dorians, together with Pamphylia, Lycia, the islands of Rhodes, Cos, Samos, Chios, and Sestos, on the whole exceeding four hundred miles by forty, were taxed unalterably at four hundred talents (about £105,000), by Darius, according to a scale *submitted to their deputies* by his father Artaxerxes. Italy in the time of Nero contained at the lowest computation twenty-six millions of inhabitants, and paid less in taxes than the City of London with its appurtenances. Appian states that Pompey imposed on the Tyrians and Cilicians a hundredth of their income. Hadrian was accused of great severity toward the Jews, in having somewhat augmented the rate which Vespasian had decreed, and which, according to Zonaras and Xiphilinus, was about sixteen pence on each. Strabo remarks that Egypt brought a revenue of about £180,000 to the father of Cleopatra, which was doubled by Augustus. When he was declared Imperator against M. Antonius, the Senate decreed a temporary property-tax of a twentieth. Plutarch in his *Life of Pompey* informs us that he levied on Asia £192,000. M. Antonius had exacted in advance at one time the tribute of ten years.

Washington. The possibility of levying in a single year the ordinary taxes of ten, is a proof how extremely light were the impositions on the richest subjects of the Roman empire. Labouring under the enormous debt of £200,000,000, the English could not in any emergency pay the rate of three years anticipated.

Franklin. The nations of Asia had recently paid more heavily: for it was objected to them as a reproach, and as a cause for this exaction, that they had raised for Cassius and Brutus in the one preceding year what was now demanded for ten.

Washington. So long as the English tolerate the absorption of their wealth under the patronage of their Peerage, wars and taxation will severely scourge them. Wars, the [1] origin of taxation, are systematical in their periods, however little so in their conduct,[2] and must recur about every twenty years, as a new generation springs up

[1] From " the " to " taxation " added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: " conduct: that they must," etc.

from the aristocracy, for which all the great civil employments, however multiplied, are insufficient, and which disdains all other professions than the military and the naval. But [1] when this devourer hath exhausted and concentrated in itself nearly all the land and riches of the nation, then it will begin to discuss the question, whether it can gain most by suppressing the church establishment, or by maintaining it in its rankness.

FRANKLIN. May it not happen that the question be tried before a session of other jurors ; and that the benches of the Lords Spiritual have nothing else upon them than the benches of the Lords Temporal with the legs uppermost ? If [2] state religions were abolished, the world would be quieter and better : in England the national debt would be liquidated in a century, and in Ireland the [3] public tranquillity would be established in a year. Among our own injuries on the part of England, this never bore upon us, namely, to pay for hearing what we knew or for what we disbelieved. If there existed no establishment in England, fear would be entertained of puritanism.

WASHINGTON. Against what could puritanism act ? It overthrew the established church in her state of inebriety : it kicked into the street her crosiers and mitres, and other such ensigns of barbarism and paganism and despotism. When it finds nothing to quarrel with out of doors, it will quarrel at home.

FRANKLIN. It grows strong by being kept in the cool, and bunged up by the ecclesiastical excise.

WASHINGTON. Benjamin, I do not like to meddle with religions, nor indeed to speak about them. All of them appear to me inoffensive, excepting the Popish, which not only would have a hand in every man's pocket, but an ear on every man's pillow.

[1] From " But " to " uppermost " added in 3rd ed.

[2] From " If " to " pillow " added in 2nd ed.

[3] 2nd ed. reads : " the public peace would be established in a year. When the catholic sees the protestant freed from the heaviest of taxations, that of paying in the clergy a body he does not appoint, a body bound like a dead weight upon him, he will presently clame a similar advantage. The sect that bears the lighter burden will become the more numerous by being the more flourishing. This alone, in my opinion, can ever give the protestants in Ireland a true, legitimate, and durable ascendency. Among our own injuries on the part of England, this never bore upon us, namely, to pay for hearing what we knew or for what we disbelieved. FRANKLIN. If there existed no establishment in England or in Ireland, great fears would be entertained of novel sects, and greater still of old ones ; of puritanism for instance and of popery. WASHINGTON. Against what," etc. This passage was deleted in 3rd ed.

FRANKLIN.[1] I know not whether the Irish are very fervent in their devotion to the Bishops of Rome. Probably they are unaware of some among the benefits they have heretofore received from them. Few, I dare say, have ever heard that their Holy Father, Hadrian the Fourth,[2] solemnly gave his sanction to Henry the Second to invade and subjugate their country. This, I dare likewise say, would be loudly contradicted by the few who know it. Indeed I must correct my words before I go farther. Hadrian did not give his sanction; he sold it. A tax was to be paid the Holy See on every Irish family. So that the Holy See was as much interested as Henry himself that the conquest should be effectual and complete. The Holy Father chose rather a tax on families than a capitation: for, although many thousands of men would be exterminated, few whole families would.

WASHINGTON. We may talk together in private of these historical facts; but if we mention them to people whose eyes might be opened by them, we shall render them in the same degree our enemies as we are their true friends.

FRANKLIN. I knew a certain man who would take the most nauseous medicine in health, because he had paid money for it at the apothecary's when he was ill; at the same time he would not eat a fresh salad at the next door. Things are valued by the places they come from. If a reasoner were to say what a Saint hath said about the Blessed Trinity, in most countries he would be called an infidel, and even in some of the most tolerant he would be subject to fine and imprisonment.

WASHINGTON. How is that?

FRANKLIN. St. Augustine says, "We talk of Three Persons merely for the sake of talking."

WASHINGTON. O the knave!

FRANKLIN. And scholars do say that the Latin expression is an ugly one: "Dictum est Tres *Personæ*, non ut aliquid diceretur, sed ne taceretur."

WASHINGTON. Instead[3] of sending to a rotten old city, the most profligate and the most venal on earth, for spiritual advice and

[1] From "FRANKLIN" to "taceretur.' WASHINGTON" added in 3rd ed.

[2] Officially denied by the Vatican.

[3] From "Instead" to "FRANKLIN. My story is this," p. 30, added in 2nd ed. 1st ed. reads: "the military and the naval [p. 25]. The conduct of England . . . Jonas [p. 29]. Jonas had been hunting" [p. 30], etc.

counsel, which always comes to you in the form of a command, and enclosing an order to pay a pretty round sum to the bearer, could not every city and every hamlet find some worthy inhabitant, capable of giving his opinion upon those matters, if indeed there be any such, which the Disciples of Christ were unable or inattentive or indifferent to elucidate and explain? I see nothing worth a quarrel in them; and certainly there is nothing which the blessed Author of our religion would recommend us to fight about. If there were no hierarchy in England and Ireland, the people of both countries would be brotherly and contented. They would mind their own business, and not the business of those who fare sumptuously on their credulity, and ride in rich housings on their fiery animosities. The revenues of ecclesiastics would overpay the just demands of a protecting and frugal government. Let the Protestant Church be no longer a hireling; and the Popish will drop away rag after rag, image after image, to the great emolument of the barber's shop. The poor people of that persuasion would not long be so foolish and besotted as to pay tithes where the heretic pays none. Inequality would shake their creed, extortion would open their eyes, and they would feel on that occasion what they now feel on another, that they were not, as they ought to be, in the same condition as the Protestant. The parties will never be peaceable until the banners are thrown into the dust between them, and each tramples upon his own. Absurdities in worship would soon cease if nobody gained by them. Within half a century, the whole people would find in their hands and hearts nothing else than the unencumbering and unexhausting page, which, if its spirit were received in its purity, might well be denominated the Book of Life. So mischievous a use however has been made of it for above a thousand years, that, if you take, as churches would force you, their glosses and interpretations for part of it, then indeed may it be called more properly the book of imposture and extortion, of darkness and destruction.

Franklin. We may become so habituated to tyranny as neither to feel nor see it. The part on which its poison has been perpetually dropping, is deadened; else would it be possible that throughout a whole nation, incomparably the most enlightened of any upon earth, young men should be sent from a distance, quite unknown to the parishioners, and often of a vicious or loose character, and for the

greater part of a light one, to teach the experienced as well as the inexperienced their duties, and to be paid for a lesson which has been already taught by others!

WASHINGTON. Supposing an establishment to exist at all, the uttermost that a grave and reflecting people could reasonably be expected to endure is, that the bishop or presbyter, chosen by the clergy of the diocese, should nominate at least three natives of it, in order for the parishioners to appoint one of them to the vacant benefice. They should agree with him upon the stipend, which they would do amicably, just as they agree with an apothecary for his attendance on the paupers. He should be removable for any offence against the laws, or for any habits which they and the bishop should declare to be inconsistent with his office.

FRANKLIN. These remarks of yours are reasonable. In regard to the appointment of clergymen, the Roman Church is more observant of propriety than the English. It rarely if ever happens that a parish-priest is sent from a distance to his cure: he almost always is chosen from among his townsmen or provincials. This difference would be a subject of wonder to me, if I did not likewise see the representatives of boroughs, not selected as they were formerly from among the most respectable of the burgesses, but invited for the greater part from a distance, and utterly unknown both morally and politically by those who depute them to parliament. Can anything be more disgraceful to the inhabitants of a city, than to declare by their actions that none of them is worthy of confidence, or capable of transacting their affairs? And either this must be the inference, or we must attribute their conduct to the most scandalous venality.

WASHINGTON.[1] I would obviate present evils by present remedies, as in the case of Ireland. Many good things can not be done, many indifferent ones may be: if indeed those are to be called indifferent which are only so at the time, and very far from it in the consequences. Religion, I agree with you, is too pure for corporations: it is best meditated on in our privacy, and best acted on in our ordinary intercourse with mankind. If we believe in Revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with him but little, since the only form of address he has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices, and he does

[1] "WASHINGTON" added in 3rd ed.

not desire us to tell him hour after hour how dearly we love him, or how much we want from him : he knows these things exactly.

Franklin.[1] These however are the things which occupy the pulpit : and the ceremonies attending them and the modes of doing them, together with disquisitions on his body and parentage, have cost the lives of millions. In money too and lands I have calculated what Europe has paid for them ; but the sum total, if I could repeat it, would confound the head of any arithmetician ; nor was there ever a man in the world who could remember the figures, if he had heard them but once or twice read to him. The despots of France never exacted by their detested *corvée* so large a portion as the pastors claim in England ; a tenth forsooth of every man's industry ; and this tenth is taken off the ground untaxed, while the other nine parts are liable to new deductions. If truths are plain, they ought not to cost so much ; if not plain, still less are they worth it. The tyrants of Sicily demanded a tenth of the corn, but not a tenth of oil or wine or hay or legumes, or fruits of any kind, in which the island was equally abundant. This satisfied them, and sufficed to keep the bodies and minds of their subjects in order and subjection.

Washington. We never had to complain of England for persecuting us by her fox-hunters in the Church ; nor indeed, to speak honestly and freely, so much of any persecution, as of idle and unprofitable vexation.

Franklin. The conduct of England toward us resembles that of Ebenezer Bullock toward his eldest son Jonas.

Washington.[2] I remember old Ebenezer ; and I believe it was Jonas who, when another youth, after giving him much offence and seeing him unresisting, would fain fight him, replied, " Nay, I will not fight thee, friend ! but if thou dost with that fist what thou threatenest, by the Lord's help I will smite thee sore, marking thee for one of an ill unprofitable flock ; and thou shalt walk home in heaviness, like a wether the first morning he was made one." Whereat he took off his coat, folded it up, and laid it on the ground, saying, " This at least hath done no harm, and deserveth good treatment." The adversary, not admiring such an object of contemplation, went away, muttering more reasonable threats, conditional and subjunctive. Ebenezer, I guess, aggravated and wore out his son's patience ;

[1] " Franklin " added in 3rd ed.

[2] From " Washington " to " story is this," p. 30, added in 2nd ed.

for the old man was rich and testy, and would have his comforts neither encroached upon nor much partaken.

FRANKLIN. My story is this. Jonas had been hunting in the woods, and had contracted a rheumatism in the face which drew it awry, and, either from the pain it occasioned or from the medicines he took to cure it, rotted one of his grinders. Old Ebenezer was wealthy, had little to do or to care about, made few observations on his family, sick or sound, and saw nothing particular in his son's countenance. However, one day after dinner, when he had eaten heartily, he said, "Son Jonas, methinks thy appetite is not over-keen: pick (and welcome) the other half of that hog's foot."

"Father," answered he, "I have had a pain in my tooth the last fortnight; the northerly wind does it no good to-day: I would rather, if so be that you approve of it, eat a slice of yon fair cheese-cake in the closet."

"Why, what ails the tooth?" said Ebenezer. "Nothing more," replied Jonas, "than that I can not chew with it what I used to chew." "Drive a nail in the wall," quoth stoutly and courageously Ebenezer, "tie a string to one end and lace the other round thy tooth."

The son performed a part of the injunction, but could not very dexterously twist the string around the grinder, for his teeth were close and the cord not over-fine. Then said the father kindly, "Open thy mouth, lad! give me the twine: back thy head: back it, I tell thee, over the chair."

"Not that, father, not that; the next"; cried Jonas. "What dost mean?" proudly and impatiently said Ebenezer. "Is not the string about it? dost hold my hand too, scape-grace? dost give me this trouble for nought?" "Patience now, father!" meekly said Jonas with the cord across his tongue; "let me draw my tooth my own way."

"Follow thine own courses, serpent!" indignantly exclaimed Ebenezer. "As God 's in Boston, thou art a most wilful and undutiful child." "I hope not, father." "Hope not! rebel! Did not I beget thee and thy teeth one and all? have not I lodged thee, clothed thee, and fed thee, these forty years? and now, I warrant ye, all this bustle and backwardness about a rotten tooth! should I be a groat the richer for it, out or in!"

WASHINGTON. Dignity in private men and in governments has

been little else than a stately and stiff perseverance in oppression; and spirit, as it is called, little else than the foam of hard-mouthed insolence. Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword.

FRANKLIN. Let us hope, however, that we may see the day when these scholars shall be turned out of school.[1]

WASHINGTON. The object of our cares and solicitudes, at present, is the stability of the blessings we have obtained. No attempt against them is dangerous from without, nor immediately from within; but the seeds of corruption are inherent, however latent, in all bodies, physical and political; guards therefore should be stationed, and laws enacted, to deter adventurers from attempts at despotism.

FRANKLIN. Other offences, even the greatest, are the violation of one law: despotism is the violation of all. The despot then should be punished, not only by loss of life, which the violation of only one law may incur, and which leaves no pain, no repentance, no example, but also with exposure and scourges, as among the Romans. Conspiracies are weak and frivolous: the hand of every man should be directed against him whose hand is directed against every man. Societies, on the contrary, should be instituted to recompense the avenger of humanity: every land should be his country, every free citizen his brother. The greatest men, according to what is taught in schools and colleges, are those who have offered the greatest violence to reason and humanity. Destroyers of freedom are more celebrated than its founders; Pompey than Pelopidas, Cæsar than Timoleon; just as we hear more of him who burns a house than of him who builds one.

WASHINGTON.[2] In the proper choice of teachers, and in the right course of education, are to be found the best preventive laws against despotism. Wherever[3] there is a political church, of whatever creed, supported by the shoulders of the people, whether against

[1] End of the Conversation in 1st ed. Nearly all of the remainder added in 2nd ed.

[2] "WASHINGTON" added in 3rd ed.

[3] From "Wherever" to "weakest of our affections," p. 32, added, from what was a terminal note in 1st and 2nd eds., in 3rd ed.

their will or partially with it, there will be much dissatisfaction and much intolerance. Unhappily most of Christ's doctrines are superseded or explained away. There is one indeed which was never in fashion, and which, where all are good, is among the best. *Commune with thine own heart in thy chamber and be still.*[1] This, if attended to in England and Ireland, would speedily send episcopal thrones into the lumber-room.

Franklin. When certain men cry loudest they feel least. Indeed there is a great deal less of bigotry in the world than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment or concern to those who declaim against it. They are angry, not at our blindness, but that the blind will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs; and, what is worse, that he will carry the scrip. This is wilfulness: they would fain open his eyes to save him from the sin of it: and they break one or two bones because he will not take them for his oculists.

Washington. Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is likewise too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Christianity, in its unadulterated form, is perfectly adapted to control it: in its adulterated, it has been the main support of aggression and iniquity. If ever we reduce it in America to an *Establishment* (as people call it) its spirit flies, and its body so weighs upon us, that we cast it down, or let it slip quietly from our arms. For Christianity is in itself of such simplicity, that, whoever would make an establishment of it, must add imposture; and from imposture grows usurpation.

Franklin.[2] Every mother, if left to herself, would teach her child what that child during the whole of his lifetime pays dearly for being taught, and what from such payment makes often an unkindly and unjust impression on him. He is obliged to purchase a commodity he does not require, and one which, sometimes it may happen, he has a larger store of than the patentee and vender. The most pious and moral men upon earth are the inhabitants of New England; and they are so because their consciences have never been drilled nor

[1] *Psalms*, iv. 4, modified.

[2] What follows was broken up in 3rd ed. In 2nd ed. Franklin is the speaker uninterruptedly down to "repealed, but gradually and occasionally," p. 34.

swathed, and because they never have been taught to divide their offering, the prayer and psalm on this side, the bag of wheat and truss of clover on that, between God and the ministers of the church.

WASHINGTON. While such men as the New England men are existing, our independence and liberty are secure. Governments, in which there are establishments, will, without great prudence, fall into danger from sects : every new one gives a fresh security and an additional stability to ours.

FRANKLIN. A mixture of sects is as advantageous to a political system as a mixture of blood is to the strength and perpetuity of the human race. Everything wants gentle, insensible, unrestricted, renovation ; air, fire, earth, water, the vegetables, the animals, man, states. To you, fellow-citizen and defender, the most beneficent on record is principally owing. If America had been conquered, the breath of Freedom had been stifled in every region of the world, and we should have lamented the fate even of the people who in their blindness had enslaved us.

Looking to what may happen in future, on the ground you have marked out to me, I recollect an admirable law of Solon, which enacts that in case of usurpation the magistrates should resign their offices ; and that he who continued his functions after the extinction of the popular power, should, together with the subverter of it, be punished with death by any private citizen. Let jurists decide whether it be not right and expedient to punish not usurpers only, but (if in compliance with the vulgar use of language we must distinguish them) conquerors too, in this manner ; on the principle that every individual may recover his own property, and slay the spoiler who detains it aggressively. And let moralists judge, whether a few of such chastisements, on choice subjects, would not cool in a great degree the lust of spoliation and conquest. We will not be morose and captious with the lovers of peace and order : we will concede to them that it is a dangerous question to agitate, whether an arbitrary but salutary imprisonment now and then, with now and then an unlucky but well-meant torture, should be resisted or endured : for such things (they will tell us) happen occasionally in the most flourishing and best-regulated governments. But when constitutions are destroyed and legal magistrates are displaced, every man may pick up the broken laws ; and it is a virtue to exercise the most solemn and the most imperative of them gratuitously. That of

Solon, moderate as he was, goes farther. A similar law was enacted at Rome on the abolition of the decemvirate.*

WASHINGTON. Our constitution is flexible and yielding, by reason of its homogeneousness and its purity. Like the surface of our country, it may in some measure be changed by improvements and still preserve its character and features. The better part of what we have imported from England is retained for the present; because it is difficult to introduce new regulations in times of trouble; and that the mischievous should not burst in between the old paling and the new. Several of these must be repealed, but gradually and occasionally.

FRANKLIN. In England more have been made and repealed again within one century than in all the rest of the universe within three; not reckoning, as would be unfair, what has been effected by revolutions. The worst have lasted the longest.† Barrenness is perennial; fertility is the produce of a season.

WASHINGTON. The whole system of representation, on which everything depends of law and liberty, has been changed within our memory.

FRANKLIN. Except the Chancery-court.

Sedet æternumque sedebit.

It has carried more ruin and desolation into innocent families than all the gaming-houses and other haunts of vice in the three

* Ne quis ullum magistratum sine provocatione crearet: qui creasset, eum jus fasque esset occidi, neve ea cædes capitalis noxæ haberetur. *Liv.* iii. 55. —W. S. L.

† Nevertheless it is proved and declared from the Bench that the mass of the people lives in comfort, not to say in affluence; for Mr. Justice Best [1] informs us that *most of the industrious part of the community live upon nothing else than bread and water*. That the laws are liberal is proved also and declared from the Bench by the same high authority. He tells us that writers of newspapers ought to report *nothing* of the King but what has been communicated by the Ministry. Mr. Justice Best being raised to the Peerage, said, "*I bullied them into it.*" At a public dinner he proposed the health of George IV., enumerated his manifold virtues, and stated the benefits he had conferred on the nation. Upon which Mr. T. Erskine begged to remind him of one omission, and to suggest that the national thanks should be humbly offered to his Majesty for the late abundant harvest. We may hope that ere long allied kings, instead of sending each other stars, snuff-boxes, and crosses, will amicably exchange ministers, jurists, and judges; all good and useful for all.—W. S. L.

[1] William Draper Best, later Lord Wynford, hero-victim of the famous index entry, "Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind."

kingdoms. Orphans, charities, schools, hospitals, are absorbed by the hundred, and swallowed up in this inland Maëlstrom.

WASHINGTON. The English talk of other grievances, and hardly notice this : we may be so near an object as not to see it in its full extent nor clearly.

FRANKLIN. A sailor condemned to be hanged, was thus admonished ; " Prepare yourself to appear before your eternal judge." " What does his lordship mean ? " said he to the gaoler who was conducting him away. " Sure, I can have nothing to do with my Lord Chancellor ! I have neither land nor tenement ; and he would turn up his nose at my jacket and trousers."

There is no country where laws are so disproportionate to offences, so sanguinary, so disputable, so contradictory, so tardy, so expensive. Now these are the six principal defects of law, and to which it would be difficult to add a seventh of weight : for laxity can not co-exist with them. More fortunes have been wrecked upon the quicksands of British jurisprudence than ever have been engulfed by any one despotism : and more crimes are capital in England than were even known by name among the Jews in the time of Moses, or among the Athenians in the time of Draco.

WASHINGTON. Sometimes [1] it is not the ignorant who act the most absurdly. Our late enemies are now just as angry with us as if they fancied we were mocking their mutability ; some of them are more alarmed at the form of government we have chosen than at any other consequence of our liberation ; I think, without reason. Republicanism is fit only for nations grown up, and is equally ill adapted to those in decay and to those in infancy. Europeans do indeed call ours an infant state.

FRANKLIN. Ay indeed ? I never heard of an infant who kicked its mother down-stairs.

WASHINGTON. Be graver, Benjamin, and inform me whether, in your opinion, states do not reasonably date from their instruction and experience, and not from this or from that effect of vicissitude ; and whether any nation in the world was ever better informed than ours, in its duties and interests.

FRANKLIN. None on record : and God grant that every novelty in our country may be as just and reasonable as that contained in your observation with regard to dates. We are as old a nation as

[1] From " Sometimes " to " absurdly " added in 3rd ed.

the English, although we are not so old in America as they in England. Crossing the ocean does not make a man younger, neither does it a people.

WASHINGTON. Other accusations than those of juvenility are brought against us, and in appearance weightier. We are accused of the worst ingratitude, in having turned our strength and prosperity against the authors of it. Prosperity and strength never have excited a colony to rebellion, nor is wealth a whisperer to independence. But when arrogance and injustice stride forth into a colony strong and prosperous, it takes the advantage of its strength and prosperity; and then indeed wealth, which has not been the mover, becomes the supporter, of emancipation. Every colony of England hath evinced a desire of quitting her when it could; not a single one of ancient Rome. Under the government of Hadrian, Utica, Italica, and Gades, enjoying the privileges of municipal towns, entreated and obtained the title of colonies; though in the former condition they might exercise all the magistracies, and enjoy all the dignities of the republic. Yet Rome, we are informed, was the subjugator of mankind, and England the protector.

FRANKLIN. God protect the wretchedest of his creatures from such protection.

WASHINGTON. We have spoken of the danger to which every state, sooner or later, is subject from arbitrary power, and on the principles which ought to be instilled into every young citizen, first to guard against it, and then, if unsuccessful in his precautions, to exterminate it. Aristocracy, in the eyes of many, is as great an evil, and more imminent. Hence we have a party in force against the institution of a senate; and indeed if I could consider it as anything like an aristocracy or oligarchy in its gait or tendency, I should disapprove of it openly and loudly. But in fact ours is the only intermediate body which can do good; and I think it capable of this to a great extent. Hereditary Senates, under whatever name, are eternally tearing and consuming the vitals of their country. Our senate brings no such evil with it: on the contrary, everything about it is conservative and prospective. Its beneficent effects go beyond itself, and exceed its attributions: for, as none can be elected into it whose fortunes do not show him to have been prudent, and whose demeanour has not been regular and decorous, many spirits which from their nature, from youth, from zeal, from ambition, would

be clamorous and unruly among our representatives, are controlled and guided by the hope of rising thence into this venerable assembly.

Franklin. Tiberius, the wisest of despots, to increase his own power, increased that of the senate, and transferred to it the business of the *comitia*. In more barbarous times the king and aristocracy will contend for power, and the people will lift up its head between them: in more civilised, when abundance of wealth produces abundance of offices, the two will unite, and the people sink imperceptibly under them. For it is requisite in such a state to the existence of both that the mass do not become rich or instructed; against which evils, wars and lucrative places are devised, and elections are so managed as to occasion a vast expenditure, and to be accompanied by as many vices as can find room. Where senates have not been the executive power or the appointers of it, they have been instruments, but never intermediaries. That of papal Rome is in nothing less respectable than that of imperial. The venerable body, consisting [1] of one man, a robe, and a periwig, went this year before the "Holiness of our Lord," requesting his permission to wear masks the last * week of the carnival. Who can doubt the utility and dignity of such institutions, or that something of such gravity and decorum ought always to stand between the prince and the people?

Washington. Other nations seem to entertain more fears for us, in the abundance of their benevolence, than we entertain for ourselves. They acknowledge you and some few more among us to be honest and well-meaning persons, and, pressing them hardly, do not deny altogether that you are moderate, reasonable, capable of instruction, nay indeed wise: yet the merest youths, whist-players and jockeys, turn their heads across their shoulders to give you a word of advice. When the popular part, the senatorial part, the executive part, are summarily discussed, the whole together is taken up as lightly and as easily disposed of. "Republics can not stand" is the exclamation of council-board and sounding-board; the echo of Church and Chamber.

Franklin. I would reduce the question to as few words as they would. A single argument is enough for a single truth: whatever comes after, is in part illustration, in part confusion.

[1] From "consisting" to "periwig" added in 3rd ed.

* This was likewise done in 1824.—W. S. L.

When the advantages of kingship and republicanism are opposed, the main inquiry is, not about forms or families, not about the government of the fewer or the more; but whether the good shall control the bad or the bad control the good. A whole people can not long err in its choice. One man or two may agree with a groom that an unsound horse is a sound one; but twenty will not, take the twenty even at hazard. The great advantage is, however, when you can send back the horse after trying him, or change him on discovering his infirmity.

Washington.[1] There are certain parts of our constitution which are capable of improvement. In my situation it would be imprudent and indecorous to point them out. But it is better in its present condition than if it were more centralised and compact. It is like those bridges which are overlaid with loose planks, and of which, when the tide is rising rapidly, the platform would be heaved up and broken if it were more strained into apparent solidity.

Franklin. In government, as in other things, we, and not only we, but even those wiser and greater men, the ministers of kings, may profit by reading the first half-page in the *Elements of Geometry*, in which we find that "the right line is the shortest way from one point to another," and, I would add, *cæteris paribus*, the easiest and surest.

We were called, a little while ago, the partisans of anarchy. At that time we could not argue with our opponents, they being in a state of frenzy, and running loose; but now that their arms are tied behind them, and that they are at home and abed, we may reason calmly with them, and tell them that no number is so near to nothing as one, and no government so near to anarchy as monarchy. There is more than one kind of anarchy, though there is only one known by name; as there are plants and metals under our feet, unclassed and undescribed. We are in the habit of calling those bodies of men anarchal which are in a state of effervescence; but the most anarchal of all are those which surrender self-rule to the caprice of the worst informed and least tractable members of society. Anarchy, like other things, has its certain state and season of quiescence; and its features are only the more flushed and discomposed by the somnolence of repletion and supineness.

[1] From "Washington" to "Franklin" added in 3rd ed. 2nd ed. reads: "infirmity. In government, as in all," etc.

WASHINGTON. A third question, of less intense anxiety, is raised by those who read our fortunes, not in the palms of our hands, but in the clouds. At some future day, they portend to us that every province will be an independent state.

FRANKLIN. Horrible prediction! We shall experience the misfortune then to have cultivated our wilds; to have subdivided and peopled hill, forest, and savannah; to have excavated quarries, mines, canals; to have erected arsenals, to have constructed navies; to be so rich in short and so powerful as to fear no enemy and to need no alliance. The time undoubtedly will come when each province will produce as much as all do now: so that as easily and safely as all now stand together, each will then stand alone. A long experience of their true interests, a certainty that they depend upon peace and concord, will render wars impossible among them; and if any European power should have the temerity to attack the weakest, not only will our other states chastise that power, but its own subjects will abandon or subvert it. Repose from oppression, refuge from persecution, respect for honesty, and reward for industry, are found here. A labourer gains more in this country than a "professor of humanity"[1] in some of the most civilised on the other continent. Resolute to defend these advantages, the children of America are for ever free: those of Europe, many years yet, must thread the labyrinth and face the Minotaur.[2]

[1] 2nd ed. has a note: "'Concordia (province of the Modenese). Competition is open for the office of public master in humanity and rhetoric at this place, beginning from the 6th of November. The stipend is eight hundred livres annually.' *Gazetta di Firenze*, 1 *luglio* 1823. This is some what less than one half of what is paid in Philadelphia to a *nightman*: Diggers of canals gain the triple. The necessaries of life in Modena are dearer than in America."

[2] 1st ed., in which the Conversation ends much earlier, at the words, "when these scholars shall be turned out of school," has the following terminal note: "I understand that some remarks on the government of the church in Ireland have been offered to Parliament, I know not by what Scotch member, much resembling those which I attribute to Franklin. The dialogue was sent to England for publication long before, but although I required no participation of profit by it, some printers were reluctant to undertake it from the unfashionableness of the sentiments, and others from the obscurity of the author. It has passed through several hands; so that many things, it is reasonable to suppose, may have transpired, partly from the extravagance of the matter, and partly from the peculiarity of the style. What has been represented to me as the most visionary and absurd, is, the supposition that the catholic church in England, or elsewhere, could ever admitt any directing power which emanates not from the bishop of Rome.

"I would dogmatize with none; I would dispute with few: instead of either,

I transcribe some sentiments from Carrion, a catholic author . . . Itaque instituit Gregorius *per ceremonias Ecclesiæ in concordiam revocare.* Orta est et *contentio* hoc tempore de *primatu*: voluit enim Mauritius Cæsar, ut patriarcha Constantinopolitanus *œcumenicus, sive Episcopus universalis, in Ecclesiâ christianâ diceretur.* Sed Gregorius id suo adsensâ comprobare non voluit, et christianâ constantiâ usus scripsit, *Neminem id sibi arrogare debere ut inter Christianos Episcopus universalis velit nominari.* Anno Christi DLXXXIV. Chron: lib. iv. p. 272. Venetiis ad signum Spei 1548.

" Bonifacius the third obtained from the emperor Phocas, who had assassinated his master and benefactor Mauritius, that he should be styled Œcumenicus or Universal Bishop. It is worthy of remark, that the popes have obtained every fresh accession of power from usurpers; and that for the first six hundred years, however dark and turbulent, they abstained from those pretensions which they have since so pertinaciously asserted. The ambition of Bonifacius raised up that of a much wiser and still bolder impostor. The churches of the east received with scorn and anger the intelligence of this usurpation; and the spirit of discord, which never breathed so violently and so uninterruptedly in any other religion, and which has not intermitted one moment in the eighteen hundred years since peace and goodwill towards man was first preached upon earth, induced an Arab to collect a few of his countrymen, disbanded and defrauded by Heraclius, and to preach to them plainer doctrines. Provinces, kingdoms, empires yielded to him; and while Arians and Catholics were fighting for Christ against the command of Christ, the more populous, warlike, and civilized part of the world revolted from both standards. In that which still countenances the system, about a sixth of the wealth is possessed by the clergy, for teaching what every mother is capable of inculcating, and what Christ taught plainly once for all. To favour the establishment of this order, it was necessary to reverse the prophecy of Isaiah; instead of making the rough smooth, to make the smooth rough, and to excite disputes on words, unintelligible and unimportant. Hence we find perpetually the terms, *pernicious* errors, *impious* doctrines, *execrable* heresies; but are rarely told of the perniciousness, impiety, and execrableness of cruelty, malice, falsehood, lust, ambition. Hence the people are not permitted to read the precepts of Christ, but are ordered to believe the legend of Saint *Handkerchief* or Saint *Eleventhousand*, to embrace the holy faith of an enthusiast who gravely tells us he believes a thing because it is impossible, and to place the same confidence in a lying old dotard who asserts that he filed his teeth in order to speak Hebrew.

" While there are religious establishments paid by the people, against their consent, or even partially with it, there will always be dissatisfaction and discontent. Unhappily most of Christ's doctrines are superseded: there is one which was never in fashion, and which, where all are good, is among the best: *Commune with thine own heart in thy chamber, and be silent.* This, if attended to, would put the bishops' bench on three legs; but it would empty our poorhouses, fill our manufactories, and pay our debt.

" When certain men are loudest, they feel least. Indeed there is a great deal less bigotry in the world, than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment to those who declame against it; they are angry, not at our blindness, as they call it, but that the blind man will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs, and, above all, that he will carry the scrip. This is wilfulness in him; they would fain open his eyes to save him from the sin of such wilfulness; and they break him a limb or two because he will not take them for his oculists.

" Love of power resides in the heart of every man, and is well regulated and

discreet in few. Accompanied by genius, it is also too frequently accompanied by pride and arrogance. Although it assumes to itself the highest character, it is really among the weakest of our affections. Those who differ from the domineering party are always stigmatized by them with the name of sectaries; and what reflecting man has not remarked the force that lies in a name? Yet when the Pope called Luther a sectary, a little learning would have shewn him that the title better suited himself, and that, according to Cato the elder, *Sectarius porcus est qui gregem præcedens ducit.*"

END OF THE AMERICAN CONVERSATIONS

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

SPANISH

I. PHILIP II. AND DONA JUANA COELHO

(*Heath's Bk. of Beauty*, 1834; *Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

JUANA. Condescend, O my king! to hear me.

PHILIP. By what means, Dona Juana, have you obtained this admission to my presence?

JUANA. Sire, by right of my sex and my misfortunes.

PHILIP. And what misfortune of yours, pray, madam, is it in my power to remove or alleviate?

JUANA. All mine, O most puissant monarch! and nearly all the heaviest that exist on earth; the providence of God having placed the larger part of the known world under the sceptre or the influence of your majesty.

PHILIP. And the more suffering part, no doubt. God, and his mother, and the blessed saints, have exalted me to my station, that I may bring chastisement on the perverse and rebellious, and ward it off from the dutiful and obedient. I have now little leisure: to the point then.

JUANA. O sire! my husband has offended: I know not how.

PHILIP. Nor should you. His offence is against the state.

JUANA. He has been secretary many years to your majesty; and in times and circumstances the most trying, he has ever been a faithful vassal. The riches he possesses flowed in great measure from royal bounty; none from treason, none from peculation, none from abuse of power.

PHILIP. Know you his steps, his thoughts?

JUANA. I have always shared them.

PHILIP. Always? No, madam. Let me tell you, he aspired too high.

JUANA. O sire! that is a generous fault, the fault of everyone

who loves glory, of every true Spaniard, and, above all, of Antonio Perez.

PHILIP. When did he first begin to look so loftily ?

JUANA. When first he aspired to serve your majesty.

PHILIP. Has he no gratitude, no sense of duty, no feeling of nothingness, as becomes a subject ? I made him what he is. Tell me no more I enriched him ; that is little : beside, I know not that I did it ; and I could only wish to have done it, that I might undo it. I can not remember that he has had anything from me beyond the salary of his offices ; but those who accept my money for any services would just as readily accept it from my enemies. They care no more from whose hand it comes, than whose effigy it bears.

JUANA. He had enough and abundantly from his offices ; nor indeed was he without a patrimony, nor I without a dower.

PHILIP. He should have minded his business ; he should have taken example from Scovedo.

JUANA. Sire, it becomes not me to express astonishment, or even to feel it, in the august presence.

PHILIP. Something very like astonishment produces good effects occasionally. Madam, would you wish further audience ?

JUANA. Too graciously vouchsafed me ! Sire ! Antonio Perez, my husband, is accused of being privy to the assassination [1]——

PHILIP. Unmannerly, ill-featured expression !

JUANA. Of his colleague Scovedo. I come to intreat, on the part of his family and of mine, that he may be brought to trial speedily and openly. If your majesty will indulge us with this further act of royal clemency and favour, I engage that a crime so detestable, a crime from which the nature of Don Antonio is abhorrent, shall be removed for ever from our house.

PHILIP. At my good pleasure I may confront him with his accomplices.

JUANA. Alas ! alas ! who are the guilty ?

PHILIP. Who ? who ? (*Aside.*) Suspicious, audacious woman ! Some have suspected those about the Princess of Evoli,[2] and have watched her.

[1] Antonio Perez planned the assassination of Scovedo (Escovedo) with the approval of Philip.

[2] Perez was suspected of undue intimacy with the Princess, Philip's mistress.

JUANA. Kind soul! may never harm befall her from their wiles! Beauty, that should fill the world with light and happiness, brings only evil spirits into it, and is blighted by malignity and grief. Who upon earth could see the Princess of Evoli, and not be softened?

PHILIP. The injured; the insulted.

JUANA. Alas! even she then serves the purposes of the envious. From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison.

PHILIP. You know the lady very intimately.

JUANA. She honours me with her notice.

PHILIP. She honours your husband too with her notice, does she not?

JUANA. Most highly.

PHILIP. Then, madam, by the saints, he dies!

JUANA. O sire! recall the threat!

PHILIP. We never threaten; we sentence.

JUANA. He is innocent! By the beloved of God! by the Fountain of Truth and Purity! he is innocent!

PHILIP. And she too! and she too! marvel of virtue! A brazen breast would split with laughter. She! Evoli! Evoli!

JUANA. Is as innocent as he. O sire! this beautiful and gentle lady——

PHILIP. Ay, ay, very gentle; she brings men's heads to the scaffold if they have ever lain in her lap.

JUANA. The unsuspicious, generous princess——

PHILIP. Killed the poor fool Scovedo.

JUANA. Pardon me, sire! she hardly knew him, and bore no ill-will toward him.

PHILIP. Nor toward Perez; at worst, not very spiteful. Dead secretaries and dead rats should drive off living ones. He was useful to me, I mean Scovedo, even when alive; I can not afford one like him every day. Do you hear, Dona Juana?

JUANA. Perfectly, sire.

PHILIP. And understand?

JUANA. As well as I dare.

PHILIP. Could you live in privacy, with your accomplishments and your beauty?

JUANA. Alas! I wish it had always been my lot!

PHILIP. I may promote you to that enviable situation.

JUANA. My husband, now he has lost the countenance of your majesty, would retreat with me from the world.

PHILIP. It is not in open places that serpents hatch their eggs. God protects me: I must protect the state: Perez is unworthy of you.

JUANA. Sire, if I thought him so, I would try to make him worthy.

PHILIP. There are offences that women can not pardon.

JUANA. Then they should retire, and learn how.

PHILIP. That insolent and ungrateful man wrongs and despises you. He too, among the rest, presumes to love the Princess of Evoli.

JUANA. Who does not?

PHILIP. Who shall dare? Perez, I tell you again, has declared his audacious passion to her!

JUANA. Then God forgive him his impetuosity and sinfulness! If she rejected him, he is punished.

PHILIP. If!—if! Do you pretend, do you imagine, she would listen to one like him? Do you reason about it; do you calculate on it; do you sigh and weep at it, as if in your spite and stupidity you could believe it? By the blood of the martyrs, I will drain the last drop of that traitor's! Off! unclasp my knee! I can not wait for the words in your throat!

II. GENERAL LACY AND CURA MERINO [1]

(*Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824; ii., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

Merino. General, we have fought in the same cause, and I shall be sorry if our sentiments at last diverge. What is peace if there be not concord?

Lacy. Enthusiasm makes way for reflection, and reflection leads to that concord which we both desire. We think first of our wrongs and afterward of our rights. Injustice may become, where there is anything to be stirred, a lighter evil to the sufferer than to the worker.

Merino. We talk of the people and of parliaments, and, as it appears to me, are blindly following the restless and changeful French. In fact we are ready in our politics to build up a tower of Babel. Shall these unbelievers [2] persuade us that they are the cleverest people in the world, by sweetening us a cup of chocolate with a bunch of turnips or a truss of hay, or by whipping us off a leg while we are saying an ave-maria? Let them instruct us in surgery and chemistry, but let them always be considered as our inferiors in morality and government.

Lacy. Here, Señor Cura, we agree perfectly. Prosperity has made them so giddy, adversity can not sober them. The varnish that once covered their sharp and shallow character, cracked off in the dogdays of the Revolution, and they have lost the greatest of their virtues, their hypocrisy. Although I have fought against them and against their partisans, while they were under the same banners, yet I would gladly see all Spaniards in amity and at home. The French faction, as you call it, fought for the same object as we did.

Merino. How! they fought for our beloved Ferdinand?

[1] 1st ed. bears the title: "General Lascy and the Curate Merino." Lacy, who played an important part in the Spanish resistance to Napoleon, at first submitted to Ferdinand, but eventually raised a rebellion, and was done to death after having been conveyed to Majorca.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "miscreants."

LACY. They fought for our beloved Spain, for her independence, for her freedom. Ought they to be persecuted because they were betrayed? Should we murder a man because he has fallen into a pit? or starve him to death because he has gone for bread to another baker than ours? and liberty is surely, like bread, an article of the first necessity to a Spaniard.

MERINO. They followed not their lawful king.

LACY. Did we? did any wise man? Did not all implore him to remain? did not all deprecate and detest that lowest of degradation which he neither scorned nor shunned, but ran into and courted?

MERINO. It was God's will. As for those rebels, the finger of God——

LACY. Prythee, Señor Cura, let God's finger alone. Very worthy men are apt to snatch at it upon too light occasions: they would stop their tobacco-pipes with it. If Spain, in the opinion of our late opponents, could have obtained a free constitution by other means, they never would have joined the French. True, they persisted: but how few have wisdom or courage enough to make the distinction between retracting an error and deserting a cause! He who declares himself a party-man, let his party profess the most liberal sentiments, is a registered and enlisted slave: he begins by being a zealot and ends by being a dupe: he is tormented by regret and anger: yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the [1] livery under which he sweats and fumes,[2] as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the garment empoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur.

MERINO. How much better is it to abolish parties by fixing a legitimate king at the head of affairs!

LACY. The object, thank God, is accomplished. Ferdinand is returning to Madrid, if perverse men do not mislead him.

MERINO. And yet there are Spaniards wild enough to talk of Cortes and Chambers of Peers.

LACY. Of the latter I know nothing: but I know that Spain formerly was great, free, and happy, by the administration of her Cortes: and as I prefer in policy old experiments to new, I should not be sorry if the madness, as you call it, spread in that direction.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "the badge and livery."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "fumes, as though under the empoisoned garment of the Centaur."

There are many forms of government, but only two kinds: the free and the despotic: in the one the people hath its representatives, in the other not. Freedom, to be, must be perfect: the half-free can no more exist, even in idea, than the half-entire. Restraints laid by a people on itself are sacrifices made to liberty; and it never exerts a more beneficent or a greater power than in imposing them. The nation that pays taxes without its own consent is under slavery: whosoever causes, whosoever maintains, that slavery, subverts or abets the subversion of social order. Whoever is above the law is out of the law, just as evidently as whoever is above this room is out of this room. If men will outlaw themselves by overt acts, we are not to condemn those who remove them by the means least hazardous to the public peace. If even my daughter brought forth a monster, I could not arrest the arm that should smother it: and monsters of this kind are by infinite degrees less pernicious than such as rise up in society by violation of law.

In regard to a Chamber of Peers, Spain does not contain the materials. What has been the education of our grandees? how narrow the space between the hornbook and *sanbenito*? The English are amazed, and the French are indignant, that we have not imitated their constitutions. All constitutions formed for the French are provisionary. Whether they trip [1] or tumble, whether they step or slide, the tendency is direct to slavery; none but a most rigid Government will restrain them from cruelty or from mischief: they are scourged into good humour and starved into content. I have read whatever I could find written on the English constitution: and it appears to me, like the Deity, an object universally venerated, but requiring a Revelation. I do not find the House of Peers, as I expected to find it, standing between the king and people. Throughout a long series of years it has been only twice in opposition to the Commons: once in declaring that the slave-trade ought not to be abolished; again in declaring that those who believe in transubstantiation are unfit to command an army or to decide a cause.

Merino. Into what extravagances does infidelity lead men, in other things not unwise. Blessed virgin of the thousand pains! and great Santiago of Compostella! deign to bring that benighted nation back again to the right path.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "tripp"; "stepp."

Lacy. On Deity we reason by attributes, on government by metaphors. Wool or sand, embodied, may deaden the violence of what is discharged against the walls of a city : hereditary aristocracy hath no such virtue against the assaults of despotism, which on the contrary it will maintain in opposition to the people. Since its power and wealth, although they are given *by* the king, must be given *from* the nation : the one has not an interest in enriching it, the other has. All the countries that ever have been conquered, have been surrendered to the conqueror by the aristocracy, stipulating for its own property, power, and rank, yielding up the men, cattle, and metals, on the common. Nevertheless, in every nation the project of an upper chamber will be warmly cherished. The richer aspire to honours, the poorer to protection. Every family of wealth and respectability wishes to count a peer among its relatives, and, where the whole number is yet under nomination, everyone may hope it. Those who have no occasion for protectors, desire the power of protecting ; and those who have occasion for them, desire them to be more efficient.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom. You would imagine that the British peers have given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies : no such thing : instead of which, a slice of meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one ; a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar-boys on the roads, from another. The former, I presume, was a practical commentator on the Roman fable of the belly and the members, and maintained with all his power and interest the supremacy of the nobler part ; and the latter was of a family in which the head never was equivalent to the legs. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat, a bonnet, and a boot ; the more illustrious with some island inhabited by sea-calves.

Merino. I deprecate such importations into our monarchy. God forbid that the ermine of his Catholic Majesty be tagged with the sordid tail of a monster so rough as feudality !

Lacy. If kings, whether by reliance on external force, by introduction of external institutions, or by misapplication of what they may possess within the realm, show a disposition to conspire with other kings against its rights, it may be expected that communities will, some secretly and others openly, unite their moral, their intellectual, and, when opportunity permits it, their physical powers

against them. If alliances are holy which are entered into upon the soil usurped, surely not unholy are those which are formed for defence against all kinds and all methods of spoliation. If men are marked out for banishment, for imprisonment, for slaughter, because they assert the rights and defend the liberties of their country, can you wonder at seeing, as you must ere long, a confederacy of free countries, formed for the apprehension or extinction of whoever pays, disciplines, or directs, under whatsoever title, those tremendous masses of human kind, which consume the whole produce of their native land in depopulating another? Is it iniquitous or unnatural that laws be opposed to edicts, and constitutions to despotism? O Señor Merino! there are yet things holy: all the barbarians and all the autocrats in the universe cannot make that word a byword to the Spaniard. Yes, there may be holy alliances; and the hour strikes for their establishment. This beautiful earth, these heavens in their magnificence and splendour, have seen things more lovely and more glorious than themselves. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country! Invincible Spain! how many of thy children have laid this pure sacrifice on the altar! The Deity hath accepted it: and there are those who would cast its ashes to the winds!

If ever a perverseness of character, or the perfidy taught in courts, should induce a king of Spain to violate his oath, to massacre his subjects, to proscribe his friends, to imprison his defenders, to abolish the representation of the people, Spain will be drawn by resentment to do what Policy in vain has whispered in the ear of Generosity. She and Portugal will be one: nor will she be sensible of disgrace in exchanging a prince of French origin for a prince of Portuguese. There [1] is a north-west passage to the golden shores of Freedom; and, if pirates infest the opener seas, brave adventurers will cut their way through it. Let kings tremble at nothing but their own fraudulence and violence; and never at popular assemblies, which alone can direct them unerringly.

Merino. Educated as kings are, by pious men, servants of God, they see a chimera in a popular assembly.

Lacy. Those who refuse to their people a national and just representation, calling it a chimera, will one day remember that he

[1] From "There" to "unerringly" added in 2nd ed.

who purchases their affections at the price of a chimera, purchases them cheaply : and those who, having promised the boon, retract it, will put their hand to the signature directed by a hand of iron. State after state comes forward in asserting its rights, as wave follows wave ; each acting upon each ; and the tempest is gathering in regions where no murmur or voice is audible. Portugal pants for freedom, in other words is free. With one foot in England and the other in Brazil, there was danger in withdrawing either : she appears however to have recovered her equipoise. Accustomed to fix her attention upon England, wisely will she act if she imitates her example in the union with Ireland ; a union which ought to cause no other regret than in having been celebrated so late. If on the contrary she believes that national power and prosperity are the peculiar gifts of independence, she must believe that England was more powerful and prosperous in the days of her heptarchy than fifty years ago. Algarve would find no more advantage in her independence of Portugal, than Portugal would find in continuing detached from the other portions of our peninsula. There were excellent reasons for declaring her independence at the time ; there now are better, if better be possible, for a coalition. She, like ourselves, is in danger of losing her colonies : how can either party by any other means retrieve its loss ? Normandy and Brittany, after centuries of war, joined the other provinces of France : more centuries of severer war would not sunder them. We have no such price to pay. Independence is always the sentiment that follows liberty ; and it is always the most ardently desired by that country, which, supposing the administration of law to be similar and equal, derives the greatest advantage from the union. According to the state of society in two countries, to the justice or injustice of government, to proximity or distance, independence may be good or bad. Normandy and Brittany would have found it hurtful and pernicious : they would have been corrupted by bribery, and overrun by competitors, the more formidable and the more disastrous from a parity of force. They had not however so weighty reasons for union with France, as Portugal has with Spain.

Merino. To avoid the collision of king and people, we may think about an assembly to be composed of the higher clergy and principal nobility.

Lacy. What should produce any collision, any dissension or

dissidence between king and people? Is the wisdom of a nation less than an individual's? Can *it* not see its own interests? and ought *he* to see any other? Surround the throne with state and splendour and magnificence, but withhold from it the means of corruption, which must overflow upon itself, and sap it. To no intent or purpose can they ever be employed, unless to subvert the constitution; and beyond the paling of a constitution a king is *fera naturæ*. Look at Russia and Turkey: how few of their Czars and Sultans have died a natural death! unless indeed in such a state of society the most natural death is a violent one. I would not accustom men to daggers and poisons; for which reason, among others, I would remove them as far as possible from despotism.

To talk of France is nugatory: England then, where more causes are tried within the year than among us within ten, has only twelve judges, criminal and civil, in her ordinary courts. A culprit, or indeed an innocent man, may lie six months in prison before his trial, on suspicion of having stolen a petticoat or pair of slippers. As for her civil laws, they are more contradictory, more dilatory, more complicated, more uncertain, more expensive, more inhumane, than any now in use among men. They who appeal to them for redress of injury, suffer an aggravation of it; and when Justice comes down at last, she alights on ruins. Public opinion is the only bulwark against oppression, and the voice of wretchedness is upon most occasions too feeble to excite it. Law [1] in England, and in most other countries of Europe, is the crown of injustice, burning and intolerable as that hammered and nailed upon the head of Zekkler, after he had been forced to eat the quivering flesh of his companions in insurrection.* In the statutes of the North American United States, there is no such offence as libel upon the Government; because in that country there is no worthless wretch whose government leads to, or can be brought into, contempt. This undefined and undefinable offence, in England, hath consigned many just men and eminent scholars to poverty and imprisonment, to incurable maladies, and untimely death. Law, like the Andalusian bull, lowers her head and shuts her eyes before she makes her push; and either she misses her object altogether, or she leaves it immersed in bloodshed.

[1] From "Law" to "scoundrels as ever lived," p. 54, added in 2nd ed.

* Albrizzi *Sull' origine del Danubio* and *Respublica Hungarica*.—W. S. L.

When an action is brought by one subject against another, in which he seeks indemnity for an injury done to his property, his comforts, or his character, a jury awards the amount: but if some parasite of the king wishes to mend his fortune, after a run of bad luck at the gaming-table or of improvident bets on the race-course, he informs the attorney-general that he has detected a libel on Majesty, which, unless it be chastised and checked by the timely interference of those blessed institutions whence they are great and glorious, would leave no man's office, or honour, or peace, inviolable. It may happen that the writer, at worst, hath indulged his wit on some personal fault, some feature in the character far below the crown: this is enough for a prosecution: and the author, if found guilty, lies at the mercy of the judge. The jury in this case is never the awarder of damages. Are then the English laws equal for all? Recently there was a member of parliament [1] who declared to the people such things against the Government, as were openly called seditious and libellous, both by his colleagues and his judges. He was condemned to pay a fine, amounting to less than the three-hundredth part of his property, and to be confined for three months: in an apartment more airy and more splendid than any in his own house. Another, no member of parliament, wrote something ludicrous about Majesty, and was condemned, he and his brother,[2] to pay the full half of their property, and to be confined among felons for two years! This confinement was deemed so flagrantly cruel, that the magistrates soon afterward allowed a little more light, a little more air, and better company; not however in separate wards, but separate prisons. The judge who pronounced the sentence is still living; he lives unbruised, unbranded, and he appears like a man among men.

Merino. Why not? He proved his spirit, firmness, and fidelity: in our country he would be appointed Grand-inquisitor on the next vacancy, and lead the queen to her seat at the first *auto da fé*. Idlers and philosophers may complain; but certainly this portion of the English institutions ought to be commended warmly by every true Spaniard, every friend to the altar and the throne. And yet, general, you mention it in such a manner, as would almost let a careless inattentive hearer go away with the persuasion that you disapprove of it. Speculative and dissatisfied men are existing in all countries;

[1] Sir Francis Burdett.

[2] Leigh and John Hunt.

even in Spain and England; but we have scourges in store for the pruriency of dissatisfaction, and cases and caps for the telescopes of speculation.

Lacy. The faultiness of the English laws is not complained of nor pointed out exclusively by the speculative or the sanguine, by the oppressed or the disappointed; it was the derision and scoff of George the Second, one of the bravest and most constitutional kings. "As to our laws," said he, "we pass near a hundred every session, which seem made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them."

This is not reported by whig or tory, who change principles as they change places, but by a dispassionate unambitious man, of sound sense and in easy circumstances, a personal and intimate friend of the king, from whose lips he himself received it, Lord Waldegrave. Yet an Englishman thinks himself quite as free, and governed quite as rationally, as a citizen of the United States! so does a Chinese. Such is the hemlock that Habitude administers to Endurance; and so long is it in this torpor ere the heart sickens.

I am far from the vehemence of the English commander Nelson; a man however who betrayed neither in war nor policy any deficiency of acuteness and judgment. He says unambiguously and distinctly in his letters, "All ministers of kings and princes are in my opinion as great scoundrels as ever lived."

Merino.[1] Certainly there is no reason to complain that he is ambiguous or indistinct in his phraseology.

Lacy.[2] Versatility, indecision, falsehood, ingratitude, had strongly marked, as he saw, the two principal ones of his country, Pitt and Fox; the latter of whom openly turned honesty into derision, while the former sent it wrapped up decently to market. Now if all ministers of kings and princes are, what the admiral calls them from his experience, "as great scoundrels as ever lived," we must be as great fools as ever lived if we endure them: we should look for others.

Merino. Even that will not do: the new ones, possessing the same power and the same places, will be the same men.

Lacy. I am afraid then the change must not be only in the servants, but in the masters, and that we must not leave the choice

[1] From "Merino" to "phraseology" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "Lacy" to "novel doctrines," p. 56, added in 2nd ed.

to those who always choose "as great scoundrels as ever lived." Nelson was a person who had had much to do with the ministers of kings and princes; none of his age had more; an age in which the ministers had surely no less to do than those in any other age since the creation of the world. He was the best commander of his nation: he was consulted and employed in every difficult and doubtful undertaking: he must have known them thoroughly. What meaning then shall we attribute to his words? Shall we say that "as great scoundrels as ever lived" ought to govern the universe in perpetuity? Or can we doubt that they must do so, if we suffer kings and princes to appoint them at each other's recommendation?

Merino. Nelson was a heretic, a blasphemer, a revolutionist.

Lacy. On heresy and blasphemy I am incapable of deciding; but never was there a more strenuous antagonist of revolutionary principles; and upon this rock his glory split and foundered. When Sir William Hamilton declared to the Neapolitan insurgents, who had laid down their arms before royal promises, that his Government having engaged with the Allied Powers to eradicate revolutionary doctrines from Europe, he could not countenance the fulfilment of a capitulation which opposed the views of the *coalition*, what did Nelson? He tarnished the brightest sword in Europe, and devoted to the most insatiable of the Furies the purest blood! A Caroline and a Ferdinand, the most opprobrious of the human race, and among the lowest in intellect, were permitted to riot in the slaughter of a Caraccioli.

The English constitution, sir, is founded on revolutionary doctrines, and her kings acknowledge it. Recollect now the note of her diplomatist. Is England in Europe? If she is, which I venture not to assert, her rulers have declared their intention to eradicate the foundations of her liberties: and they have broken their word so often that I am inclined to believe they will attempt to recover their credit by keeping it strictly here. But the safest and least costly conquests for England, would be those over the understandings and the hearts of men. They require no garrisons; they equip no navies; they encounter no tempests; they withdraw none from labour; they might extend from the arctic to the antarctic circle, leaving every Briton at his own fireside; and Earth like Ocean would have her great Pacific. The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions: it lies in the omnipresence of

her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilisation. There are provinces she can not grasp; there are islands she can not hold fast: but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words Be Free. Every land wherein she favours the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them to be stifled, is her own; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend. Principles hold those together whom power would only alienate.

Merino. I understand little these novel doctrines: but Democracy herself must be contented with the principal features of the English constitution. The great leaders are not taken from the ancient families.

Lacy. These push forward into Parliament young persons of the best talents they happen to pick up, whether at a ball or an opera, at a gaming-table or a college-mess, who from time to time, according to the offices they have filled, mount into the upper chamber and make room for others: but it is understood that, in both chambers, they shall distribute honours and places at the command of their patrons. True indeed, the ostensible heads are not of ancient or even of respectable parentage. The more wealthy and powerful peers send them from their boroughs into the House of Commons, as they send race-horses from their stables to Newmarket, and cocks from their training-yard to Doncaster. This is, in like manner, a pride, a luxury, a speculation. Even bankrupts have been permitted to sit there; men who, when they succeeded, were a curse to their country worse than when they failed.[1]

Let us rather collect together our former institutions, cherish all that brings us proud remembrances, brace our limbs for the efforts we must make, train our youth on our own arena, and never deem it decorous to imitate the limp of a wrestler writhing in his decrepitude.

The Chamber of Peers in England is the dormitory of Freedom and of Genius. Those who enter it have eaten the lotus and forget their country. A minister, to suit his purposes, may make a dozen

[1] 1st ed. has a note: "The opinions on our House of Commons which I have attributed to Lascy, are those of a contemptuous Spaniard, not perfectly informed. We know better; but his character required them so. My own veneration for that assembly may be found expressed at the conclusion of the third Dialogue." The reference is to the Conversation of Henry IV. and Savage.

or a score or a hundred of peers in a day. If they are rich they are inactive ; if they are poor they are dependent. In general he chooses the rich, who always want something ; for wealth is less easy to satisfy than poverty, luxury than hunger. He can dispense with their energy if he can obtain their votes, and they never abandon him unless he has contented them.

Merino. Impossible ! that any minister should make twenty, or even ten peers, during one convocation.

Lacy. The English, by a most happy metaphor, call them *batches*, seeing so many drawn forth at a time, with the rapidity of loaves from an oven, and moulded to the same ductility by less manipulation. A minister in that system has equally need of the active and the passive, as the creation has equally need of males and females. Do not imagine I would discredit or depreciate the House of Peers. Never will another land contain one composed of characters in general more honourable ; more distinguished for knowledge, for charity, for generosity, for equity ; more perfect in all the duties of men and citizens. Let it stand : a nation should be accustomed to no changes, to no images but of strength and duration : let it stand then, as a lofty and ornamental belfry, never to be taken down or lowered, until it threatens by its decay the congregation underneath : but let none be excommunicated who refuse to copy it, whether from faultiness in their foundation or from deficiency in their materials. Different countries require different governments. Is the rose the only flower in the garden ? is Hesperus the only star in the heavens ? We may be hurt by our *safe-guards*, if we try new ones.

Don [1] Britomarte Delciego took his daily siesta on the grass in the city-dyke of Barbastro : he shaded his face with his *sombrero*, and slept profoundly. One day unfortunately a gnat alighted on his nose, and bit it. Don Britomarte roused himself ; and, remembering that he could enfold his arms in his mantle, took off a glove and covered the unprotected part with it. Satisfied at the contrivance, he slept again ; and more profoundly than ever. Whether there was any savoury odour in the glove, I know not : certain it is that some rats came from under the fortifications, and, perforating the new defence of Don Britomarte, made a breach in the salient angle which had suffered so lately by a less potent enemy ; and he was called from that day forward *the knight of the kid-skin vizor.*

[1] From " Don " to " facts," p. 58, added in 2nd ed.

Merino. Sir, I do not understand stories: I never found wit or reason in them.

Lacy. Let us return then to graver facts. England in the last twenty years has undergone a greater revolution than any she struggled to counteract: a revolution more awful, more pernicious. She [1] alone of all the nations in the world hath suffered by that of France: she is become less wealthy by it, less free, less liberal, less moral. Half a century ago she was represented chiefly by her country-gentlemen. Pitt made the richer, peers; the intermediate, pensioners; the poorer, exiles; and his benches were overflowed with Honourables from the sugar-cask and indigo-bag. He changed all the features both of mind and matter. Old mansions were converted into workhouses and barracks: children, who returned from school at the holidays, stopped in their own villages and asked why they stopped. More oaks followed him than ever followed Orpheus; and more stones, a thousand to one, leaped down at his voice than ever leaped up at Amphion's. Overladen [2] with taxation, the gentlemen of England, a class the grandest in character that ever existed upon earth, the best informed, the most generous, the most patriotic, were driven from their residences into cities. Their authority ceased; their example was altogether lost; and it appears by the calendars of the prisons, that two-thirds of the offenders were from the country; whereas, until these disastrous times, four-fifths were from the towns. To what a degree those of the towns themselves must have increased, may be supposed by the stagnation in many trades, and by the conversion of labourers and artisans to soldiers.

The country-gentlemen, in losing their rank and condition, lost the higher and more delicate part of their principles. There decayed at once in them that robustness and that nobility of character, which men, like trees, acquire from standing separately. Deprived of their former occupations and amusements, and impatient of inactivity, they condescended to be members of gaming-clubs in the fashionable cities, incurred new and worse expenses, and eagerly sought, from among the friendships they had contracted, those who might obtain for them or for their families some atom from the public dilapidation. Hence nearly all were subservient to the minister: those who were not, were marked out as disaffected to the

[1] From "She" to "moral" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "Overladen" to "memory," p. 59, added in 2nd ed.

constitution, or at best as singular men who courted celebrity from retirement.

Such was the state of the landed interest; and what was that of the commercial? Industrious tradesmen speculated; in other words, gamed. Bankers were coiners, not giving a piece of metal, but a scrap of paper. They who had thousands, lent millions, and lost all. Slow and sure gains were discreditable; and nothing was a sight more common, more natural, or seen with more indifference, than fortunes rolling down from their immense accumulation. Brokers and insurers and jobbers, people whose education could not have been liberal, were now for the first time found at the assemblies and at the tables of the great, and were treated there with the first distinction. Every hand through which money passes was pressed affectionately. The viler part of what is democratical was supported by the aristocracy; the better of what is republican was thrown down. England, like one whose features are just now turned awry by an apoplexy, is ignorant of the change she has undergone, and is the more lethargic the more she is distorted. Not only hath she lost her bloom and spirit, but her form and gait, her voice and memory. The weakest of mortals was omnipotent in parliament; and being so, he dreamed in his drunkenness that he could compress the spirit of the times; and before the fumes had passed away, he rendered the wealthiest of nations the most distressed. The spirit of the times is only to be made useful by catching it as it rises, to be managed only by concession, to be controlled only by compliancy. Like the powerful agent of late discovery that impels vast masses across the ocean, or raises them from the abysses of the earth, it performs everything by attention, nothing by force, and is fatal alike from coercion and from neglect. That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely: that state of society, in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily, and unrestricted intellectual exertion: where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws. Nations are not ruined by war: for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians and Jews and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement: the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames

that consumed the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn, nor the weight and impetuosity of hailstones: it is not inundation nor storm, it is not pestilence nor famine; a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such calamity. But that country is too surely ruined, in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation: and there are they about to sink and perish, where the ruler has given, by an unrepressed and an unreproved example, the lesson of bad faith.

Merino. Sir, I cannot hear such language.

Lacy. Why then converse with me? Is the fault mine if such language be offensive? Why should intolerance hatch an hypothesis, or increase her own alarm by the obstreperous chuckle of incubation.

Merino. Kings stand in the place of God among us.

Lacy. I wish they would make way for the owner. They love God only when they fancy he has favoured their passions, and fear him only when they must buy him off. If indeed they be his vicegerents on earth, let them repress the wicked and exalt the virtuous. Wherever in the material world there is a grain of gold, it sinks to the bottom; chaff floats over it: in the animal, the greatest and most sagacious of creatures hide themselves in woods and caverns, in morasses and solitudes, and we hear first of their existence when we find their bones. Do you perceive a resemblance anywhere? If princes are desirous to imitate the governor of the universe, if they are disposed to obey him, if they consult religion or reason, or, what oftener occupies their attention, the stability of power, they will admit the institutions best adapted to render men honest and peaceable, industrious and contented. Otherwise, let them be certain that, although they themselves may escape the chastisement they merit, their children and grandchildren will never be out of danger or out of fear. Calculations on the intensity of force are often just, hardly ever so those on its durability.

Merino. As if truly that depended on men! a blow against a superintending Providence! It always follows the pestilential breath that would sully the majesty of kings.

Lacy. Señor Merino, my name, if you have forgotten it, is Lacy: take courage and recollect yourself. The whole of my discourse hath tended to keep the majesty of kings unsullied by preserving their honour inviolate. Any blow against a superintend-

ing Providence is too insane for reproach, too impotent for pity: and indeed what peril can by anyone be apprehended from the Almighty, when he has Cura Merino to preach for him and the Holy Inquisition to protect him?

MERINO. I [1] scorn the sneer, sir! and know not by what right, or after what resemblance, you couple my name with the Holy Inquisition; which our Lord the King in his wisdom hath not yet re-established, and which the Holy Allies for the greater part have abolished in their dominions.

LACY. This never would have been effected if the holy heads of the meek usurpers had not raised themselves above the crown; proving from doctors and confessors, from old Testament and new, the privilege they possessed of whipping and burning and decapitating the wearer. The kings in their fright ran against the chalice of poison, by which many thousands of their subjects had perished, and by which their own hands were, after their retractings and writhings, ungauntleted, undirked, and paralysed.

Europe, Asia, America, sent up simultaneously to heaven a shout of joy at the subversion: Africa, seated among tamer monsters and addicted to milder superstitions, wondered at what burst and day-spring of beatitude the human race was celebrating around her so high and enthusiastic a jubilee.

MERINO. I take my leave, general. May your Excellency live many years!

I breathe the pure street-air again. Traitor and atheist! I will denounce him: he has shaved for the last time: he shall never have Christian burial.

[1] From "I" to "jubilee" added in 2nd ed.

III. LOPEZ BAÑOS AND ROMERO ALPUENTE

(*Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824; ii., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

Baños. At length, Alpuente, the saints of the Holy Alliance have declared war against us.

Alpuente. I [1] never heard it until now.

Baños. They [2] direct a memorial to the King of France, inviting him to take such measures as his Majesty in his wisdom shall deem convenient in order to avert the calamities of war and the danger of discord from his frontier.

Alpuente. God forbid that so great a king should fall upon us! O Lord, save us from our enemy, who would eat us up quick, so despitefully [3] is he set against us.

Baños. Read the manifesto. Why do you laugh? Is not this a declaration of hostilities?

Alpuente. To Spaniards, yes. I laughed at the folly and impudence of men who, for the present of a tobacco-box with a fool's head upon it, string together these old peeled pearls of diplomatic eloquence, and foist them upon the world as arguments and truths. Do kings imagine that they can as easily deceive as they can enslave? and that the mind is as much under their snaffle, as the body is under their axe and halter? Bring before me one of them, Lopez, who has not violated some promise, who has not usurped some territory, who has not oppressed and subjugated some people: then I will believe him, then I will obey him, then I will acknowledge that those literary heralds who trumpet forth his praises with the newspaper in their hands, are upright [4] and uncorrupted. The courage of Spain delivered the [5] wretched kings from the cane and drum-head of a Corsican. Which of them did not crouch before him? which

[1] 1st ed. reads: "I have not heard."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "They have directed."
[3] 1st ed. reads: "despitefully and hungrily."
[4] 1st ed. reads: "creditable and upright."
[5] 1st ed. reads: "these wretches."

did not flatter him? which did not execute his orders? which did not court his protection? which did not solicit his favour? which did not entreat his forbearance? which did not implore his pardon? which did not abandon and betray him? No ties either of blood or of religion led or restrained these neophytes in holiness. And now forsooth the calamities of war and the dangers of discord are to be averted, by arming one part of our countrymen against the other, by stationing a military force on our frontier for the reception of murderers, traitors, and incendiaries, and by pointing the bayonet and cannon in our faces. A beaten enemy now dictates terms and conditions: and this "most Christian majesty" tells us, that unless we accept them instantly, the nephew of Henry the fourth shall march against us—with [1] his army, and his feather.

Baños. Ah! that weighs more.

Alpuente. The [2] French army will march over fields which already cover French armies, and over which the oldest and bravest part of it fled in ignominy and dismay, before our shepherd-boys and hunters. What the veterans of Napoleon failed to execute the household of Louis will accomplish. Parisians! let your comic-opera-house lie among its ruins; it can not be wanted this season. I [3] trust in heaven that, whoever leads them, will find an abler in the leader of ours. Upon the summit of the Pyrenees, in the *Seo de Urgel*, is stationed the vigilant and indefatigable Mina. Among all the generals of the various nations that have come forward in our days on the same field, he is the only one who never lost a good opportunity of fighting, or seized a bad one.[4] He gained victories even when his escape from surrounding armies was deemed impossible; and he seems to think every soldier in his own a part of himself. Others, when they have ceased to command, deem it famous to excel the youngest officer in feats of licentiousness: he is abstinent from all light pleasures, knowing that whoever is most reverenced is best obeyed. Others trip from title upon title, and

[1] 1st ed. reads: "with his feather."

[2] In 1st ed. this is portion of the speech of Baños up to "season."

[3] From "I" to "against us," p. 64, added in 2nd ed.

[4] 2nd ed. reads: "one. Others, the best and most celebrated, with strings about them thicker set than the braces of their drums, have been so astonished at the magnitude of their victories, that they could give us no account of them; and (what is worse) have persecuted with hatred the memory of the generals to whom principally these victories were owing. Mina gained," etc.

stoop to pick up pension after pension: Mina is contented with the name of Mina: and the fare of a soldier satisfies him as completely as the fame.

Little is that, O Lopez, which any man can give us: but that which we can give ourselves is infinitely great. This of all truths, when acted upon consistently, is the most important to our happiness and glory; and I know not whether by ignorance or deceit it has been kept so long a secret from mankind.

I now have time to think for a moment on the troops which, you tell me, are coming against us.

What![1] shall those battalions which fought so many years for freedom, so many for glory, be supplementary bands to barbarians from Caucasus and Imäus? shall they shed the remainder of their blood to destroy a cause, for the maintenance of which they offered up its first libation? Time will solve this problem, the most momentous in its solution that ever lay before man. One would imagine that those who invented the story of *Prometheus*, were gifted with the spirit of prophecy, announcing how human genius was, in process of time, to be chained for ever to the Scythian rock. Incredible is it, nevertheless, that a barbarian enthroned upon it, should dictate his ravings to all nations! a madman whose father was suffocated in his bed for less mischievous insanity. If we are conquered, of which at present I have no apprehension, Europe must become the theatre of new wars, and be divided first into three parts, afterward into two; and the next generation may see all her states and provinces the property of one autocrat, and governed by the most ignorant and lawless of her nations.

Baños. We[2] Spaniards are accused of republicanism. The falsehood of this accusation is evinced by the plain acknowledged fact, that, when we could have established a republic, we declined it. On the contrary, we were persecutors, I am ashamed to say it, of those who first were liberal among us, and who believed (for the wretchedness of our condition led them thus far into credulity) that Bonaparte would be the deliverer of Spain. Every man who was inclined to republicanism, was inclined to France; and these were objects of hatred to our new government. The great favourers of

[1] In 1st and 2nd eds. from "What!" to "her nations" is spoken by Alpuente; but from "One" to "insanity" was added in 2nd ed.

[2] From "We" to "forbearance," p. 67, added in 2nd ed.

republicanism are kings themselves : who now demonstrate to the world that no trust or confidence is to be reposed in them ; and who have at all times shown a disposition to push their prerogative deep into the constitution of their states : not to mention, as aiding in the furtherance of the cause, the frugality and fairness of governments which are without those hard excrescences called kings. He of France is proclaimed by his confederates to be a virtuous one : yet he lies in the face of the universe : he declares he has no intention of attacking us, and without any change in our conduct, he attacks.

Alpuente. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king : yet when the pictures and statues at Paris were demanded back, he told Canova that he might indeed take those of his master, the pope, but desired him to bear in mind that it was without *his* consent. Now these things were restored to their old possessors by the same means and on the same principles as his throne was restored to him. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king : yet he refused the payment of debts contracted by him when he was not one, on pretext of an obsolete law.

Baños. You would make him out, Alpuente, a most detestable rogue ; as vile and worthless as another of the same family, who exacted 82,000 crowns for his private purse, before he would sign a contract for furnishing with provisions the foreign troops that held him tight upon his throne, saying, " I too must have oil for my macaroni."

Alpuente. So far am I from wishing to point him out as a bad king, I acknowledge him to be among the best now living ; yet certainly there is nothing in him to render us more enamoured of royalty, or more attached to the family of Bourbon.

Baños.[1] A pink orbicular good-dinner face, after praising the Lord of Hosts for his capons and oysters, beseeches him in his mercy and loving-kindness, to lift a little his flaming sword over Spain, in defence of kings and faith ; and then, in full confidence of the Lord's righteousness, orders out an army to assist him in the enterprise, and falls fast asleep.

Alpuente.[1] Was the people of Spain, then, grown more idle ? more vicious ? Was it revolt that threw us into wretchedness ? or (if the question is a lawful one) was it wretchedness that threw us into revolt ?

[1] " Baños " and " Alpuente " added in 3rd ed.

Baños. The King of France can answer this, and will answer it one day, if God is what that king acknowledges he believes he is.

Our nation was beginning to flourish: the privileged orders had become reconciled to Justice, and the lower had begun to experience her protection, when a king, by distributing arms and money, by promising aid, protection, and honours, excited the ignorant and necessitous to insurrection and treason. And what king was this? one whom treason and insurrection had twice driven from his throne. Neither he nor any else could be unaware what calamities must ensue if his plan succeeded; and that the bravest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous of Spaniards, would be imprisoned, impoverished, exiled, murdered, to exalt the most cowardly, the most bigoted, the most perfidious, the most ungrateful; a wretch whom his father had cursed, whom his mother had disowned, and whom the nation he betrayed and degraded had forgiven!

The Most Christian King invades us, that a limited power, in every act beneficial to the people, and employed by the magistrates with such clemency and discretion as History in like circumstances never hath recorded, should be wrested from those who hold it by the choice and order of their fellow-citizens, and be transferred without stipulation or restriction, to one who had usurped it from his parent, who had betrayed it to his enemy, and who never had exerted it, a single hour, but to the detriment and dishonour of his people. I do not condole with you, Alpuente, on what is ordinary; that even constitutional kings abandoned and deceived us; and that equity and policy were disarmed by solicitation and falsehood. Nations are never aided by princes; not even when those princes, as far as the common eye can follow them, have walked in the paths of rectitude through life; and the worst of their fraternity have always been succoured more zealously than the best. With such men it is easier for despots to make favourable treaties, and for intriguers to raise large fortunes.

Alpuente. It appears to be resolved by every prince in Europe, that their counsels, administrations, and systems, shall henceforward be the same throughout.

Baños. To what purpose? To condemn tens of thousands to want, imprisonment, death, exile, insult (I bring before you these calamities in the order we Spaniards feel them); hundreds of thousands to loss of property, loss of relatives, loss of friends; millions

to barbarism ; all to degradation ! Men, formerly honoured by the appellation of flocks, are now considered more like their grapes and olives, good for nothing until trodden upon and pressed. They talk about order : what order is there where one man is in place of all ? They talk about civilisation : what civilisation is there where there is imposed on the citizen not only that which he shall do and forbear, but that which he shall believe ? They talk of law : what law is there where a failure in belief is subject to a severer penalty than a failure in performance or forbearance ? They [1] talk of domestic duties : what are those where a wife is imprisoned for comforting her husband ? *

Thus, familiar and sportive with absurdity are Cruelty and Injustice ! Cruelty in all countries is the companion of anger : but there is only one, and never was another on the globe, where she coquets both with anger and mirth. Yet in the Revolution of that people, marked by every atrocity for twenty years together, if there was more bloodshed than among the Spaniards, there was less suffering within equal periods ; for triumphs lightened it. Spain heaves with abject weakness, and writhes under intolerable domination.

Domestic virtues, you see, are political crimes ; and imprisonment is the reward of them from Catholic and Most Christian kings. They imagine vain dangers, and can not see real ones. Never was there a revolution, or material change in government, effected with so little bloodshed, so little opposition, so little sorrow or disquietude, as ours. Months had passed away, years were rolling over us, institutions were consolidating, superstition was relaxing, ingratitude and perfidy were as much forgotten by us as our services and sufferings were forgotten by Ferdinand, when emissaries, and gold, and arms, and *Faith* inciting to discord and rebellion, crossed our frontier. The religion of Constantine and of Charlemagne, falsely called the Christian, and subversive of its doctrines and its benefits, roused brother against brother, son against father ; and our fortresses, garnished with the bayonets of France, echoed with the watchword of the Vatican. The [2] name of God hath always been invoked when any great violence or injustice was to be perpetrated.

[1] From " They " to " real ones " added in 3rd ed.

* Jose España perished on the scaffold ; and his wife languished in prison because she had given him an asylum while a fugitive, instead of denouncing him. Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, vol. iii. p. 474.—W. S. L.

[2] From " The " to " cause of kings," p. 68, added in 2nd ed.

No fatal blow against the liberties of mankind or against the tranquillity of nations hath ever been aimed without religion. Even the son of Tarquin, the violator of whatever is most dear in domestic and social life, even he, on invading his country, called upon the Gods to avenge the cause of kings.* If Ferdinand had regarded his oath, and had acceded, in *our* sense of the word *faith*, to the constitution of his country, from which there hardly was a dissentient voice among the industrious and the unambitious, among the peaceable and the wise, would he have eaten one dinner with less appetite, or have embroidered one petticoat with less taste? Would the saints along his chapel-walls have smiled upon him less graciously, or would thy tooth, holy Dominic! have left a less pleasurable impression on his lips? Only two strong truths could have shocked him, instead of the many personal ones he drew upon his head; namely, that *damnable* does not mean *combustible*, and that *there* is the worst heresy where is imposture for the sake of power or profit. Such truths however are now, it appears, to be bundled up with gorse, broom, and hazel; and he who exposed the mysteries of the Inquisition,† may soon be a prisoner in its lowest chambers, having been expelled from the territory, as might be expected, of the Most Christian king. His Most Christian Majesty insists, "that Ferdinand may give his people those institutions which they can have from him only." Yes, these are his expressions, Alpuente; these the doctrines for the propagation of which our country is to be invaded with fire and sword; this is government, this is order, this is faith! Ferdinand *was* at liberty to give us his institutions: he gave them.[1] He restored to us the Inquisition; he restored her with all her jewels about her, her screws and pulleys, her pincers and molten lead. He restored her encompassed with all her dignitaries, her ministers, and pursuivants, and familiars; her insulting clemency, her perfidious pity, her triumphal jubilee, and her penal fires. Again, he blesses us with processions, and missions, and miracles: again, we are regenerated in the flesh with fasts and scourges. And government in danger? What? under the wisdom and piety, the tutelage and intercession, of Ferdinand? The priests are more powerful than God

* Dii regum ultores adeste! *Liv.* 11. 6.—W. S. L.

† Lorente.—W. S. L. [Not in 1st ed.]

[1] 1st ed. reads: "them: what were they? the Inquisition in all its terrors, absolute and arbitrary sway, scourges and processions, monks and missionaries, and a tooth of Saint Dominic to crown them all. Our priests," etc.

himself. So strange and intractable a creature was man, not only when he was made but when he was making, that God rested himself immediately after the operation. Now, Señor, here stands before you from Astorga or Las Herreras, a clever young prig of a priestling, puts a wafer into [1] a baby-box, lifts it up half a cubit, and, by the body of Saint-Jago! out come a leash of Gods created at a word, and astart at the tinkling of a bell.

Alpuente.[2] Señor Lopez! be graver on this. It was the belief of our country when she was better and happier than she is at present. The body of men who introduced it, bring us now, by their evil courses, to disbelieve it. But such bodies, by immersion in it, would become turbid, and cause perhaps to be rejected the water of a purer stream. Whatever they touch they defile. They abjure the world and they riot in its profusion. Let us abjure *them;* and there cease the abjuration. Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.

Baños. If there exists in my garden a beautiful plant falling into an unsound condition, no longer upright, but stretching across the path, and attracting by its juices or its odour innumerable insects, which not only prey upon it but cover every other all around, and seize upon and corrode their buds, and suck out their very pith: although I may not perhaps cast it utterly away, I cut it down close to the ground, removing the weeds and dead incumbrances from about it, and hoping for straighter and healthier shoots another season.

Alpuente. To support the throne that crushes and the altar that chokes us, march forward the warlike Louis and the *preux* Chateaubriand.[3] Behold them advancing side by side against the calm opponents of Roman bulls.[4] The[5] French minister has given to his private friends a strange reason for going to war with us, telling them he must either fight in Spain or on the Rhine.

Baños. He was provoked then, not by the man before him, but

[1] 1st ed. reads: "into a watchcase, lifts it up half an ell above the louse-roost, and, by the body of Saint Jacomo, out come a brace or leash," etc.

[2] From "Alpuente" to "Alpuente" added in 3rd ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "Chateaubriant, known among his friends to be firm in belief, as Hobbes, Talleyrand, or Spinoza; and behold," etc.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "bulls and French charts."

[5] From "The" to "part of him," p. 73, added in 2nd ed., in which, however, the whole is spoken by Baños.

by the man in the rear, and fairly kicked into courage. A brave citizen or brave nation resents a threat above an injury. Here neither was injury nor threat from us: they came from behind the scenes and beneath the lamps, from manager and prompter. Under the administration of this whining fox, more than thirty slave-vessels sailed in the present year from the port of Nantes only; all armed, all equipped with chains and instruments of torture. If he was ignorant of this, he was little fit to be minister; if he knew it, he was less. Often as he dips into letters, will he never come up again with a filament of dialectics, or a grain of undirty reasoning, on some part of him? Did [1] he not lately say to those who had been bleeding in the battles of their country, "Constantinople has not despotism enough to secure us from your liberty." Did he not demand the punishment of death to be inflicted on the authors of seditious writings?

Alpuente. A decree so sanguinary and raving never issued forth in the dog-days of the Revolution. No Louis, no Charles, conceived it; it was reserved as a supplement to *The Spirit of Christianity*. And this imbecile Chateaubriand would wash out his inkstains with blood! This paralytic dwarf would shove on his unwieldy king into carnage!

Baños. Although his Majesty be brave as Maximin at a breakfast, he will find it easier to eat his sixty-four cutlets than to conquer Spain.

Alpuente. An imprudent step, amid armies raised for the defence of other principles, may be ruinous to his dynasty.

Baños. Principles do not mainly influence even the principled: we talk on principle, but we act on interest. The French army will find little plunder; and the French people must endure new taxes. A Spanish war may precipitate Louis [2] where an American war dragged [3] his elder brother. One [4] rule is to be followed in all such revolutions as ours. I could lay it down plainly to you; but were I speaking to others, I would deliver it in the form of apologue.

Alpuente.[5] Give it me in that or any.

[1] From "Did" to "carnage! Baños" added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Louis XVIII."

[3] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "dragged in its consequence Louis XVI., to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved."

[4] From "One" to "apologue" added in 2nd ed.

[5] From "Alpuente" to "any. Baños" added in 3rd ed.

Baños. Two[1] dogs were fighting for a bone: other dogs ran from the vicinity to take part in the quarrel. A man tossed the bone with his stick over the wall. As nothing now was to be fought for, the high belligerents parted: the others hurried back again, and quarrelled among themselves, until their masters whipped them soundly and kennelled them. At the first barking you hear, remove the bone.

Alpuente. In wars the least guilty are the sufferers. In these, as in everything, we should contract as much as possible the circle of human misery. The deluded and enslaved should be so far spared as is consistent with security: the most atrocious of murderers and incendiaries, the purveyors and hirers of them, should be removed at any expense or hazard. If we show little mercy to the robber who enters a house by force, and[2] less to him who enters it in the season of[3] desolation, what portion of it ought to be extended toward those who, in[4] the height of such a season, assail every house in our country? How much of crime and wretchedness may often be averted, how many years of tranquillity may sometimes be ensured to a[5] nation, by one well-chosen example! Is it not better than to witness the grief of the virtuous for[6] the debasement and suffocation of virtue, and the extinction of those bright, lofty hopes, for which the juster and wiser in every age contended? Where is the man, worthy of the name, who would be less affected at the lamentation of one mother for her son, slain in defending his country, than at the extermination of some six or seven usurpers, commanding or attempting its invasion? National safety legitimates all means employed upon it. Criminals have been punished differently in different countries: but all enlightened, all honest, all civilised men, agree *who* are criminals. The Athenians were perhaps as well-informed and intelligent as the people on lake Ladoga: they knew nothing of the knout, I confess, and no family among them boasted a succession of assassins, in wives, sons, fathers, and husbands: but he who endangered or injured his country was condemned to the draught of

[1] From "Two" to "remove the bone" added in 2nd ed.
[2] 1st ed. reads: "and if less ought to be shewn to him who should enter," etc.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "of distress and desolation."
[4] From "in" to "season" not in 1st ed.
[5] 1st ed. reads: "the world."
[6] 1st ed. reads: "for the virtuous, and the extinction of those bright and lofty hopes, for which the best and wisest of every," etc.

hemlock. They could punish the offence in another manner: if any nation can not, shall that nation therefore leave it unpunished? And shall the guiltiest of men enjoy impunity from a consideration of modes and means? Justice is not to be neglected because what is preferable is unattainable. A housebreaker is condemned to die: a city-breaker is celebrated by an inscription over the gate. The murder of thousands, soon perpetrated and past, is not the greatest mischief he does: it is followed by the baseness of millions, deepening for ages. Every virtuous man in the universe is a member of that grand Amphictyonic council, which should pass sentence on the too powerful, and provide that it be duly executed. It is just and it is necessary, that those who pertinaciously insist on an unnatural state of society, should suffer by the shock things make in recovering their equipoise.

Baños.[1] We have hitherto done our utmost to secure the advantages we have obtained. In every revolution, the landed property of the crown and clergy should be divided into parcels. Out of these the creditors of the state should first be paid; afterward farms and tenements should be allotted to public officers, in place of money, reverting to the government on their dismissal or decease; lastly, the military should have their part, on condition of serving well and faithfully a stipulated time, during which they might consign the care and culture of it to their fathers or brothers or friends. Should any such land be remaining unappropriated, it ought to be offered for sale, partly in small portions, partly in large; in the former case, that as many as possible be interested in obstructing the return of despotism; in the latter, that the rich capitalists, who otherwise would be slow in doing it, might be stimulated by avarice, and might labour in loose traces for the public good. Whether the full value be paid is unimportant: what we want to do, is to give men an interest in their country. Every village-priest should have an augmentation of revenue from the episcopal tables. No bishop should have more than three thousand crowns yearly, nor ever be permitted to sleep out of his diocese. The whole of his salary should be paid from the treasury; the whole of the priest's should accrue from the land assigned to him. No convent of males or females should be tolerated.

[1] From "Baños" to "ignominy and reprobation," p. 73, added in 2nd ed.; but see next note.

ALPUENTE. In your assignment of so large a sum as three thousand crowns annually to the bishop, your liberality far outstrips your equity, as I think I can easily and satisfactorily demonstrate to you. Suppose the priest has three hundred: do you believe the bishop is ten times wiser, ten times better, ten times more active? Do you imagine the duty is ten times more difficult in the performance of regulating the regulated, for such his clergy *should* be; than the other's in regulating the ignorant, as the greater part of his parishioners *must* be? Then, unless you insist, which no man is less ready to do, that the civil power should be subordinate in weight and dignity to the spiritual, you surely would not allow to the superintendent of few a larger stipend than to the superintendent of many; and yet, according to your suggestion, a bishop should be paid higher than an alcalde or corregidor; an absurdity so great (pardon me, good Lopez!) nothing but superstition could tolerate, nothing but despotism could devise. In the country where an archbishop is superior in rank to a general, a bishop to a colonel, things have not yet found their just proportions nor their full and final settlement. The poison may have evaporated or have been poured out, but the vessel is darkened by the dregs and crust. Enormity of absurdity and abuse! That the inmates of college and cloister, whose best learning are the actions of the just and brave, should, for possessing this knowledge of them, take precedency of those whose actions in the field have been as brave, whose decisions in the courts of judicature have been as just.

BAÑOS.[1] We truly are less men than they! be it so! but why are we? Because we left one with his ear against a girl's lips at the confessional, another at play with St. Augustin, a third asleep in his innocence, and went forth against the invaders of our country, and brought back with us these scars: marks of ignominy and reprobation! And [2] now, it appears, they are to be over-scored by fresh ones. We may indeed avoid a war if we will adopt the ricketty children [3] at the next door: if we will only build a house of peers we may live quietly in our own. A peerage I consider as the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures both tame and

[1] "BAÑOS" added in 3rd ed., the passage in 2nd ed. being part of Alpuente's utterance.

[2] From "And" to "ones" added in 3rd ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "children of our neighbours."

wild for diversion and luxury.[1] Such instruments are to kings what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks above the heads of the people with greater confidence and security.[2]

Alpuente.[3] The wisest and most independent of English parliaments declared the thing useless ; but [4] Cromwell, when he seized the supreme power, thought it needful to resume such a support. If the opinion of his nation is now favourable to it, let us respect it : but let us also teach that nation to respect ours, always less biassed by private interests and less addicted to party. The principal Gods of antiquity had each his favourite tree ; and some nations too, the English for example, theirs, the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar : patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

Nothing should stand between the nation and chief magistrate : the laws alone should be checks : a free people can acknowledge no other. In these religion is included, which indeed is the great lawhead whence they emanate. It is written in the heart of every man : but it is often so badly spelt as to become a matter of contest, by the notaries who traffic in transcribing it.

The French, ridiculous as it may appear, would be our teachers. Let us not envy them the facility with which they build up constitutions and pull them down again, with which they take oaths and counter-oaths, with which while they violate honesty they declaim on honour : let us only ask of them, who of their most applauded public men has not been both traitor and perjurer, who among them has not been the deserter of his country or its deluder ? Ingratitude, the most odious of crimes in other countries, is not even a blemish there : the sign of the cross laid over the uniform heals it perfectly. Read over the list of marshals : which of them has not abandoned his benefactor ? Which of them does not drink to the health of Louis from wine poured out to him by Napoleon ?

Baños. Dignity without pride was formerly the characteristic of

[1] 1st ed. reads : " luxury, and to keep out the people. Kings are to peerages what," etc.

[2] 1st ed. has a note : " This (as must be evident from the Commentary of Judge Blackstone, and from the sermons of many dignitaries of the church) is inapplicable to England."

[3] " Alpuente " added in 3rd ed. In 1st and 2nd eds. Baños is the speaker from " A peerage I consider," p. 73, to " lustrous paper," p. 75.

[4] From " but " to " support " added in 3rd ed.

greatness: the revolution in morals is completed, and it is now pride without dignity.

Alpuente. The republic gave commissions for robbery; the despot gives keys to secure it; so that every thief, issuing from the foul and slippery alleys of politics, is glad to creep under the ermine. Look again at those French marshals, whose heads are now peeping out from it in quest of fresh plunder: to which of them does not my remark apply, even of those whose palms and foreheads are the least deeply branded?

Baños. France is powerful by the weakness of Spain, in some degree; and the elder branch of the Bourbons hath always had the means of inculcating this truth on the younger. "If your people are flourishing they will be strong; if they are strong they will be turbulent: the richer they are, the poorer will you be. Let them recover their rights, as they call them, and you will lose your mines and your chases." The most wretched nations make the most splendid kings, as the thinnest rags the most lustrous paper.

Alpuente. England, I trust, will exert her influence and her authority: for she loses what France gains.

Baños. There are two which you cannot trust at once; Experience and England. As[1] the Catholic Church holds that faith is not to be kept with heretics, so does the policy of England hold that none is to be kept with nations. On this she hath acted of late universally, but most openly and scandalously in her promises to Sicily. In regard to Spain, she seems resolved to adopt the principles of the Holy Alliance; her king, it is said, has approved them, and has expressed his regret that the constitution did not permit him to enter into the confederacy; the first time, I believe, that a king of England has openly regretted the precautions imposed on him by the constitution which placed his family on the throne. If we should go further than we have done, if we should vote on proofs of treason that our king has abdicated his, will England condemn in us what in herself she glorifies? No, England will not condemn us, but her government will abandon us.

Alpuente. Yet at this moment she could obtain from us more than her wars have given her. By the cession of a fortress, from which she derives no other advantage than the appointment of an old drowsy governor to about one hundred thousand crowns yearly,

[1] From "As" to "Spain" added in 2nd ed.

she might possess our African harbours, which would alone yield her the dominion both of the Atlantic and Mediterranean: she might also, by other compromises of what neither strengthens nor enriches her, be mistress of that American island which secures and provisions the others, and whence she would derive advantages beyond her calculation, in those dreadful conflicts which must decide hereafter whether the mother or the daughter shall be mistress of the seas.

Baños. Spain once ruled them, England rules them now: Spain was as confident that her supremacy would be eternal as England now is. From the time that we adopted a French family and French principles we began to decay: and it is in vain that purblind politicians seek the germs of our corruption in America. Let us, Alpuente, rather look to that country for regeneration: there the Spaniard shoots up again; there also we perhaps may lay our bones at last.

Alpuente. Eighty years have thrown their burden upon mine: they are not worth the freight. I can still watch for my country; I can still mount guard. No voice is such an incentive to valour as the feeble voice of age; neither flag nor trumpet marshals it like a man of eighty stabbed on his own threshold.

IV DON VICTOR SAEZ AND EL REY NETTO [1]

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

Saez. The business of an enlightened prince is twofold ; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants. This is a truth so sound and solid, that it will keep its whole weight for another time and occasion, and indeed half the difficulty is surmounted already. Of a second truth nobody can be ignorant ; that it is a kindness to lead the sober ; a duty to lead the drunk ; in which plight is to be considered a nation that fancies it can rule itself. Your Majesty will now perhaps favour me with what occurred in your interview with the arch-traitor ?

Rey Netto. Quiroga did not place in my word the trust I had a right to expect.

Saez. What did you tell him ?

Rey Netto. That I had need of his talents ; and I earnestly pressed him to return with me to Madrid. He bowed and was silent. I added that my heart was royal : he seemed less assured than ever. Lastly that, whatever my mother might say to the contrary, I was a descendant of Saint Louis : he almost turned his back. I was so angry I could have killed him, if he had not faced about. I then began to show him my confidence ; not, father, such confidence as I repose in you, the director of my conscience.

Saez. Sire, when our consciences ache we unbosom ; when our bellies ache we unbutton. Confidence has no more to do in the one case than in the other ; in fact, those who show a great deal of it, gain none. Hens that cackle immoderately, and run about the straw-yard, and drop their eggs anywhere, in clean places or in foul, are carried to market and sold cheap. It is well that the rebel did not take you by the throat and strangle you : there are many

[1] This Conversation must be supposed to take place between September 1823, when Riego was arrested, and November, when he was executed. Saez, Prime Minister and Confessor to Ferdinand VII. at the time, was appointed Bishop of Toulouse in December.

who would have cried *well done!* even though your Majesty had died without confession and extreme unction. To such a condition are piety and loyalty now reduced in Spain.

Rey Netto. With my usual presence of mind I drew out and presented to him the image of Saint Antonio, and swore before it, calling it to witness, that I had quite forgotten all possible and imaginable reasons for displeasure and discontent with him. He looked upon the Saint, and observing that it was not the leaden one, recoiled with distrust. If I had sworn upon the leaden one, would you have absolved me, father?

Saez. Venerable as indeed is that image, and manifold as are the miracles it has performed in the preservation of your Majesty, still, on this holy occasion, I would not have hesitated; and certainly if your Majesty had even kissed the Saint, head and feet, my duty would have prompted me to absolve you.

Rey Netto. But the Saint might have punished me with the nightmare, or even with his fire, before I could have confessed.

Saez. Supposing him angry. But why suppose him so?

Rey Netto. Because he knows that I have another image for such purposes, which has always answered them well enough.

> Mais[1] les dieux sont trop grands pour être difficiles;
> Tout est payé d'un simple grain d'encens.*

Saez. In reconciliations we take down the scaling-ladder and prepare the mine.

Rey Netto. Quiroga, I doubt not, has dealings with the devil, who prompted him to look sharply, and to discover that the image was not the true one, and little or no better than a common Madonna or a paltry crucifix.

Saez. The malice of Satan is beyond our prudence and calculation. What, in the name of Our Lady, makes your Majesty laugh so heartily? True indeed, your deliverance, which spreads such universal joy over the nation and over Europe, can not be indifferent to yourself; but these are not the first moments of it; the first were, I remember, less rapturous. I look forward to quiet times, when your Majesty may follow the glorious example of his Most Christian——

[1] In 1st ed. the quotation is made by Saez, after "prepare the mine."
* Delille.—W. S. L.

Rey Netto. No, no : not a word more about that. And I am surprised, Don Victor, that you should change your tone so suddenly. The French may have amnesties : they are made up of them. They remember nothing upon earth. Turn them into a new road, and they will run along in it until they find another ; then they make a sharp turn and trot on. But Spaniards have spinal bones in their backs, and bend slowly. You must collar them, and goad them, and bleed them under the tongue, like oxen in spring, if they grow riotous. No amnesty ! no talk about it !

Saez. Sire, I had no such meaning. I would only have mentioned the innocent and devout office of his Most Christian Majesty, in condescending to be the godfather of a bell in the church of Saint Louis at Paris. The Duke Blacas was proxy, and promised, no doubt, in his Majesty's name, to instruct the new Christian in its duties, to watch over its morals, and in short to educate it as a good child and good Catholic, until it come to years of discretion.

Rey Netto. This indeed is better than such things as amnesties ; the idea of which banished from my royal breast the delight I foretasted in the agonies of Riego. The rogue Riego ! I had resolved how to punish him. My cousin Louis of Angoulême would not hear of racks and wheels, nor even of thumb-screws and other trinkets of justice, and requested me never to renew the subject, lest any impediment or remonstrance on his part, if publicly known, might raise a mutiny in his army. I have been illuminated from above : my heart floats in the fulness of joy. The rogue Riego ! if there is an ass in Madrid, he shall be drawn along the streets by one. I will give orders under my royal hand and seal, that the hurdle shall have some sharp pointed sticks in it, with a nail or two here and there.* I prayed to the archangel Saint Michael, and within a few minutes—ha ! ha ! ha !

Saez. Your Majesty is really too jocose with such heavenly names.

* When Riego was taken prisoner, there was with him an English officer named Matthews, bearing a regular commission from the Spanish Government, constitutionally established, and sworn to be religiously observed by his Catholic Majesty. This officer was treated with every cruelty and ignominy for several months ; he was detained in solitary confinement, and kept without food, at one time, fifty-three hours. General Martin, called the Empecinado, was exposed in an iron cage, on festivals, in the public square of Roda. He killed many thousands of the French soldiers in the late war, and they abandoned him to those of the Faith.—W. S. L.

Rey Netto. I can not help it—he knows my purity—I yield to his inspiration.

Saez. What did he inspire?

Rey Netto. First, that the fetters should pinch the traitor's legs to the bone, swell them like his Most Christian Majesty's, and blacken them like a *zampa di Modena*.

Saez. This is not a thought for laughter, but for justice.

Rey Netto. I can not help it, upon my conscience.

Saez. The second inspiration, what was that?

Rey Netto. My sides shake again and ache with laughter. It was that, before he is carted, a good dose of physic should be given to him; for compunction is never so certain as with the belly-ache; it makes people as grave as the *Miserere*.

Saez. I know the rebel too well: nothing will move him——

Rey Netto. Not jalap?

Saez. I would say, to confess his offences.

Rey Netto. Let there be monks enough about him, and I will force him to edify the people: I will make him sing and sigh and beg pardon of Saint Jago and the virgin, of God, and man and me. He may bristle like a wild boar of the Bierzo, I will make a lamb of him. He shall grin like a stuffed crocodile: he shall sweat like a Jew in a *benito*, roasting at a royal marriage-feast in the good old times.

What think you, father, of these his last words: read them, and correct them as you please.

Saez. He can not speak better.

Rey Netto. I will despatch them instantly.

Saez. With strict orders that they be not printed before the offender is dead. Who wrote them?

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle of Valmaseda.

Saez. Father Gil is a Carmelite. I wonder at his precipitancy. He may mean well; but he must correct several of the expressions.

Rey Netto. I doubted at first whether it was quite proper to represent a man saying what he never said.

Saez. Very proper, if the glory of God be increased thereby. Beside, what is falsehood on earth may be truth in heaven: for it is unlawful to suppose that anything will be the same there as here, excepting our bodies, which we know will be identically what they are now, without the alteration of a single hair.[1]

[1] 1st ed. reads: "hair in the most hidden part of them."

Rey Netto. O how comfortable! I do not mean the hair, but that blessed doctrine touching falsehood. What are you writing with your pencil under the last words of Riego?

Saez. "*Gloria Deo in excelsis.*"

Rey Netto. "*Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!*"

Saez. Your Majesty should not have crossed yourself at *Deo;* but only at *demonio*, or *eretico*, or *constitucional.*

Rey Netto. Father, what have you been eating? Your garlic, I think, smells of mutton.

Saez. I only added a few ounces of mutton, as many of beef, pork, and veal, with a little virgin oil and garvances, and, having finished them, laid down my spoon and fork upon the plate as the clock was striking.

Rey Netto. You are truly religious; but godliness and garlic can not always keep down virgin oil and garvances.

Saez. I must go to the mineral waters.

Rey Netto. Come with me to Sacedon.

Saez. They report that those of Toledo are good for the stomach.

Rey Netto. I would make you archbishop, if my family could do without it—and beside, I want you about me. You must always be my spiritual guide, my confessor.

Saez. No office is so glorious as that of guiding the conscience of my king, to extricate him from the machinations of his enemies, to examine his laws and treaties, to controul his judges, to awe and regulate the Council of Castile, to provide that his taxes be punctually paid and honestly expended, and, above all, to provide that the royal house be maintained in its ancient dignity and lustre.

Rey Netto. That is to be minister.

Saez. Confessors must always rule ministers.

Rey Netto. I have scarcely any money: it would save me something if you would exercise both offices.

Saez. I am too poor: I can not give cabinet-dinners. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties; turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.

Rey Netto. I [1] do not hear that any cook is a president; objections have been raised even against violinists and valets. As to

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Being my confessor, you will dine with me. I do not hear . . . president, except one in Tuscany, where the people of the Austrian emperor do the business. As to," etc.

hereditary wealth or poverty, take ten of the leading men in Europe, and you will find either them or their fathers void of all inheritance. Even the honour of paternity, as to some of them, is still in abeyance: they have risen by the same merits as will raise you, without your piety and devotion. Faithful to the good cause, they have [1] soon deserted their first admirers, who forsooth cried up their liberal principles.

Saez. These principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them, but everyone who has a pair to himself, and common sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that they were ever his.

Rey Netto. Several of these gentlemen the kings my brothers have even made their cousins: some are dukes. For instance Fouché and Savary, and the Gascon whom you mentioned just now, and whom his Most Christian Majesty would have made running-footman to an ambassador; but he humbly represented that, being born among rocks, he could not run upon level ground. My brother of France, the best-natured man in the world, happened then to be patting the breast of a plump and fresh-plucked pullet. He changed his royal resolution, and made a running-footman of the intended ambassador, and an ambassador of the intended running-footman. This, I understand, has drawn closer the ties of affinity between his Most Christian Majesty and his Most Mahometan, who feels himself highly complimented by the gradual adoption of his political system in every court of Europe.

Saez. It is much to be feared that the French will corrupt our people by their flutes and fiddles; and they are so fond too of chattering and of scribbling, that I should not wonder if, deliverers as they call themselves, they drew their pens against us, proving this thing and disproving that. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.

Rey Netto. Neither the fiddle-bow nor flute can overthrow us; but Heaven deliver us from the sharpness of the pen and from the wiliness of demonstration! We have Chateaubriand on our side, if we can trust him.

Saez. The scholars on other benches may make a clatter and a clamour: the treasury-bench is the only bench that stands firm. As for Chateaubriand, he is not half so great a rogue as he would

[1] 1st ed. reads: "have (to speak decorously) watered with salt water the eyes of their first," etc.

make you believe he is. He wishes the world to forget that he was an author of voyages and novels, pasquinades and puffs, and [1] is ambitious of rivalling the Fouchés : a sort of ambition very natural to people who leave the pamphlet for the portfolio, the common reading-room for the king's cabinet. According to M. Talleyrand, one of these royal cousins, by his own peculiar virtue, has anticipated what we suppose may hereafter take place in heaven, by converting falsehood into truth. I hope, sir, it was not the same person who swore that Napoleon was innocent as a child ?

Rey Netto. Between ourselves, there are worse men than Don Napoleon. I was never better lodged or better fed than at Vallancey. Don Napoleon gave me the most beautiful watch I ever saw, together with five seals, at parting. One of them plays chimes : you have nothing to do but to say three *paternosters* and wind it up, and it will chime of its own accord. The same Don Napoleon too gave me other things : a coral crucifix, which coral was once white, but became red through the blood of our Redeemer : a silver gridiron, the original of that on which the blessed Saint Lorenzo suffered martyrdom : and a rosary as miraculous as the chiming seal, good against musket-balls and pleurisies. But Prince Talleyrand, who was present, told me I must not tempt God by catching cold, nor by exposing my sacred person in battle. For none of these things was there any stipulation made by my brothers of the Holy Alliance. It is true Don Napoleon laughed at me when he caught me first. This is natural. I laughed at him when he was caught.

Saez. The heretics did not punish him as they ought to have done.

Rey Netto. They might at least have pinched him and stuck a needle under his nail. But these kings, God help them ! have little power at present. They are kept in jeopardy by the constitutionalists, and are deprived of their confessors. *Kyrie eleison ! mater amabilis !*

Saez. It will not be long so. All the princes in Europe, constitutional or legitimate, have one mind, one administration. Those of their ministers who talk the most boldly, talk by permission ; and it is understood, as your Majesty knows, that it is only to delude the people and keep them quiet. What was done at Naples, has been

[1] 1st ed. reads : " and to be persuaded that he has nothing of the ungartered *bonhommie* which passes in all quarters for honesty and sincerity ; and in short is ambitious," etc.

done at Cadiz, is doing in Greece, and will be done in America. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner. They have begun to learn something from us.

Rey Netto. But they are so ungrateful as not to acknowledge it. As for religion, I have no hope of them : they care not whether God laughs or cries : they do nothing for his glory : no processions, no *autos da fé*, no embroidery, no artificial flowers, no head-dresses, no canopies, no candles. Surely, for the sake of keeping up appearances with him, they might paint a couple of poles white, stick a wick on the top, and place one on each side of him at the altar, as they do in Italy, where piety of late years is grown frugal.

Saez. Again and again ought we to render thanks to the mother of God for our deliverance from the worst of them, as we did when they followed the French across the Pyrenees, and left our beloved country without stain.

Rey Netto. *Kyrie eleison ! jubilate domino ! Kyrie eleison ! Amen de profundis ! Amen dico vobis. Unus vestrûm, unus vestrûm traditurus est me. Jubilate domino. Kyrie eleison !*

Saez. I do not despair of seeing the day, when the Parliament of England, like that of France, will serve only to register royal edicts, and when her kings shall recommend to colleges and cathedrals the sound doctors of Salamanca.

Rey Netto. Sanguine as are my hopes, I sometimes am discouraged, and hardly can expect it. Heretics are very stubborn : fire alone can soften and bend them. At present we are able but to treat them as ferrets, and sew their mouths up. On this achievement the sons of Saint Louis are unanimously resolved.

Saez. Faith, hope, and charity are resplendent on your Majesty's countenance, whose gracious smiles, like beams from heaven, announce the certain accomplishment of your pious wishes.

Rey Netto. I did not smile about sewing up their mouths like ferrets ; but, upon my life I can not help laughing—do you think it practicable ? They must be careful in binding well both arms and feet. Now, my dear father, Don Victor, as there should always be some person to seize the legs of the criminal who is hanged, could not I be so disguised as to perform the office, and nobody know it ? The hand of a man who dies by the halter is a cure for some diseases ;

a mere touch effects it. The leg of Riego, pulled as I should pull it, would to me be a panacea, like the milk of Saint Catharine's neck, or the oil running from her body.

Saez. If his accomplices should ever hear of it, they would be exasperated to madness.

Rey Netto. I have ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung for my deliverance, not only in Spain, but also in my kingdoms of America and India : this will bring them to reason.

Saez. Those flourishing kingdoms will, I trust, furnish your Majesty with temporal no less than spiritual means of overcoming your enemies.

Rey Netto. To encourage my brothers, the Holy Allies, in their good intentions, and to reward them for their past services, I intend to open a free trade to them with my kingdoms in both Indies ; providing however that no mercantile or other ship sail nearer than within one mile of Delhi [1] and Mexico, so that the pestilential breath of heresy may not taint my people. Furthermore I shall authorise my minister of grace and justice, to revoke all diplomas granted to physicians, and all licences to surgeons, by the pretended Cortes : * thus permitting every man to recover the money he has paid in fees, taking back his health *in statu quo*.

Saez. Sire, the great difficulty is the last.

Rey Netto. Long as I have resisted intercession for a general amnesty, I am at last inclined to grant that also, excluding those only who have borne arms against me, voted against me, written against me, and spoken against me.

Saez. Generous resolution ! Your Majesty with good reason rubs your hands together, and tucks them comfortably between the knees.

Rey Netto. The rogue Riego ! I have found a confessor for him.

Saez. True Christian charity ! to think of our worst enemies in our happiest moments, and to provide for the safety of their souls when the laws demand them !

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle is the man : he shall accompany him on the road, and never leave him. I warrant he will make him penitent enough, and as pale in five minutes as a quaresimal fast could do. The father stank so, I had nearly lost the salvation of my soul by him.

[1] 1st ed. reads : " Delhi and Candahar in India, or of Mexico," etc.

* Incredible as it may seem, this ordinance was issued.—W. S. L.

SAEZ. How, sire?

REY NETTO. He stood before me and presented the eucharist: such a vapour came up with it into my mouth, I was within a hair's breadth of spitting out my Maker with chocolate and anchovies.

SAEZ. He would have pardoned an involuntary sin, at the intercession of his Church.

REY NETTO. Involuntary sin! what sin, father, may that be?

SAEZ. Unintentional. Those who commit no voluntary sins, commit involuntary; for without sin is none, not even the babe. Infants are born in it.

REY NETTO. That I knew before; but a little water, and some blessed words, and a cross, so it be not a Greek one—Oh what mercy!

SAEZ. Yes, we may all come into the right way, if our parents and nurses do not look about and chatter at the font, but hold our heads quiet, and take especial care we never sneeze.

REY NETTO. Would that quite undo it?

SAEZ. Such a sign of contempt, so early! there is no hope for it, no office appointed, no ceremony, no procession.

REY NETTO. This knowledge is more important than any other; but you will be pleased and surprised, no doubt, to hear that I have a *motu proprio*, by which I can restore my finances and fill my treasury.

SAEZ. Sir, I shall indeed rejoice to learn it.

REY NETTO. As King of the Indies, where people are more tractable than in America, I shall propose to my vassal, the Great Mogul, his independence of my crown on condition that he pays me immediately one hundred millions of dollars, and twenty millions yearly for ever. From the English I shall demand no more than a few millions, they being powerful and proud, and disinclined to acknowledge my sovereignty *de jure*.

SAEZ. Your Majesty would perhaps have said *de facto*.

REY NETTO. We kings confuse these terms: indeed they are immaterial.

SAEZ. The plan is admirable: the only difficulty is in the execution. It must ripen a short time yet in your Majesty's royal mind.[1]

[1] 1st ed. has a terminal note: "The *Rey Netto* is a character of such feelings as absolute power is capable of exciting in a weak uneducated prince, the plaything of a childish religion covered with a poisonous paint, in the hands of an ambitious priest and hypocrite, operating by a sort of Anacropedia."

V. DON FERDINAND AND DON JOHN-MARY-LUIS

(*Imag. Convers.*, iv., 1829; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

Ferdinand. My brother and cousin! hem! hem! Before we enter on the concerns of both hemispheres——

John-Mary. Heyday! Do not, your Majesty, frown and stamp, crumpling and tearing and biting the paper: it may be a document.

Ferdinand. Document! it is worse. Why could not the fool of a fellow write at the bottom, or in the margin, what two hemispheres he meant? I have played him a good trick however.

John-Mary. Your Majesty dances admirably.

Ferdinand. *Kyrie eleison! kyrie eleison! Gratiæ plena!* I have left a note behind me, whereby I dismiss the rogue. I shall now have a clean new ministry.

John-Mary. A new one indeed is to be collected in any posada, where there is a pack of cards, or a good appetite, or a siesta nibbled in two by the fleas: but a clean one—egad! we must catch the members of it at the baptismal font, and keep them in the swaddling-clothes we find them in.

Ferdinand. Every day, when I change my shirt I change my ministers: they have not any time to be scoundrels.

John-Mary. Nor any interest to be honest men.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin! no interest will make men honest. Would you believe it? I gave a japan jar of Havanna snuff to one, and a commandery to another: the one sneezed in my face, the other begged his dismissal. I am sorry I gave the snuff and the jar: they were sold and the money spent before night: but the commandery has a friar in the inside, a lawyer on the outside, and a *volunteer of the faith* for sentry.

John-Mary. It is then in a fair condition to reward a long series of deserving friends.

Ferdinand. I am now in spirits: I can go on without the paper. A few private matters must precede the public.

JOHN-MARY. Of course; that is diplomatic.

FERDINAND. There is a question, my brother and cousin! to which I never could obtain a direct and satisfactory answer. Can you solve it?

JOHN-MARY. Not easily, Don Ferdinand, unless I hear it. I am no Frenchman.

FERDINAND. My confessor did indeed give me absolution; but he declared that never a girl of low extraction, whose ancestors had neither made war upon the Moors, nor been familiars of the Holy Inquisition, could properly be engaged in procuring an episcopacy for anyone; that the plea was futile; and that having slept with an anointed king did not authorise such a person to take in hand a higher charge than a canonicate.

JOHN-MARY. Slept with an anointed king! who? a strumpet?

FERDINAND. Not so bad as that.

JOHN-MARY. An unmarried girl! one without alliances! No wonder she overstepped the bounds of decency.

FERDINAND. Melissa Petit had, conditionally, my royal permission to negotiate for places.

JOHN-MARY. *Frencher* and *frencher*, every word!

FERDINAND. She transacted the business through Macañez, at that time my valet and minister of state, who, to smoothen his scruples, took a most perverse view of the subject, and fancied, with heretical pravity, that, if both king and minister had possession of her, she might, without censure from holy mother Church, or any great scandal, creep from canonicates up to bishoprics. I myself caught them in this preliminary function, and, not weighing his motive, laid my stick athwart his shoulders, and bruised her wrist in such a manner that it was useless (I found) for three days. Macañez had the impudence to remind me, that I received the greater part of the money paid into his hands for every appointment, civil and ecclesiastical: on which indiscretion I imprisoned him forthwith, and will detain him for life in my royal fort of Saint Antonio at Coruña, praying Saint Antonio to drive out of his memory the sums he has paid me for my share; and never to let him dream of Melissa Petit, without the accompaniment of an ebony staff over the right shoulder, and the divulsion of a good handful of hair.

JOHN-MARY. The girl is a pluralist by profession, your Majesty

by mischance : Macañez has only one appointment ; which, however, it appears, is for life. If your Majesty should be graciously pleased to accept his resignation, I doubt not Saint Antonio would endow him with a peculiar gift of forgetfulness, very desirable in this predicament. His dreams require no spiritual intervention. Your Majesty is unsatisfied still.

FERDINAND. That is not the business.

JOHN-MARY. What is then ?

FERDINAND. I promised Saint Antonio I would reward his services with a swine in silver, weighing half a quintal. Now, cannot I make Macañez pay the pig-money ?

JOHN-MARY. Certainly.

FERDINAND. But when I have taken all he possesses, how can I ?

JOHN-MARY. Your Majesty must pray again to Saint Antonio for another miracle.

FERDINAND. A pretty ally ! a pretty counseller ! you raise two difficulties where I could find but one. Will he perform it, think you, before I have settled for the first ?

JOHN-MARY. Oh ! that *is* indeed the question. Miracles of this kind are not the miracles for our days, my brother ! There is ne'er a saint in paradise that will set his shoulder to them. People, one would imagine, begin to have a notion of honour, even in heaven.

FERDINAND. So much the worse : but let them look to it. We may live to see the morning when neither saint nor saintess shall have pantaloon or petticoat to chine. What a mighty fine figure will they make, when the paltriest cherub in pin-feathers shakes his collopped sides and gilt gamut, putting his hand (if he has one) upon the place ! To this another time : we have several more subjects for our royal consideration. My [1] revenues are reduced, my valets, my pages, my cooks.

JOHN-MARY. I condole with your Majesty from the purest sympathy, on the straits to which your catholic and royal household has been reduced, by the intemperance of your vassals. Well do I know what it is to want the necessaries of life. My kitchen, which formerly had been somewhat plenteously supplied, at the expenditure of four thousand dollars a day, was suddenly cast down to three thousand five hundred ; and, unless I had sold a box of

[1] From " My " to " cooks " added in 2nd ed.

diamonds, I must have starved. Your Majesty is reported to have always found a solace in the company of your diamonds, such as a great king of antiquity hath expressed of them (Solomon I think it was), saying, "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" [1]

FERDINAND. What may that mean, my brother and cousin?

JOHN-MARY. O for shame! to ask a secular what the Bible means! Mary forbid we should ever be such heretics as to enter into scrupulous inquiries. I learnt the words by heart, like the rest my good friars have taught me: the meaning lies with them and upon their consciences. I always slept with my diamonds; and they abstracted my mind from carnal thoughts and irreligious vagaries. I declare upon my holy faith, I would rather cohabit with them than the fairest dame of honour in the palace, or even than my great-aunt.

FERDINAND. A great-aunt is no light matter: but one may have one's preferences.

Brother and Cousin! pray is it true that you hung one of your finest brilliants in the right ear of Saint Sebastian, according to a vow?

JOHN-MARY. True enough.

FERDINAND. And is it also a matter of fact that, when you were about to return to Europe, you snatched it out again, at the risk of tearing the said ear from gristle to tip?

JOHN-MARY. That also is very true: it bled a little.

FERDINAND. Only a little?

JOHN-MARY. In the night it swelled and looked angry; and at matins the prior could not conceal from me the traces of blood, which appeared the fresher the moment he would have removed it with his handkerchief. However, no sooner had I made an offering of nine thousand crusadoes, than it suffered itself to be wiped quite dry, and I hope and believe, continues so to this hour.

FERDINAND. I should have been afraid.

JOHN-MARY. And I was. But I never had dedicated it to Saint Sebastian in a regular form; and the moment the blood was dry and the crusadoes accepted, fearing he might on second thoughts exhibit some signs of ill will, I devoted it regularly to all the saints in heaven; so that none could fairly claim it for himself; and, if

[1] Cicero.

Sebastian had said another word about it, they would have drowned his voice with their clamours.

FERDINAND. What was it worth ?

JOHN-MARY. Hush ! hush ! you may raise his curiosity if he should happen to be listening ; and, on hearing the estimate, he might slily pluck out an arrow from his side, and play me a spiteful trick with it.

FERDINAND. Let us converse then rather on the affairs of Europe, in which neither he nor any of the others appear to take the least interest.

And now, my dear brother and brother-in-law, Don John-Mary-Luis, we will read together what the French and Russian ministers have written for us to sign.

JOHN-MARY. Would it not be better to call a reader ?

FERDINAND. Oh ! I can read : you would wonder how well.

JOHN-MARY. I believe your Majesty : I have heard it asserted so positively and so warmly, that I ceased to doubt it long ago. But the paper is a whole leaf ; and one may fall upon a word here and there rather hard and slippery. Of late years several such have been read to me : I remember one in particular, which the minister or secretary who transcribed it should not have taken just as he received it from the dancing-master, but I suppose he had not had a good siesta.

FERDINAND. What word is that ?

JOHN-MARY. *False position.*

FERDINAND. By Santiago ! the word *false* among the old Castilians used to draw blood : but the word *position* here is of great service : like a gout cordial, it brings down the peccant matter from the head to the feet. Why does your faithful Majesty simper, and pull my button, and ogle and wriggle so ?

JOHN-MARY. Brother and brother-in-law Ferdinand, tell me now, who said that ?

FERDINAND. I said it, and say it still.

JOHN-MARY. But—ah you facetious and roguish man ! who said it first ?

FERDINAND. I was the first that said it : I had it direct from Perez Pinalta.

JOHN-MARY. Viva Don Perez ! I would have given him a pair of diamond earrings for it, and a fine solitaire in a truss.

FERDINAND. No exportation of wit, in my lifetime, nor importation neither: there is roguery enough in segars.

JOHN-MARY. None of my ministers ever utter such sentiments, or bring to me those who can.

FERDINAND. Nor mine neither: I doubt whether they ever go to the barber's to pick up sharp things. My valet Runez, a barber's boy some years since, on being reproached by one of them about his former occupation, said, "My froth made folks cleanlier; yours only sticks upon yourself and hardens your dirt." I laughed heartily when his meaning was explained to me, which (such is my quickness in apprehending wit) was done sooner than a text in the scriptures could be.

Let us now proceed to business; for there is a full day's work before us in this paper.

JOHN-MARY. I am all ear.

FERDINAND. "His Catholic Majesty, Don Ferdinand the Seventh, King of Spain and of the Indies, &c. &c. &c., and his Faithful Majesty, Don John-Mary-Luis, King of the united kingdoms of Portugal, Brazil, and Algarve, of Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India."—What are you counting?

JOHN-MARY. I think they have missed one.

FERDINAND. Which?

JOHN-MARY. I cannot recollect; but, faith! I do verily think one is missing.

FERDINAND. Look sharp then; for our brothers the Holy Allies may divide it among themselves, as they did Poland. They cut up a kingdom with as little ceremony as an orange, and suck it dry in as little time.

JOHN-MARY. Ha! ha! ha! your Catholic Majesty has taken another pinch (I see) from the box of Don Perez. Why! what a stupendous knave the knave is! Have we reached the end of the *Declaration?*

FERDINAND. End! look here!

JOHN-MARY. Mercy on us! surely they have said the principal things.

FERDINAND. That is likely; but some remonstrances follow. "&c. &c. &c., wishing to maintain the peace of Europe, announce their determination to suppress by force of arms, and by such further means as the Holy Indivisible Trinity has entrusted them

with, all secret societies whatever; and their said Majesties, his Catholic and his Faithful, adopting the principles laid down by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, and recognised by every state in Europe as necessary to its order and repose"—your Faithful Majesty snores—" are resolved to appoint in the first instance such commissioners as in their wisdom shall seem fit and effectual."

JOHN-MARY. What shall we do with 'em? where shall we send them? That requires long consideration. As for appointing, the business is soon done.

FERDINAND. If your Majesty will listen, you will find that our brothers leave no trouble whatever for us: they tell us what to do, and they do the best part of it themselves—" in order to pacify, to the glory of God, the loyal and catholic kingdom of Ireland."

JOHN-MARY. The Irish are not my people: they would take it ill to be pacified by me.

FERDINAND. We must hold out a saving hand to them. The King of Great Britain, whose subjects they are, is invited to assist us.

JOHN-MARY. Then indeed we may safely.

FERDINAND. " It having come to the knowledge of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties, that a faction, supported from without by malcontents and heretics, blind men, led astray by their passions, have, contrary to the wishes and interests of the majority——"

JOHN-MARY. Fine writing! very fine writing! His Most Christian Majesty said the very same thing about your Majesty's rebellious subjects; and I presume that for the future it will always form a part of every state-paper, be the subject what it may.

FERDINAND. " —built residences and churches; and, not contented therewith, have used the same for the purpose of disseminating their wild and pernicious doctrines——"

JOHN-MARY. Would you believe it? they are perverse enough, I know not whether there or in England, to say openly that a niece ought not to sleep with her uncle or great-uncle, nor aunt or great-aunt with her nephew. If a man can not sleep with his own relations, with whom can he? An uncle forsooth is not to ask in marriage his little niece! nay, is rather to make the same proposal to an utter stranger! I do not wonder at hearing that the northern nations went a thousand miles in search of a country, when they would go the same distance, even now, in search of a wife, rather than take one from their own table and nursery.

FERDINAND. They are still fierce and barbarous, and wander like wild cats in their amours. Our holy religion has not reclaimed them; and even the Catholics among them are slow to double the threads of consanguinity, and to tie the knot at the end.

JOHN-MARY. Prejudices of ignorance! Proofs however that what the wiser have confessed, is true; namely, that genius can no more ripen in the north than pomegranates can, and that they never will be like us.

FERDINAND. No fear of that. Beside, who is there to teach them? fellows in boots and gilt buttons, hoodless and collarless and bandless, so ignorant that not one in a thousand could sustain a decent thesis on the immaculate conception. They call it philosophical to be incredulous on holy things, and they are the most credulous in the world on profane ones. In the war of the intruder against me, a man of letters (such as theirs are) happened to be, from some silly zeal or idle curiosity, at Santander. It was in the month of August, at midday, when the sun would have broiled a bonito in five minutes, and when the cormorants were sitting fast asleep on the rocks in the harbour, and letting their wings drop lower than their legs, and careless what names the sailors called them for not rising at their approach, that an Englishman hired a launch and six rowers to conduct him to Santillana.

JOHN-MARY. The English, frog-hearted as one would fancy them, are desperate for the women. I hope she would not listen to the lewd heretic.

FERDINAND. Who listen?

JOHN-MARY. The Señora.

FERDINAND. What Señora?

JOHN-MARY. Donna—your Majesty did not mention her baptismal name—Santillana.

FERDINAND (*aside*). O you tiresome old fool of a Majesty! Santillana is the name of a village on the coast—town I believe it was once—which a lying Frenchman has fixed upon as the birthplace of one Gil Blas, corrupting all the documents he had found on some such person. This Englishman walked up and down the streets, quite alone; the dogs on the shady side did not give themselves the trouble to bark; the few that growled did it so indolently as not to arouse the next. The leaves of melons, grapes, and figs, brought thither in the morning and cast from the windows, crackled

under-foot. The sailors covered their faces with their sombreros and fell asleep. The only things appearing to move in God's universe were the swallows and the flies and this Englishman. The very lizards panted for breath, and hardly clung against the wall. The ships upon the sea, as was told me, lay still. It was like the day of judgment between the trumpet and the summons.

JOHN-MARY. People sweated so !

FERDINAND. Here the foolish heretic remained some hours, and, the sailors say, returned just as well satisfied as if he had conversed with anyone who could have set him right.

I will continue : " It has been resolved that the above deliberation, together with its causes and consequences, be notified to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, with a request that he will consider them attentively, and further the resolutions formed thereon by their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful. Desirous of avoiding all possible cause of offence to his said Majesty, and of strengthening the ties of amity and interest which reciprocally bind and unite them, and furthermore of manifesting to the world their sincerity, in their adherence to the principles of the Holy Alliance ; and resolved in no instance to depart from their upright and pacific views, their aforesaid Majesties propose to his aforesaid Majesty :

" That he should proscribe and exterminate the sect of free-masons, of which his said Majesty is a member, save and excepting his own sacred person ; and that he should annul every oath which he has taken upon that occasion, and others, such being contrary to the principles of good government, as inculcated by the Holy Alliance, the excellence of which Holy Alliance his Britannic Majesty has formally and publicly acknowledged, expressing his regret that the constitution of his kingdom did not at that time allow him to become a member of it."

JOHN-MARY. I can not think he said that.

FERDINAND. He did though ; or his minister lied.

JOHN-MARY. He must be a very modest man, to talk of a constitution not " *letting*," with an army such as his, all staunch and true to him, and a parliament he can dissolve at his pleasure ; in other words, as my ministers teach me, with a parliament every soul of which he can fine to the amount of at least four thousand pounds for a murmur ; such, it has been proved, is the regular price of seats

in it, and a wilful minister could make them come dearer to an ill-advised opponent.

FERDINAND. He is indeed a modest man, and does not do half the harm he might do.

JOHN-MARY. Well then, I would not make him bite his own fingers till he cries.

FERDINAND. He is so good-natured and compliant, that I could bend him at last into biting his toe-nails, and saying grace for it.

JOHN-MARY. O then, I would not.

FERDINAND. My brother and brother-in-law and cousin, you enter but faint-heartedly into the system of the Holy Alliance. I have more yet for him.

JOHN-MARY. He may turn upon us; let him lie.

FERDINAND. Nothing can alter his sweet temper. When his troops had restored my throne to me, I ordered thanks to be rendered to God publicly in all the churches.

JOHN-MARY. Who would not? I did the same.

FERDINAND. Not without some discontent and scandal; your Majesty rendered thanks to the Almighty for delivering you from the enemies; I for delivering me from the heretics; and the Almighty did not hear a word from me about the others. His Majesty the King of Great Britain was so pleased at me, that he sent me his congratulations

JOHN-MARY. He sent the same to me, who thanked God (it seems) for much less than you thanked him for.

FERDINAND. Listen. "That his Britannic Majesty will remove the Protestants from his kingdom of Ireland, placing them in London or Windsor or Brighton, or anywhere it may please his Majesty, under the eye of the police, so that they may not annoy their Catholic brethren; and also that he will be graciously pleased to restore the benefices to the Catholic bishops and clergy. Resolved as their Catholic and Faithful Majesties are, never to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, they are resolved nevertheless to send an army of one hundred and twelve thousand men to assist in arranging the ancient church establishment in Ireland, such as it was in the times of the apostles.

"The loyalty of the aforesaid Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, is too well known in Europe to need any pledge, comment,

or illustration ; else nothing could evince it more perfectly than this frank and early declaration of their sentiments and resolutions."

JOHN-MARY. I do not think he can complain that we are not frank enough. The Holy Allies, like other holy men, wait not for asking : it is only when they are dead that they must be begged and prayed. Well, the paper seems to me a very good paper of the kind ; and after your Majesty has signed it, I will do the same.

FERDINAND. Gently ; we are not half through it yet.

JOHN-MARY. God has endowed your Majesty with wonderful powers ; but I never heard of any man who could read so long together. There are those, it is said, who can get through a gazette at a sitting ; but they have their chocolate or lemonade beside them, and a nice curled wafer to suck them through : moreover, in gazettes they read of festivals and processions ; they do not stand upon one leg, like a statue of Fame in a poultry-yard, but keep jogging on pleasantly from one thing to another.

FERDINAND. I once read a whole hour.

JOHN-MARY. On what momentous occasion ?

FERDINAND. I had the dysentery and the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and did not like to get up. That reading cured me : I could mark the very place that made me whole.

I will show you what I can do.

"It can hardly be unknown to his Britannic Majesty, that a certain portion of the ultramarine dominions of his Catholic Majesty, to wit, from the forty-second degree of south latitude to the forty-second north, is in a state of most unnatural insurrection, and that the kingdom of Brazil too is disturbed. But their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have the honour to announce to their ancient friend and ally the King of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that a frigate is despatched by his Catholic Majesty, and a capuchin by his Faithful, and that the well-disposed can not doubt of their success. After which their said Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will assist and enable his Britannic Majesty to annul his coronation oath and all others, and to do justice to his loyal people. It being evident that all oaths whatever, made by a king to his subjects, are degrading to the royal dignity, and made therefore involuntarily and compulsorily ; yet, willing to second the clemency of his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful, declare that they will not oblige or urge

his Britannic Majesty to the punishment of any abettors in this nefarious and impious mockery of royalty, and, through royalty, of faith and religion; and that they will advise on the contrary, and sign their names and affix their seals to a general act of amnesty, excluding therefrom none other than the archbishops of Canterbury and York and bishop of London, and such beside as notified their assent to the same unlawful and compulsory act.

"No officer under the rank of captain shall be molested for the same, unless it can be proved that he drank to the health of the constitutional king, and swore or said that he would die in his defence.

"Nor shall any magistrate or justice of the peace be punished with death, or exile, or by anything more than fine and imprisonment, who can be clearly proved to have been ignorant that '*constitutional*' is different from '*arbitrary*.'

"Nor shall any doctor of medicine, or surgeon, or apothecary, be subject to capital punishment for attending *constitutional* patients, nor be liable to any other inconvenience than suspension from his profession for six months, until he shall have purged himself from so foul an imputation.

"All degrees, nevertheless, conferred by the universities during the reign of anarchy, shall be null and void; as shall also be all learning (falsely so called) acquired therein; and whoever does not give a full and particular account of what he has read, or heard in lectures, in the whole of that disastrous time, and who does not swear upon the crucifix that he abominates, abhors, and detests it, and that he will forget the whole of it in one calendar month, is exempted from the provisions contained in this act of grace and amnesty."

John-Mary. That is reasonable; I would give them time. The King of Great Britain will see, on casting his enlightened eyes over the world, that it is only in Protestant countries that kings have hitherto been unable to modify or lay aside their oaths at their good pleasure; and that constitutions extorted by the people (it matters not whether long since or lately) and charters and such-like indiscreetly given, have not been revoked or reconsidered in all material points.

Ferdinand. Judiciously remarked, my cousin! a historical fact of the first magnitude!

John-Mary. I heard it from the minister of France.

FERDINAND. A principal figure in the revolutionary whirly-gig; he always sat upon the ostrich and whipt the one before him.

JOHN-MARY. Now, brother, whom did you hear that from?

FERDINAND. I forget. It was said of Talleyrand; it will do for another, if you remove the ostrich, and put cock or poney in the place.

JOHN-MARY. But the King of France always had friends about him: the gentleman from Gascony, Blacas I think the name is, among the rest.

FERDINAND. He turned his pantaloon, bought sleeves quite new, hired running footmen, and was created duke.

JOHN-MARY. I never heard the word "*created*" in that sense. Admirable! it means, *to make things out of nothing*.

By what I can see of the paper (if that is the place where your thumb is) I am afraid we are still far from land, and have many tacks to make before we reach the port.

FERDINAND. Have courage, my brother and cousin, we are half-seas-over.

JOHN-MARY. Glory be to God!

FERDINAND. *Kyrie eleison!*

"If any unfounded jealousy, suggested by crafty and malicious men, for the furtherance of their dark designs, should weigh upon the breast of his Britannic Majesty, as to the foreign force about to be employed in the establishment of his plenary and legitimate authority; in order to remove it altogether, it is agreed that an equal number of troops, belonging to his Britannic Majesty, shall be permitted to occupy for the same space of time (in the possessions of his Catholic Majesty) the whole of Tierra del Fuego, together with the whole Antarctic Continent, not however interfering in its ecclesiastical affairs; and, beside these, the whole northern range of Sierra Nevada; in the possessions of his Faithful Majesty, the entire kingdoms of Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia; in which his Faithful Majesty shall retain no more troops than he may in his wisdom think necessary for religion, on the day of Corpus Domini, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and John the Baptist. And all the captain-majors, corregidores, judges of the tribunals (excepting the ecclesiastical), and justices of the peace, of his Faithful Majesty, in those countries, are commanded to give their aid, in order to carry this ordinance into effect."

JOHN-MARY. Bless my heart and soul! is there another paper still? is that which fell out part of this?

FERDINAND. No; it is a private one; that is, one written by my own order. It being also for the court of St. James, I placed the two together. I think we write better than the Russians and French. The English beat us in style, I hear; but the substance comes to nothing.

JOHN-MARY. Here however the French and Russians are very polite and conciliatory. I did not imagine that his Imperial Majesty had our holy Catholic religion so much at heart.

FERDINAND. I assure you, he holds it next to the Turkish; though he may not seem to do it. Theirs of the Holy Alliance is the most civil and inviting; but this pleases me best, being plain and argumentative. I will read it after.

JOHN-MARY. For the love of God, my brother and cousin, read it now, if it were only to break the neck of the cruel long one before us, which, like a serpent in the brakes of Brazil, shows its head where you think its tail must be, and only coils up to stretch itself and spring out again.

FERDINAND. Anything to please your Majesty; and I am happy in an opportunity of demonstrating that we can maintain our dignity. By holy Martha! I will no more pay my debts than I will keep my oath.

"The undersigned—has the honour—amity—good understanding—good faith——" Ha! here we have it; we are fairly out of the phrases at last, and in the midst of the business; "not without surprise and concern that the minister of his Britannic Majesty for foreign affairs, after declaring (as he was bound to do) that he would not insist on the payment of the loan contracted in the sittings of the Cortes, or of the interest thereon, should still insist (if indeed he be in earnest) on the indemnity for British ships detained and confiscated on the coasts of South America.

"Now the undersigned is commanded by his royal master, to remark that there does indeed appear to be a shadow of justice in the claims of those Englishmen who advanced him money: for although the interest was onerous, in proportion to the difficulties of his Majesty, the exhaustion of his treasury, the rebellion in America, and perhaps also in proportion to the false ideas that ignorant and malevolent men entertained of his Catholic Majesty's

good faith, so often and so fully proved : yet his Catholic Majesty had sworn to observe, defend, and maintain, in all its parts and provisions, the new constitution ; * and his Britannic Majesty was officially informed of such oath, and kept a minister at Madrid. Therefore his Britannic Majesty was bound by the precedent of all times and countries (if precedent could be quoted against royal will and pleasure) to insist on the fulfilment of the compact and engagement entered into with British subjects by his Catholic Majesty. Nevertheless his Britannic Majesty did reject most royally the authority of precedent, acknowledging (as became his magnanimity) no authority but God's ; and asserted no claim whatever in behalf of his monied subjects.

" The undersigned then can not but recommend to his Majesty's minister for foreign affairs, to reconsider the matter, and correct his inconsistency. For surely no greater can be imagined than to forego what have always been considered as just claims (but which their Majesties the Holy Allies are resolved to consider and admit as such no longer), and at the same time to demand an indemnity for ships detained or captured, in places where the navigation of British and all other foreign vessels has been declared and acknowledged illicit, and this by the British government, for many ages.

" The undersigned—high consideration——" High, no doubt ! for a blunderer whose best argument he has been reducing to dust between his fingers.

John-Mary. Any two men living would agree on the propriety of this remonstrance ; the only doubt would be, whether a debt contracted by your Majesty, the regularity and justice of which was not protested against, nor one particle excepted until long after the whole amount was spent, is debt or not ; and consequently, whether

* In the Proclamation signed by him at Cadiz, September 30, 1823, he says, " I promise a general, complete, and absolute amnesty of all that is past, without exception. I promise that the debts, contracted for the nation by the existing government, shall be ratified. I promise that all generals and other officers of the army, who have defended the constitutional system, shall preserve their rank, appointments, and honours."

That he violated all these promises, is too notorious for any remark.

A rogue may have some urgent reasons for being a rogue ; but an honest man can have none for aiding and abetting him in his roguery, nor for countenancing him after it. What then must we think of those princes who reinstated and upheld him ?—W. S. L.

it ought or not to be discharged; which I consider as a part of the same question.

FERDINAND. Such reasonings suit much better the tradesmen of Lisbon and Cadiz than monarchs who have quelled rebellions. Do you owe the English any money, my brother? If you do, don't pay them.

JOHN-MARY. They would force me.

FERDINAND. Not they truly. What can they do, poor devils, without the ministers?

JOHN-MARY. To borrow from a people and not to pay, would be as just a cause of war as to seize upon their property by sea or land, in my ports or upon my roads; and greatly more villanous. I ask for assistance in my necessities, and it is given me in reliance on my good faith——

FERDINAND. Brother John-Mary, you reason like a broker. Send the ministers of England a service of plate, and they will furnish you with better logic, and newer, and more kingly. They will beside tell their people, "Rash men! you lent the money at your own risk: we did not advise you."

JOHN-MARY. They might as well say, "You sent out ships: we did not advise you: what have we to do with pirates? Your Majesty pledged your royal word——"

FERDINAND. They have it then in pledge: let them do what they will with it: I shall not molest them about the matter.

JOHN-MARY. You promised to pay principal and interest; and the obligation lies the stronger, as the most loyal of your own subjects would not supply a cake of chocolate for your breakfast.

FERDINAND. If kings are obliged to pay, they are not free. We are answerable to God only; and when he tells me, I will do it as becomes a Catholic. Your argument on the ships is idle. The ships pay the King of England the duties of export and import: but he is in truth so little of a king, that he can not put his hand even into the pouch of a tinker, much less into desks and purses, and take out what he wishes. Why should he care then who helps himself to the money not destined by Parliament for his taxes? If I had detained a herring-smack, he would bluster and bully and threaten me with reprisals; but when twenty or thirty of his merchants go to ruin by trusting me, he thinks as I, and as all other wise men do, and says, "The greater fools they!"

JOHN-MARY. He had acknowledged your government as it then stood : he is bound in consequence to protect the property of his subjects entrusted to its good faith.

FERDINAND. Bound ! By Santiago ! according to your doctrine, we kings are no better than private men. By Christ and the Blessed Virgin ! I won't pay. Now then I can't : I should break my vow if I did : and what is a promise to a vow ? Is the king of England such a heretic as to push his horn against it ? Religion is religion all over the world : vows are sacred at Tunis and at Mecca.

JOHN-MARY. Very [1] true ; but it is only for royalty and religion that men are authorised to violate them. I should be in some fear of losing my dominions in America, if my son did not swear to them that he would make them independent.

FERDINAND. I do not well understand how that ensures them.

JOHN-MARY. They would else rebel. As matters now stand my beloved son, aided by England, will oblige the people there to pay me several millions of dollars, and will bring over from Germany some thousands of soldiers, under the pretext of agriculture, who shall cut every throat through which hath passed the impure seditious cry of "*independence.*" He seemed at first afraid of this perjury : but I procured him absolution from Rome for it, and sent him at the same time a consecrated rose and a father's blessing.

FERDINAND. For how long a time are those good ?

JOHN-MARY. The virtue of the consecrated rose is durable in proportion to the money paid for it, and the father's blessing to that obtained by it.

FERDINAND. If the Brazilians should relapse, your Majesty might employ the English fleet against them, which, taking advantage of the wind and the snuff, could blind them all, without a cannon-shot.

JOHN-MARY. The English are dexterous engineers at blinding people : but the Brazilians have strong eyes, better in my opinion than the English.

FERDINAND. If sheer lying is the manœuvre, they have the bravest and most experienced fugleman in Europe, as my ministers tell me.

JOHN-MARY. God forbid that any man should lie for me, who has not the grace to go to confession after it, to make an oblation, and to take the Eucharist !

[1] From "Very" to "violate them" added in 2nd ed.

FERDINAND. The Holy Alliance and the English ministers (for they enter fully into its spirit) are ready to punish those monied men who have encouraged and supported constitutions, and will leave them to harangue upon their empty coffers. Your Majesty will also see that this absurd claim of indemnity for maritime losses will be dropped and abandoned. I am uncertain only upon the question of the slave-trade, and not very upon that, knowing that the principal friends and supporters of the British minister for foreign affairs are persons connected with slavery and fed upon sugar. On this subject is the following paragraph.

"Their Catholic and Faithful Majesties having been unwarily led into the impracticable scheme of abolishing the trade in negroes, do by their royal will and deed retract the stipulation; it having been proved that his Most Christian Majesty made the same promise with the same solemnity, and that nevertheless the faithful subjects of his Most Christian Majesty never at any former period have exercised the trade so extensively as at present. But in order to obviate all real evil that may arise from the continuation of the trade in negroes, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, declare and protest, that, whenever a slave is dying, the crucifix shall be put to his lips and upon his breast; that every force, moral and physical, shall be employed to make him cry 'Credo!' and in such a manner that, if unluckily God should not hear it, the cherubs and seraphs in waiting, or some two of them at the least, shall be able to declare it on their words of honour; and finally that extreme unction shall be administered to him in olive oil, when olive oil does not exceed seven reals the pound, and, when it does, in such other as Holy Church may decree to be salutary and effectual.

"Their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, are far from wishing to wound the feelings of his Britannic Majesty, by any recapitulation of disasters which may have befallen the arms of his Britannic Majesty: yet the glory of God and of the true religion is all in all with them, and they can not but entreat his Britannic Majesty to consider in his royal wisdom, whether the late discomfiture and destruction of his troops on the coast of Africa, by the Ashantees, is not a sufficient proof that the God of armies and Lord of Hosts has animated them to vengeance, for the millions of souls that are lost to his heavenly kingdom, by not being conveyed where the mysteries of the holy Catholic religion may be imparted

to them. On which contemplation their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, propose that his Britannic Majesty will treat as pirates those who impede or obstruct this salutary traffic; and that, in conjunction with the naval forces of his Most Christian Majesty, a small auxiliary fleet may be always stationed on the African coast, to that purpose and effect; which united fleets however shall be removed, when the whole population of Africa is brought over to the words of everlasting life, and duly obedient, in its ecclesiastical polity and discipline, to the see of Rome. In that predicament, it shall no longer be permitted to export the negroes, who shall be treated with the same lenity as those under the same denomination (from their stubbornness) in the European kingdoms of his Catholic Majesty."

John-Mary. Such clemency, I am afraid, would irritate the higher clergy and the Apostolical junta: I mean to say, if your Majesty should really treat the negroes of Spain as kindly as the negroes of Cuba and Puerto Rico are treated by their masters.

Ferdinand. Mere masters are one thing, kings are another. I will consider what befits my crown and dignity, and if I have promised too much, I will issue an ordinance of revocation.

"The aforesaid duties being executed on the Coast of Senegal and Guinea, and insurrection being suppressed on the continent of America, the maritime powers of Europe are alike all interested in bringing under regular government the rebellious slaves of San Domingo; and the more so, inasmuch as the insurrection there has assumed more settled features, and the slaves commit the cruel mockery of regularity and peace, preserving in civil and domestic life the most exact order, and in political and military the most exemplary decorum and the most perfect discipline. Their affectation of honesty, of industry, and of happiness, under a republican form of government, shows the malice of their hearts, and leaves it doubtful whether they can be brought to reason by any other means than well-concerted force. Nevertheless, if they will resign their visionary laws, together with their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, their houses and plantations, the high contracting parties on the other hand will restore to them the mild dominion of their ancient laws, and their former most affectionate and loving masters. The colonels of regiments shall enjoy the privilege of the whip, and the judges shall be assayers of molasses, wearing a red

cuff on the left wrist, but without sleeve above it; and moreover, about their loins an apron of white cotton a full yard in length. None but the principals of the insurrection shall be hanged, and none but the president shall be quartered."

John-Mary. I am rejoiced to find that the Holy Allies are become so mild and gracious. There were some prejudices against them in the beginning, particularly as every one of them took from the next principality as much as he could take, disregarding all similarity in sentiment and all confederacy in action.

Ferdinand. I never approved of that conduct: I gained nothing. The present paper is greatly more moderate: it breathes a pure spirit of conciliation and love toward God and one's neighbour. Only think that the Russian minister should co-operate with the minister of the Most Christian king, in making us say what we are made to say here.

"It is the resolution of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to assist his Britannic Majesty in bringing into the union of spirit and the bond of peace the dissenters of Scotland, and to divide the Catholic Church (thus happily reinstated throughout the British dominions) into two parts, as elsewhere, the high clergy and the low; convinced as they are (no less than is his Britannic Majesty and his ministers) that both church and state ought to be formed upon the same model, and that two chambers are as necessary to the one as to the other; without which subordination sufficient lustre and dignity can not be given to the church triumphant, or sufficient obsequiousness and humility to the main body of suffragans and preachers. Be it however provided and ordered, subject to the approbation and determination of His Holiness the Pope, that no more than forty-five bishops and eight hundred canonics be appointed for the service of the church in Scotland, and leaving it entirely to the wisdom of his Britannic Majesty to assign them their revenues from the bleaching-grounds and manufactories of that kingdom, converting them into suitable episcopal domains, monasteries and convents, to the glory of God and his saints."

John-Mary. This is not so explicit as I could wish. In the manufactories, I am told, there are magical lights, called *gas* lights. The fathers and nuns would not wish for these abominations, and the places should be lustrated with sulphur and salt-water. When the tubes for conveying these devilish lights have been cast into the

furnace and melted down, I think the mischief arising from them will certainly have ceased. They may be sold for the benefit of the ejected ; the religious being sure to find as many pipes and conduits for their purposes as they want, from the warm zeal of the faithful.

FERDINAND. "That there may in future be no cause of war or dissension between his Britannic Majesty on the one side, and their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful on the other, it is desirable and earnestly recommended, that his Britannic Majesty be pleased to take some title different from *Britannic ;* seeing that, in almanacs and similar publications, it gives a handle to the disaffected to place, as they call it, alphabetically, the name, style, title, and dignity, of his Britannic Majesty, before the name, style, title, and dignity, of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to the great scandal of the vassals of their said Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful. In consideration of which (constitution and heresy being uprooted), if there is any star or cross peculiarly agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, it shall forthwith be conveyed to him, with whatever ceremony the said king and his king-at-arms may appoint, just as freely and lovingly as his Britannic Majesty sent the order of the Garter to his Faithful Majesty, on his Faithful Majesty most heroically breaking the oath he had taken to his subjects ; and just as freely and lovingly as his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, autocrat of all the Russias, did also send the order of St. George, to invest therewith his Most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre, on his Most Christian Majesty retracting and annulling the principal articles of the Charter he had unadvisedly given to his subjects. Which high-minded and glorious actions, and the honours paid to them, clearly prove that no faith is to be kept any more with subjects than with heretics ; it being laid down as incontrovertible, that kings are answerable to God alone for their actions ; and that their actions proceed from their thoughts ; and that their thoughts are instilled into them, as occasion may require, by means of the holy unction at their coronation. If stars and crosses are out of fashion, or become too ordinary with his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will institute each a more magnificent order ; and, as the Garter is preoccupied, the decoration shall be stay or petticoat,[1] at the suggestion of his Britannic Majesty ; and his Britannic Majesty shall be the first invested therewith."

[1] 1st ed. reads : " petticoat, on [*sic*—read " or "] brace or breech-band, at," etc.

JOHN-MARY. I am ready. But I do not see plainly how we can pay such a body of troops as your Majesty was inclined to send over.

FERDINAND. I did not read a word about the payment: that is provided for: the other means are at hand.

JOHN-MARY. The business is complex.

FERDINAND. It would be no state-paper else. Good state-papers can no more be smooth and even, and seen in all points at once, than good fortifications can. I will read, for your satisfaction, one of the supplementary articles.

"His Britannic Majesty is required to furnish nothing more toward the expedition here amicably proposed, than transports, uniforms, shoes, forage, and pay; which his Britannic Majesty can not but consider as moderate, when so desirable an object is to be accomplished. That it is eminently so, it is unnecessary to point out to his Majesty, his minister, the Lord of Liverpool, having prepared the minds of his Majesty's loyal and loving subjects for the same, in his declaration before Parliament, that 'the troops of his Most Christian Majesty, on their entrance into Spain, were universally hailed as deliverers by all conditions of people, and with transports of enthusiastic joy.' * Desirous of blessing the loyal and loving subjects of his Britannic Majesty with the same transports, without any object of ambition or aggrandisement, and with a pure ardour for the holy religion and for legitimacy, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have ordered their ministers-plenipotentiary to arrange the business with the ministers of his Britannic Majesty, and have appointed each his general (of the Capuchins) to superintend the debarkation of the heretics from the kingdom of Ireland, in two commodious ships, supplied to his Catholic Majesty by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, the bottoms of which ships have been provisionally caulked where the timber is rotten, and the whole peculiarly adapted to the service for which they are appointed."

* Either Lord Liverpool deceived the parliament by a falsehood, now universally notorious, or the person he employed in Spain deceived him. The greater part of the nobility were contented with the established order of things; all the commercial, all the agricultural, and, with hardly an exception, all the literary. Assassins, smugglers, monks, and canons of cathedrals, opposed it. In twenty days, more excesses, more robberies, arsons, and murders, were committed in Aragon alone, than had been committed in the whole of Spain during all the years of constitutional government.—W. S. L.

John-Mary. That is humane; one could not do less. But I fancied that the minister of his Britannic Majesty was permitted by the Holy Alliance to speak unfavourably of the crusade against the Constitutionalists.

Ferdinand. It has been agreed on, at the courts of the Holy Alliance, that no offence shall be taken if one minister talks in the House of Commons and at taverns like a *liberal* (it being well understood that he is no more of one than I am), provided that the other shall cry down whatever is constitutional. By these means the popular party is thrown off its guard, and hopes grow up luxuriantly on both sides. Your Majesty is to consider these two men (such are the words of the Russian minister to me) as the hot-water and cold-water ducts of that grand vapour-bath which is to cure all the maladies of kings and nations.

John-Mary. I am truly happy that your Majesty has given me this explanation: I should otherwise have thought them two most impudent impostors. Fortunate, I ought rather to say providential is it, that the constitutions are thrown down on the continent of Europe, and that only the form remains in England: yet even the form after a time draws to it and attaches its partizans: as men who have been accustomed to a scolding wife are just as sorrowful in their widowhood as others, and when they marry a second time, if they happen to light upon a quiet one, think themselves almost widowers still. Stories have been related to me of American tribes, which, although they were ready to believe anything, as they said, yet wept over their ugly idols, and could hardly be brought to look at Saint Agnes and Saint Clara. Who knows whether the King of England himself may not have some such weakness! For, O my brother and cousin! we kings at last are but men; little wiser than others. I would pray to heaven for his conversion to the Catholic faith, without which no good doctrine of any kind can take root and flourish in him. The force of habit and the force of holiness are well illustrated in the history I shall now relate.

Hurtado Palmaseda dos Rios Amargos, archbishop of Evora, always wore a hair-shirt, to the great edification and delight of his diocesans. He had performed so many acts of piety, that at last his niece, Donna Sofonisba Debora de Castelmor, and a young gentlewoman who kept her company, Donna Tanaquil Elisa de Leite, attempted to persuade him that it no longer was necessary to his

salvation. Sometimes, to pacify them, he offered one excuse, sometimes another ; such as, " it is cool " ; " it is warm " ; " his soul required it " ; " it held fewer fleas than cambric, and did not stick to the skin." In fact, such is the loving-kindness of God and of the blessed Virgin, it really and truly had grown pleasant to him.

FERDINAND. I should like to hear the end of such a saint. Has your Majesty any small relic of him or his shirt ?

JOHN-MARY. A something of both : but to proceed.

He died in the odour of sanctity. Many thought his smell was like a white lily's ; many said it had more of the tuberose ; and there was one who remarked that, in his mind, rather than tuberose or lily, it resembled in fragrance a certain flower in the Island of Japan. As he was a tailor, and had never been a mile out of the city since the hour he was begotten, it was asked of him how he knew anything about the smell of Japanese flowers. He answered that he had read of it : which, as he was a sedentary man, was weighty, if not convincing. Another said that there was no difference whatever between it and the rose of Sharon, a plant of which he had seen formerly in a garden near Valencia, a town belonging to your Majesty : but his brother corrected him, saying, " Lope, it is indeed very like that rose which I remember you once described to me ; yet, if you had ever been at Lebanon, as I have, you would have altered your mind, and have declared that such fragrance as this could come only from the wings of angels, who had settled on the cedars of Lebanon." Nevertheless there were many of the townsmen, who, in punishment of their worldly-mindedness and curiosity, could smell nothing more than what they were accustomed to smell in their own habiliments when they threw them off on the Sunday morning. Not lily nor rose nor cedar came distinctly forth : nor could they certify to their consciences aught concerning the said Japanese flower. Toward night, when the room was most crowded, doubts were entertained by some persons in tolerable repute, whether there was any miraculous scent at all. Nay, it is recorded that some of the clergy leaned over the body and smelt it with all their might, and went away saying nothing.

It pleased God that the instrument of conversion to thousands should be the very worst man among them, namely, Tiberio-Maria Somaro.

He had been a soldier in Manilla, and had been seen to leer and

wink and lift up his shoulder like an unbeliever, with some other most irreverent and indecent marks of contempt. An aged priest, the last who in his devotion leant over the body, beheld him with compassion, and taking him gently by the shirt-sleeve (for the weather was hot and he came without his coat) led him in his lightness and incredulity to the bed. He lowered his head indifferently, as if it hung loosely on his neck ; and throwing it up wildly, like a horse that one would halter, cried aloud ; I dare hardly repeat the words, " The —— smells of sandal-wood."

It [1] was the will of our blessed Lady that the odour should be such as she vouchsafes to grow exclusively in the east, her native country. Out of the mouth of a vile profane wretch was [2] she pleased to bring conviction.

FERDINAND. If there is no harm in saying it, by her leave, methinks she chose in her wisdom odd words as well as an odd instrument.

JOHN-MARY. The miracle is the greater ; nor did it end here.

FERDINAND. For the love of our Lord, my dear brother and cousin, let me hear the rest of it.

JOHN-MARY. Faith ! after what your Majesty has been reading, a miracle comes like a fine fresh oyster after a peppery ragoût.

Although the Lord and his saints had given the good archbishop strength and courage to endure the hair-shirt while he was in health, and even to solace his friends with the assurance that, as a sinner, it was preferable, in the ease it gave his spirit, to one of linen ; yet the skin grows irritable in sickness, which came upon him unexpectedly, confined him to his bed instantly, and carried him off after two days.

FERDINAND. He might have changed it without sin.

JOHN-MARY. Ah poor man ! he did not. He was seen indeed when death was inevitable and imminent, which at the beginning he had no suspicion of, to attempt to change it ; but he would accept no assistance from anyone. He could not accomplish his attempt : no attendant touched him : yet the shirt was changed !

FERDINAND. *Mater amabilis ! kyrie eleison ! kyrie amabilis ! mater eleison !*

JOHN-MARY. My brother and cousin, if I could sing like your Majesty, I would join you.

[1] From " It " to " country " added in 2nd ed.
[2] 1st ed. reads : " was the blessed Virgin pleased."

FERDINAND. I am in a fine frame of mind! My flesh creeps; my skin tightens on the crown of my head like a drum in the north wind on the *prado*. Manifest to me, I pray you, my brother and cousin, the further mercies of the heavenly choir. We must however be upon our guard against false miracles: Holy Church (vehement against imposture) teaches us that.

JOHN-MARY. Here was no possibility of imposture.

FERDINAND. Certainly there could be none: but was the cause tried at Rome?

JOHN-MARY. Regularly; and when the passions of men had cooled, as usual.

FERDINAND. How many years had elapsed?

JOHN-MARY. The ordinary number: about sixty. The church is never precipitate. I have read the whole process, with the signature of eight witnesses, some of whom declare that they never saw the others until they met in the bed-chamber of the archbishop. I have seldom read such irrefragable proofs: he tried to strip himself: he could not: the chaste man would accept (as I told your Majesty) no assistance to take off his shirt, not even from Donna Sofonisba, his niece, nor from Donna Tanaquil whom he had educated from eleven years of age. The room was full of attendants, clerical, medical, familiar.

FERDINAND. In the presence of so many persons, he need not have been so scrupulously shy and modest as to deny the young ladies the service of stripping him: as well might our queens object to the presence of archbishop, chancellor, captain of the guard, and six or seven other hidalgos, while they are being delivered of infante or infanta.

JOHN-MARY. Such was the mercy of God and of his mother the blessed Virgin, that, although they knew and decreed that he must die soon, and saw that his struggles to change his shirt had exhausted him, and aware that, if indeed he ever had felt the hair scratch and plague him, it could no longer do it, nevertheless in mercy to the holy man and for the increase of their glory, they allowed him still his hair-shirt. But the hair was like the goat's of Angola, softer than silk or satin, and lighter.

FERDINAND. *Gloria Deo in excelsis! Ad aquas Babylonis!*

JOHN-MARY. On first reading these facts and the testimonials, I ordered the double miracle to be embroidered in letters of gold, to

be inserted in a finely carved frame from Paris, with a rich hanging of damask behind it, and a stout plate-glass before (lest it should be frayed or soiled by the beards of the faithful who might kiss it), and a noble wax-candle on each side, burning day and night.

FERDINAND. On the compliance of his Britannic Majesty with our wishes, as suggested and manifested to us by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, I myself will be at the expense of a copy, in like letters, frame, and hangings, to be suspended as his Majesty may deem fit, in his chapel, bedroom, or council-chamber.

JOHN-MARY. And I, for my part, on condition that he becomes a good Catholic, and brings over the lost people of England to the true faith, do promise and stipulate upon my royal word, to give a fair fifth of the miraculous shirt immediately, and a fair tenth of the cilice, or of such portion thereof as by the mercy of God shall at any future time be discovered upon earth.

FERDINAND. Is it expected that part of it may be found again ?

JOHN-MARY. The doctors of my universities have not yet decided whether it be the subject of transubstantiation or assumption.

FERDINAND. A most delicate and momentous point, nor hastily to be decided. Has the holy father been consulted upon it ?

JOHN-MARY. My bishops would reserve the initiative to themselves, subject however to his infallible decree.

FERDINAND. They have not wit enough : I am resolved to recall the Jesuits. One of their greatest enemies told me a thing of them which fixes my determination : it sums up that a Jesuit is worth two other men, even of the best. When it was objected against them that they professed the strict propriety of lying whenever it suited their purposes, he replied, that among other people two negatives make an affirmative, but that among the Jesuits one does.

Now what higher praise can be given them ? and this from the mouth of an adversary ! I do not approve of lying, and never lie at all, unless in matters of state and conscience.

JOHN-MARY. If your Majesty will inform me in your goodness, at what time the disciples of Saint Ignatius take possession of Spain again, I shall receive the intelligence most gratefully. Ever afterward shall I eat only eggs in the shell, drink only water from the spring, and neither take snuff nor wear gloves. What they are as theologians, Mother Church alone can decide ; they certainly are deep physicians both in minerals and simples, and save a great deal

of bed-making. They are such casters of nativity and such prognosticators of futurity, they can calculate without book to what extent a man shall be griped and cuckolled, and at what hour and into what house the holy sacrament shall be carried before 'em.

FERDINAND. I wonder how the devil they do it.

JOHN-MARY. I wonder how kings will let it be done; so many people are frightened, particularly [1] the women.

FERDINAND. They will never be quiet, unless we give them their own way.

JOHN-MARY. Will they then?

FERDINAND. They say they will. They speak humbly and reverentially, and always begin with "Your Majesty," and "Your Catholic Majesty."

JOHN-MARY. I wish they may end there. Keep them in their posture of humility, and they can do little harm: let them once rise up from it, and they will be avenged for having ever been in it. So say those who know them. When you expose their tricks and make them refund their robberies, they cry, "The Church is in tribulation": when they have tied your hands behind you, and scourged you, and eaten your dinner, and emptied your snuff-box, and made your wife and children disavow you, and your people threaten your throat, then forsooth "The Church is triumphant." For, these rogues are not Matthew nor Mark, nor Barnabas nor Jude, nor James nor Thomas nor Apollos, nor Simon nor Saul nor Peter, but "church, mother church, holy church," and are identified and indivisible as potted lobsters.*

FERDINAND. Take care! take care! Is there nothing behind those pictures?

JOHN-MARY. Walls; and walls there shall always be, and many too, between me and Jesuits.

FERDINAND. My cousin Charles of France says I must have 'em. He tells me they make the most comfortable creatures for con-

[1] "particularly the women" added in 2nd ed.

* The power of the clergy, under another Bourbon now reigning, may in part be estimated by the following extract from the sentence of a royal court on the Bishop of Nancy:

"The royal court of Nancy decrees, that the passages of the *Mandamus* constitute the crime specified in the 201st and 204th articles of the *Penal Code:* that the *Mandamus* alone is sufficient to prove the culpability of the bishop: but, taking into consideration the *high functions* of the Bishop of Nancy, the court declares that for the present there is no *ground* to proceed.'—W. S. L.

fessors. If you say you have done this or that, they say they have done it too; by God's providence; in order to comfort you; and if the sin requires a scourging, they will invent such a pleasant way of doing it, you would give a *crusado* to be scourged again. Beside, my cousin tells me that he hopes his daughter of Angoulême will bless his kingdom with an heir to the throne, by the intercession of these holy fathers: and who knows but they may do the like by me? My cousin says, "Had they come earlier, France would have been happy." The other confraternities did their best, and failed. There may indeed be a reason for that, in the horrible atheism of a constitutional bishop, who, when the royal ordinance was issued for illuminating nine saints in Notre Dame, in order to obtain so great a blessing, said peevishly and profanely, "These things are not to be done with candles' ends."

John-Mary. Oh! there he was wrong! there he betrayed his want of faith and discernment. But I have heard it argued that the exactions and immorality of the clergy are among the principal causes of disturbances and revolutions.

Ferdinand. Never believe it. Atheists would decoy you into such persuasion, that they themselves might preach and say masses and possess tithes.

John-Mary. Who knows whether they have not succeeded in some places, looking just like the worthiest rectors and jolliest monks in Christendom?

Ferdinand. Here and there one may have crept into the fold, and carried his books with him: but true priests must be better people than any other, else they could not have received the grace of God to preach his word to the rest: and true monks are better still, for they have performed more miracles, and have performed them too at the very time when the profane and ignorant would fain have proved them to be the most unworthy; thus returning good for evil, blessings for revilings.

Frey Lope de Hornaches was circumvented by his enemies, while he suffered himself, like a lamb, to be conducted to a garden-house by Donna Imaculata Floz de Cabeça: places which your Majesty must know perfectly, as they lie upon the frontier of Alentejo. The enemies, who, your Majesty may suppose from their promptitude, were anciently of some guerilla, caught him inopportunely (as they vainly thought) and led him off (so they scornfully boasted) more

lightly accoutred than even partisan-war and vintage-season make requisite, through the long street of Cabeça, into the posada called the "Star of Bethlehem." Here however they had the humanity to give him the remainder of his dress, on his surrendering the veil of Donna Imaculata, which in his hurry he had mistaken for a part of it; though a monk's shirt is seldom so black as that.

JOHN-MARY. Perhaps Frey Lope's was one of a dun camel's hair.

FERDINAND. Nothing more likely. I wonder he did not say it: but he wanted no superfluity of arguments or facts: he had better things at hand.

It was Saturday evening.

"I will confound them in their malice and iniquity," said he to the hostess, who was assisting him in several small arrangements when the intruders had left the posada. Accordingly, the next morning he mounted the pulpit, and delivered a discourse on the principles of immorality and infidelity, deriving them from Satan, and tracing them, without once missing their progress, into the lodges of the freemasons, and the conventicles of the quakers.

JOHN-MARY. Quakers! quakers! who are they, brother?

FERDINAND. Wicked men, that the devil makes quake eternally, but can not force to take their hats off: they eat and sleep and say their prayers in 'em.

JOHN-MARY. God then, without a question, turns his back upon them: for nobody can bear that rudeness. But Frey Lope—how fared he?

FERDINAND. "I do not deny," said he, "that the devil led me yesterday into what you carnal men may properly call temptation. Why did he? To the confusion and conversion of sinners; for the saints, the confessors, and martyrs make him work for them, even on festivals, like a turnspit. Now suppose the mortal sin had been committed, to which every man (not under especial grace) is liable, they would intercede and give their suffrages for the sinner, on his confession. By which dispensation, for one bad thing there are two good ones; confession here, and in heaven the offering of those suffrages. We, who take upon ourselves the offences of the people, are no better than the people while we are sinning; but while we repeat the words of life in the mass, and God is created at our voice in the midst of them, we no longer are children of the world, but

children of righteousness. He who commits sins is one; he who remits them is another. Look at this time-piece!"

Here he produced one, given to him by an abbess of Merida for sundry works performed on pressing occasions in her convent, he possessing the science of discussing and removing some of the most malignant complaints, more speedily than the oldest physician, and being always on the spot in spring and fall.

"This time-piece," he proceeded, "may be inexact by an hour, by two hours, by three hours, in the twenty-four: yet I call it regular." He paused.

"Christians!" added he, "I am rejoiced to observe your humble spirit and pious attention. My words, I doubt not, are strange to your ears; so are many things at first which afterward are evident and conspicuous. Now this time-piece, although its movements in the sum of their day's duration may be amiss, yet if any of you should be guided by it from hour to hour, whether for labour or rest, he would find that one of them is as long as another: the proportions it marks are then equal and just. So, although a friar or priest shall be inaccurate in his conduct, which either from human infirmity or for some inscrutable purpose may happen, yet that part of it whereat it is your business to look, is right enough. If the devil take him aside to tempt him, you have no concern at this juncture with him or the devil; wait patiently till he comes back again, and then mind what he has authority to say."

John-Mary. My brother! you have surely repeated the whole sermon. What memory! what genius!

Ferdinand. I had three thousand days' indulgence for learning it; and it cost me but a fortnight.

Frey Lope quite confounded the heretical and evil-minded. He hath since proved his innocence, to the satisfaction of the most scrupulous and hard-hearted, by fifty-nine signatures, attesting, on the experience of the subscribers, that the veil of Donna Imaculata has acquired the miraculous virtue of curing weak eyes.

John-Mary. Hearing at first of the veil, I trembled to think how Frey Lope would come off. *Gloria patri!*

Ferdinand. To abash his accusers and turn round upon his persecutors, he has published the whole sermon, whereto is prefixed the title-page of "Truth unveiled, or the Cross erected in Cabeça." It has been presented to me upon a white satin cushion fringed with

silver, preceded by the superior of his order, who informed me that no remarks were made after the delivery, but such as,

"That watch is no common-place!"

"That watch strikes home!"

"The lady abbess knew what she was about, when she gave Frey Lope that watch!"

"The saintly woman had her finger upon the index; she foresaw that Frey Lope would make a flaming sword of it."

"The black veil and bright eyes for ever!"

"Long life to Frey Lope, with his Truth unveiled, and his Cross erected in Cabeça!"

"Death to the negroes, traitors to our king and Frey Lope!"

I was offended at finding my royal name united with a subject's, until the superior informed me that the words Frey Lope did not actually mean Frey Lope, but religion, which has always in good times been identified with the monastic orders.

John-Mary. That is true, and very profound: in matters of religion we always say one thing and mean another. This I heard with my own ears at Quebuz, in a most unctuous sermon preached by the deacon Joam Salter, who exemplified it by saying that a day signified a year, and sometimes an age, among prophets and debtors, casting an angry glance at the Visconde Anadia, who confessed to me that he had owed him for some time forty *pesos duros*.

Ferdinand. My brother! many contraband things may be conveyed into my dominions through your Majesty's frontier; among them are books. Irreligious ones of the first order, such as *Cyclopedias*, *Natural Histories*, *Bibles*, and *Treatises against the Jesuits*, are strictly watched in the territories of Portugal; but latterly there have been others edited of very evil tendency, ridiculing or reviling the functions and characters of princes.

John-Mary. The Jesuits did that.

Ferdinand. They deny it.

John-Mary. We have proofs.

Ferdinand. They disdain proofs, and manfully reject them.

John-Mary. The words are plain.

Ferdinand. So they may appear: they are typical.

John-Mary. What is *typical?*

Ferdinand. *Typical* is—wait a moment—*typical* is—they told me but yesterday.—No! *typical* is having two or more senses.

JOHN-MARY. Brother ! brother ! they will not let *us* have any.

FERDINAND. O yes they will : only allow them their own way. They can not act conveniently with others : the horse and ox, they inform me, are not made for the same traces.

JOHN-MARY. I smell poison and gunpowder under their frocks.

FERDINAND. I smell very different things. Happy those that take protection there ! They know what books are, and write enough for the whole world. We have taken more than fifty French, English, American, Dutch, Swiss, and other publications, in which I am mentioned as a tyrant, a bigot, a fool, an ingrate, a swindler, a liar, a perjurer. So far was fortunate : but what will you say about my fortune, when I tell your Majesty that I was obliged to hang the valuable servant who discovered and denounced them ?

JOHN-MARY. Could that have been lately ? I thought your Majesty had long ago hanged everyone such.

FERDINAND. I believe he was the last of the kind ; but I could not do less. When he had found these offensive words against me in every book he opened, and was still prying more and more, my confessor said it was enough, and asked him why he was not contented with what he had found already, as the other publications had nothing to do with politics or religion. " Father ! " answered he, " here are some sixty, in various languages, written in various tempers, by men of various religions and various political opinions, yet all say the same thing of our gracious lord Don Ferdinand. If now I could find a single volume that speaks about him differently, I have only to lay it up, and the fortune of my children is made, twenty years hence, as possessors of the rarest book in the world : for it is hardly to be imagined that anyone else would think of preserving a copy."

He declares he spoke this in the innocence of his heart : but innocent people, my confessor says, are very thoughtless, and thoughtless people very mischievous ; and mischievous people have begun to think at last that religion and government are their own concerns.

The safest method for us would be to prohibit the importation of every volume, the contents of which are not secured and sanctified by the adorable cross in the title-page.

JOHN-MARY. Your Majesty would act then like some philosopher I have heard mentioned——

FERDINAND. Like some philosopher! Saints and martyrs! confessors and angels! and Virgin-Mother! defend me from it!

JOHN-MARY. He was not indeed so much of a philosopher as your Majesty is afraid he was.

FERDINAND. What did he, then?

JOHN-MARY. He extinguished his lamp lest the fleas should find him and bite him in bed.

FERDINAND. Did he? then he might have been called a philosopher, when philosopher signified wise man. Until the other day, I only knew that the mischievous sect, who now have taken the name, were the blindest and most ignorant creatures upon earth: I never was informed that they are likewise the most superstitious.

JOHN-MARY. And are they really?

FERDINAND. Judge for yourself now. One of them, an Englishman at Turin, had so little grace, and so little tenderness for his own offspring, that he would not carry it to be baptised, either the first day or the second of its birth; saying, as an excuse, that there was no occasion for it at present, the boy being strong and healthy. However, the proprietor of the lodging, who began to fear that, as the river was overflowing the country, and masses of ice were breaking with violence against the walls of the promenade, his house might be carried away by divine vengeance, through the obstinate impiety of his guest, went civilly upstairs, and protested that, unless the infant were carried to church within the hour, he would collect his friends and eject it with its mother from the premises. Her husband being from home, to view the course of the river in all its terrors, from I forget what palace of our brother of Sardinia situated on a lofty hill in the vicinity, and the worthy nurse corroborating the conscientious host's importunity, she complied. The infant was baptised: nevertheless it died four days afterward, of symptoms that resembled a cough and a fever. The heretical parents, in the hardness of their hearts, wept without resignation, and (would you believe it?) were firmly of opinion that the cold water, thrown the more profusely over the creature to wash it from heresy and original sin (whereof heretics have just nine times more than catholics) caused its death! No great wonder, it may be, that the father did so, engulfed as he was in the abyss of philosophy; but the mother, I hear, was as harmless and quiet as any poor ignorant unbeliever can be, and she also held the same opinion—though the ceremony

was performed on Christmas-day! So much for the reasoning faculties of those whom the Lord abandons to their own devices!

Giovacchino Pallone, the landlord, gave a supper to his friends and received their congratulations, on his good luck in rescuing a soul that never can relapse, and that will keep up his own against the worst that can happen: and his brother Timoteo, the muleteer of Biella, who stood sponsor, has thereby washed his hands of a little murder he committed on a Frenchman some years back. What a generation! Twelve months ago, if anyone looked hard at him, he drew his knife and ran into a church: he now never enters one, unless to ask Saint Antonio some favour for his mules. My minister at the court of Turin informs me that they are grown much fatter; which other men, who have neither faith nor charity, attribute to the easy life they lead with him, now he loiters and spends his money on the roads.

Low ignorant people will indulge their passions and prejudices, although the skirts of their souls must scorch for it.

JOHN-MARY. I should like to purchase a share of Timoteo's ticket for good works, before he draws too hard upon it.

FERDINAND. I intend to establish a new tax, which every man will pay willingly.

JOHN-MARY. I never heard of any such.

FERDINAND. The pope alone has a right over marriages, these being sacraments, therefore I would not dare to think of taxing them: but every man shall pay an impost for sleeping with his wife on the night of his nuptials. The pope would not thwart me in this; particularly as I force every man and woman in my dominions to purchase of him a *Bula de Confecion*, without which they can not receive absolution on their death-bed, nor leave behind them a valid will, nor preserve their property from confiscation.

O my brother and cousin! my sides will crack with laughing.

JOHN-MARY. Let me hope not. Unused as they are to such exercise, it may indeed do them harm. Take this horn against it.*

* The Romans and Neapolitans, and many Spaniards and Portuguese, of every rank and condition, carry a piece of coral, amber, steel, or other substance, at their watch-chain or their breast, in the form of a horn, to protect them against *evil eyes* and other such mischief. Whoever meets a monk the first person in the morning, turns the point towards him: even a heretic is not more inauspicious. Some, ashamed of carrying this amulet, turn their forefinger slily, somewhat bent, under the coat-flap or elsewhere. Fortunate, if all their superstitions were thus infantine and innocent!—W. S. L.

FERDINAND. I have horns of my own, better than yours. I have the little-toe nail of Saint Jerom, the length of my fore-finger.

JOHN-MARY. What makes your Majesty so merry?

FERDINAND. The moment before we met, I signed the capitulation of Torrijo.

JOHN-MARY. I am glad to hear it. He is reputed to be one of the bravest and most honourable men in Spain. Dear brother and cousin, what makes you toss up so many pinches of snuff into your nose?

FERDINAND. To help to make me angry and brave again. I will gibbet that Torrijo.

JOHN-MARY. The same who capitulated!

FERDINAND. The very same.

JOHN-MARY. What has he done since?

FERDINAND. I know nothing more about him. The best of the joke is, the Duc d'Angoulême promised to him and to the other constitutionalists, rank, pay, and security. He ought to have known from my station and character that his promise was illusory, and that neither another man's promises nor my own are, or ever shall be, binding upon me. Indeed, to tell you a secret, he knew it as well as you do: * but he wanted to purchase the name of pacificator as cheaply as that of hero.

JOHN-MARY. He could not hope that, nor want it. Every French prince is a hero by acclamation the hour of his birth, and pacificator of the universe the first squeal he utters.[1] There is no instance wherein they have not been victorious: the worst that ever happened

* The perfidy of Bonaparte on no occasion was so infamous as that of his *most Christian* successor in Spain. The Duc de Angoulême was surety for the performance of the treaties and capitulations he entered into with the constitutionalists; all which are violated. He invaded the country, to take the power out of the people's hands . . . and the vilest of the populace now possess it entirely. Legitimate government and catholic religion are maintained by a mob of plunderers and assassins, with a fugitive, perjurer, and parricide, at the head of them.—W. S. L.

[1] 1st ed. reads: " utters. The part of heroism that belongs to the sword is no more d'Angoulême's than it is ours. Until he returned to France he had never mounted a horse. FERDINAND. Now you talk of horses, do you believe the story the Parisians tell about him? JOHN-MARY. What story? If the Parisians tell it I doubt it before I hear it. I can show you their gazettes by which they conquered at Waterloo and Aboukir. There is no instance . . . salt water. FERDINAND. I don't believe that neither: and if it were true it would be but a light matter in heretics. But do you believe as I was asking you before, that immediately after the restoration, as my cousin d'Angoulême was riding in the

to them is, that Fortune has sometimes snatched victory out of their hands, when their enemies have bitten the dust upon the snow or sea, and been utterly annihilated. Sometimes a seventy-four in the disguise of a corvette has pounced upon a frigate or two, which all the courage of Frenchmen could not save from the perfidious islanders, who fed their prisoners eleven weeks on sawdust and salt-water.

FERDINAND. Yet some people, and some who desire to please me, call me a true Bourbon! Never in my life did I know anything like myself, excepting a Polichinello at Andujar; and him I ordered to be brought before the council of Castile for counterfeiting me. By some negligence or connivance he escaped, and was condemned to be hanged in effigy as contumacious.

JOHN-MARY. Might I recommend it to the serious consideration of your Majesty, whether so popular a speaker might not with advantage be included in the amnesty?

FERDINAND. You mean entrapped and hanged. Amnesty does not signify that, but only confiscation and imprisonment, with cudgelling and whipping at intervals, such as holidays for example, and the quartering of volunteer dragoons for the remainder of life.

JOHN-MARY. I should have suggested a place at the council-board, where, seated under your president, he would greatly strengthen the majority.

FERDINAND. I have another cause for good humour. I have found out an enemy of old Yerequi.

JOHN-MARY. Who is Yerequi?

FERDINAND. Do not you know that he was my preceptor?

JOHN-MARY. Well! he and everybody else has an enemy: it is no difficult matter to discover one, provided he is not in the number of our bosom-friends. I would not punish this enemy of Señor

Place de Carousel, a young officer ran up to him, attempted to drag him off his charger, stopped suddenly, threw himself on his knees, and implored pardon? He would give no reason for an action so extraordinary: such it was, particularly in a known and ardent royalist. However that his reputation for royalty [*sic*—read "loyalty"] might not suffer, at last he declared that he fancied his royal highness was under the charger, until, on comparison, he found that the real horse's head had sundry more indications of equinity. JOHN-MARY. This comes of such rich housings. There is some advantage, my brother and cousin, in having faces less martial and heroic. Holy Mary! to be taken for a horse! for want of showing the hind quarters? FERDINAND. I have always done that for fear of mistakes. Never in my life," etc.

Yerequi, unless he has offended against the State or the Church. He may indeed have injured a benefactor. Friendships are not sacred things, according to any council that was ever held, or any decretal of the most rigid pope that ever filled the chair of Saint Peter.

FERDINAND. What! can't you understand? Who talked of punishing a spy and confidant? A pious man too, and one who can groan at the right place in his breviary like a white bear, and sing *Te Deum* like a Tyrolean bullfinch, wanting nothing but a pinch of snuff to begin and end with. And nothing more shall he ever get from me. Yerequi is the scape-goat to punish. He hardly goes beyond the *credo;* and I could see in his face, when I was little more than a child, that he thought I deserved a whipping. I can whip now: and I dare: which is more than he can say.

JOHN-MARY. Brother Ferdinand! I once heard a remark of an old lady, a relative of ours at Bemposta, when brother Louis of France lost his head for breaking his word, together with that other little thing which the constitutionalists in their jargon call betraying his country—that a few drops of blood taken from the nether quarters of princes, early in the day, might save them afterward more than they can well spare higher up.

FERDINAND. Oh! oh! down with that hand from the neck, for the love of Christ! What do you smile at? Put it up again: put it on the very spot: I don't mind a caper for it. I only fancied I was afraid: that is, I only fancied it might make you so, or, at least, rather uncomfortable: for myself I was not in the least.

JOHN-MARY. A little alarmed; a little bit shocked and shivering; a very very little; I do think, now, brother Ferdinand! and I beg your pardon for my inadvertency.

FERDINAND. No, by Santiago! no, by San Jose! no, by San Spiridion! I never felt a moment's fear in my whole life. I have thought it; and others have thought it too: but they lied; the fools and thieves lied: there was nothing in it, as I hope for Paradise.

I will now tell you, my brother and cousin, what I intend to do with bishop Queypo. Take out your handkerchief: you will laugh until you cry again. It is my plan and order to have him condemned to six years' imprisonment in a monastery, after a year or two of jail. Is not that pleasant?

JOHN-MARY. It may be just.

FERDINAND. But is not it laughable ?

JOHN-MARY. How so ? laughable things, my cousin and brother, require a good deal of circumspection and inquiry. One would not laugh out all at once, as a mule brays, but rather say a prayer or *credo* between the thing laughed at and the laugh.

FERDINAND. Do you know the old viper's age ?

JOHN-MARY. Bishop Queypo's ?

FERDINAND. Bishop Queypo's, yes : but he is not the bishop he was, by a quintal.

JOHN-MARY. I do not know him : I never heard of him before.

FERDINAND. O ! then no wonder you missed the joke. Eight years' imprisonment for a man eighty years old ! Laugh now ! laugh now ! Here is another good thing. People think him very learned and pious, very patient and conscientious : Saez recommends that the younger monks be appointed to instruct him in his Christian duties.

JOHN-MARY. Brother, brother ! his master Christ will call him away in the midst of the lesson, and let us hope he may be found perfect.

FERDINAND. What ! before the six next years of his imprisonment are over ? I shall pray against that every night and morning, and spend in the churches ten thousand crowns to cross it. However, if he dies before the term of the sentence is completed, he shall not be buried in his cathedral, nor with mitre and crosier on his tombstone. But I can not think Mary and the other saints are so spiteful to me : I fancy I see them with their ears at the door, listening to the constitutional rebel as he says his lesson, and now and then putting him out. I know they will do anything for me : I have always put my trust in them.

JOHN-MARY. Bishops are under the protection of angels.

FERDINAND. I know that. I have contrived that they shall not approach Señor Queypo.

JOHN-MARY. Impossible ! my dear cousin and brother !

FERDINAND. Possible enough, and sure enough, though perhaps they little suspect it.

JOHN-MARY. Nay, nay, my brother ! that laughter—— I beg pardon—I mean no offence, but surely that laughter is rather too irreverent. Pious men may do many things that others may not ; but we must not tempt nor be tempted.

FERDINAND. 'Fore God, he is little temptation for 'em.

JOHN-MARY. Your Majesty's genius is great beyond comparison, and the mercies God hath shown you are manifold.

FERDINAND. Else the rogues would have had me on the gallows. This little bit of lead kept me down on my legs: had they searched me and found it and taken it away, I might have mounted the ladder.

JOHN-MARY. Is one kiss permitted me on that sacred image?

FERDINAND. Kiss it; but under the left jaw; this is the part to be guarded.

Now about the angels.

JOHN-MARY. And the angels too will protect whom they please.

FERDINAND. Brother and cousin! one word in your ear! Of all the monasteries in my dominions, that to which I have destined old Queypo is the fullest of lice and fleas: the dogs and cats know it, and will not enter on fish-days or flesh-days: the martins and swallows scream as they fly past, and never did one of them build her nest under the roof. This I believe is the reason, but I have heard of another: that they come from Barbary, and, being Moorish, instinctively shun the purity of our faith.

JOHN-MARY. I have observed them under the tiles of my convents in great plenty.

FERDINAND. Your monks are less holy: they wash and comb themselves.

JOHN-MARY. Malice says it. Sometimes in excessively hot weather they do, and to hear confessions in private houses, where an odour too religious might affect the sick, particularly the women.

FERDINAND. Mere men of the world! men *nostræ generationis!* The women should be accustomed to the odour while they are well.

JOHN-MARY. Generally they are: but there are some faint stomachs that want civet even in sanctity.

FERDINAND. Jades! I wish I had them under lock and key with old Queypo. If the angels, as I was telling you, came within whistle of those walls, they would have nothing else to do for the remainder of the week than to pick one another's wings.

JOHN-MARY. Brother, I doubt whether the angels are subject to such vermin.

FERDINAND. In heaven certainly not: but here even Michael, though in the act of cutting down a heretic, must put aside his sword and scratch himself. The older angels are too cunning; they

know the place. As for the younger, I am secure of them: I have ordered that no change of linen be brought to the wicked wretch: his clothes have been rotting on his body for several months, and at last they are so full of holes that no decent young angel would turn his eyes toward them.*

An excellent plan has been laid before me for the deportation of all the constitutionalists.

JOHN-MARY. Deportation! whither?

FERDINAND. The plan contains nothing about that. Sealed orders may be opened when they are at sea.

JOHN-MARY. Your Majesty must provide biscuits and water, in a quantity proportionate to the voyage.

FERDINAND. Not I, not I; the plan has nothing in it of biscuits and water. Beside, is there not water enough in the sea for any number? and let them borrow biscuits from the sailors, on their own credit.

JOHN-MARY. But the sailors must have enough.

FERDINAND. So they shall.

JOHN-MARY. To give or lend?

FERDINAND. I have nothing to do with the traffic of sailors.

JOHN-MARY. Unless it pleases God to work a miracle in favour of the constitutionalists, they must perish.

FERDINAND. In *their* favour! do you know what they have done?

JOHN-MARY. Unwise things, no doubt: but your Majesty seems to me less happy now, less tranquil, and less safe, than when you joined them.

FERDINAND. The mule that breaks loose is less quiet than when he was in the shafts; but he is free.

JOHN-MARY. My brother! if that word animates even you so greatly, what wonder if it animated the less intelligent!

FERDINAND. Again, again I ask you, do you know what they have committed?

JOHN-MARY. Recently?

FERDINAND. Within this week.

* These cruelties were all committed against Queypo, for having taken the oath of allegiance, which Ferdinand himself took, to the Constitution. On his removal from the jail to the monastery, some women had the compassion and courage to throw a little of their own apparel over his nakedness, and to cover his aged head from the mid-day sun in July.—W. S. L.

JOHN-MARY. Not fully nor exactly.

FERDINAND. Sacrilege, sacrilege. Robbers have broken into a church at Logroño, and stolen the body of God.

JOHN-MARY. *Ave-Maria! Clamavi de profunditatibus.* I hope they are taken, and the body of our Lord recovered.

FERDINAND. Recovered, it is true, but after dogs had eaten it.

JOHN-MARY. Alas! alas! alas! that is not recovered.

FERDINAND. Brother and cousin, do not be heretical!

JOHN-MARY. God forbid!

FERDINAND. The true faith is, that the body of our Lord having only passed the diaphragm of dog or other animal, is the Lord's body still: let it enter the viscera, the long gut I mean, and not even his blessed mother could make it his again.

JOHN-MARY. I am so full of horror, I want to hear the rest.

FERDINAND. The thieves were pursued by monks, women, soldiers, and dogs. Nothing could exceed, as was thought, the right spirit of the dogs: they appeared to be angrier than the monks themselves: it was believed that the Lord would glorify himself by these vile animals. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," and so forth—I forget the remainder; no matter. Suddenly, when they had fastened on the heaviest and slowest of the sacrilegious, he who held the holy vessel threw it on the ground, and out fell the body of God! The very dog that was thought the most zealous, left the rogue for it, and would have swallowed it. You know, my cousin and brother, that swallowing the wafer is no easy matter when we first begin; it often sticks to the roof of the mouth; and I have seen a nun who has done penance all her life, because she coughed it out.

JOHN-MARY. Did no lightning nor other judgment fall upon the dog?

FERDINAND. On the contrary, it was feared that he might fairly claim eternal life; which would have been a dreadful dispensation; for he is the noisiest dog in Logroño. But the women and monks knew their business. They drove a stake an ell long under his tail, and held him with his head downward, until a surgeon could arrive, who carefully removed his lower entrails. The host was not found there: on which the bells were rung, tapestry displayed, and cannon fired. It was however in the stomach, whence the creature ejected it from his mouth with severe convulsions. Several devils flew out

at the same moment. Some people say they could distinguish eight or nine; others could count but four, being terrified and taken suddenly, although they heard the voices of many.

JOHN-MARY. What could they have been about?

FERDINAND. Tempting, tempting, tempting: their old trade.

JOHN-MARY. But out they flew then? *Gloria Deo in excelsis!* if the wind was fair for Morocco, and they took that course. If they tarried in Portugal, it could only be among the Jews or English. But in what condition was the blessed body?

FERDINAND. It was discovered enveloped in bile. The priests say that the bile is the dog's bile: the monks, with greater piety, contend that it proceeds from the body of our Lord, indignant at such treatment, and that what appeared the most awful visitation was a miracle vouchsafed to the city of Logroño. The people in their consternation see no miracle in an affront producing bile, and pray before it, that in due time it may depart. Their contrition has begun to produce this effect, and every morning it is somewhat lessened.

JOHN-MARY. Have the bishops and archbishops been consulted?

FERDINAND. Naturally.

JOHN-MARY. What can be done?

FERDINAND. They have ordered two public processions: one, to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty, for the affront of stealing His Divine Majesty's body; the other, to make him forget what the dog did, from beginning to end; * which, as I told you, seems to be accomplishing. I have issued an edict, that every dog of the same family with that most execrable one, be hanged or shot; and that whoever shall be convicted of having in his possession one begotten by, or allied to, paternally or maternally, the said most execrable, shall be considered as a heretic, infidel, and traitor.

JOHN-MARY. Let us hope, by the blessing of God's mother and her sweet infant, that affairs will begin, ere long, to go on better in your Majesty's kingdoms.

* *Lisbon Gazette.* "On the 4th of July, 1825, the convent of St. Antony was robbed of the sacred vessel and consecrated wafers. The bishop ordered a public procession, in order to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty." Anger against whom?

It must be a very weak mind that fancies Christianity can be injured by these recitals of superstition, in which the ideas of divine majesty are quite as absurd as the wildest in the religion of Bramah.—W. S. L.

FERDINAND. We may indeed hope it; by the blessing of Saint-Iago added to the infant's and the Virgin-mother's—I mean the *mother of the thousand pains;* none of the rest for me! In token of it, they delivered into my hands two societies of Freemasons. One was detected with a line upon the table; which line the heretical thieves declared was a fishing-line; although there was no other sign of it than the hook and horse-hair. The other was heard to take the most tremendous and diabolical of oaths—I dare not repeat it. Yes, I will——

Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Now then hear it.

JOHN-MARY. *Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo!*

I am prepared, my brother! it can do me no harm.

FERDINAND. They swore they would love and help their brethren in all dangers and adversities. So! they would love them on the scaffold, and help them (if they could) at the stake. The people tore them to pieces, as cleverly as Andalusian colts could have done it. Here, my brother and cousin, behold the vast superiority of our religion over theirs! The monks who caught them *in flagrante*——

JOHN-MARY. A bad rebellious town! whereabout does it lie?

FERDINAND. I don't know exactly, but somewhere southward—no matter for that—these charitable monks, who had been ejected from the same place, sang the service for the defunct upon them; and (would you believe it?) their wives and daughters ran out of their houses and called the holy men—afore God, I think it sinful to say what the women called them. But the Virgin shall be informed of it, word for word, and the sluts shall blush at such language. You see, even the women, though they never heard the oath nor entered the chamber, were infected! old and young! What a serpent is this *Freemasonry!*

We shall come at last to the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections. I told Father Cirilo so, and he gave me the best advice a true vassal and good Catholic could give. He said to me, "Sire, will you pardon the frankness of my speech?"

I replied, "Say any thing, Father Cirilo, if you can remove by it my perplexities."

"May I liken your Majesty to an inferior creature?" added he.

It did not very well please me to be likened to anything on earth; yet I answered (for I began to be curious and anxious), "Liken me, liken me; make haste."

"Then," said Father Cirilo gravely, "your Majesty, by such paternal clemency as you would extend, in coming to what your Majesty is graciously pleased to call the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections, reminds me of a negro——"

"Hold! hold!" I exclaimed, for I fancied he meant a constitutionalist. He corrected my mistake, and declared he only meant, as his explanation would demonstrate, a poor fellow-Christian from Puerto Rico. He continued, "The good slave and cook Dias had just returned from the happy country still under your Majesty's paternal care in the Americas, and was ordered by his master's more experienced servant in the same capacity, Juan Martinez Almagro of Seville, to prepare the onions for dinner. Dias had seen him begin to peel one, and immediately turned to the same occupation. Now he had lived with an old aunt of his master, whose stomach could not bear onions, and he had never dressed or seen any. He thought he could commit no mistake in the peeling of them, as he had observed the master cook tearing off and throwing aside two or three coats of one. He therefore went on, and coming at last to nothing, cried 'Don Juan! I do not find the onion.' In like manner does your Majesty. You must begin with the first peel, throw that into the boiler; then take the second and throw that in; and then in succession the remainder. All are implicated in the conspiracy against your Majesty's beneficent government, excepting those who look after the conspirators; one among a thousand."

I could hardly have imagined, my brother and cousin, the wickedness of my people if Father Cirilo had not demonstrated it. Lately came the fact to our knowledge, that, although a great part of the constitutionalists have no religion, a certain sect is springing up of zealots and fanatics. Instead of sacrificing a God, five of which can be bought for a farthing (so indulgent is he in letting us both buy and eat him), these unconscionable wretches have nothing less in view than the abolition of our bull-fights, by the sacrifice of our

cattle. In the papers of a constitutionalist we found many axioms and problems; to some of which were written the words, "it seems reasonable"; to others, "not improbable"; to more still, "query." But we found in larger letters, and without any of these notes, signed by a miscreant of the name "Constat," these words:

"Before a long serenity can be hoped for Europe, the black cattle must be sacrificed to the Tempests."

Tempests means *devils*, who often come in them, and to whom the new sect offers sacrifice.

John-Mary. Very bad! very bad! But devils may be exorcised, and (I believe) from living men rather than from dead ones. If we hang and burn any, the devils will fly into others and escape us. Exorcism makes them so heartily sick, that they have no appetite for any such tenement as they have been ousted from, and have need of their native air again.

Ferdinand. Do you know, brother Don John-Mary, how happy I am above the other princes of the age?

John-Mary. Your Majesty is indeed so, apparently.

Ferdinand. You must know why.

John-Mary. Among the many causes of exultation——

Ferdinand. Well, well! go on—why the devil do you stop?

John-Mary. It would be difficult to hit upon the precise one. Perhaps by your Majesty being the Most Catholic.

Ferdinand. That only led to it. Surely you know well enough I am the object of a particular prophecy in the Holy Bible. I have a whole prophecy to myself.

First I must inform you, what I understand is believed by every sect of Christians—if indeed any are to be called Christians who refuse to obey the vicar of Christ——

John-Mary. No, no, no. There may be Pelagians, Arians, Protestants, Freemasons; but Holy Mother Church, as Canon Bento Pinto da Cunha preached to us in my chapel, is no Amphisbæna.

Ferdinand. Who is Amphisbæna?

John-Mary. I could not rightly understand him, whether it was really a single beast with two heads, tugging two ways, one of them where the tail should be——

Ferdinand. Nonsense! nonsense!

JOHN-MARY. He seemed to explain it in this manner; but I fancy he must have meant two creatures of the canine race, pelted in the street for immorality.

FERDINAND. Ay, ay; there is sense in that. But what has it to do with the prophecy?

JOHN-MARY. Your Majesty was about to mention a tenet of the Church that every man adhered to.

FERDINAND. Right! right! Whatever the prophets, and doctors, and evangelists, and disciples said to people, the people took as if it was said to them.

JOHN-MARY. Certainly.

FERDINAND. The more fools they for their pains. Nothing was meant as it was spoken: and if it was said to one it was intended for another. The prophets had a sort of squint in their tongues. If they promised anything good to anyone, the simpleton was sure to be disappointed in it: and if they threatened a rogue or a city, the threat fell on other folks a thousand miles off. Now you are prepared in some sort for my prophecy. Many at the time believed our Lord was talking to some people who grudged him a little essence of vanilla, and who pretended they would have given the three "reals" (the price of it in those days) to the poor, rather than perfume his stockings and pantaloon with it, much as they might want it in that hot country. They did not observe him looking over his shoulder toward me, who was not then born; nor understand him, saying, "The poor ye have always with you."

Habetis pauperes semper vobiscum.

JOHN-MARY. *Gloria Deo in excelsis!*

FERDINAND. Now I have, in Spain alone, not counting the Americas and Indies, above eight hundred thousand mouths, that must either be filled by alms or stopt by halters.

JOHN-MARY. Sad alternative!

FERDINAND. Sad enough for *them:* but show me another king, in our times, whom God and his blessed Mother, and those about them, have thought worthy of a special prophecy. The most favoured of my ancestors never had in their dominions more than half the number, of those who held such tickets of admission to the kingdom of heaven. All orders of monks, all ranks of religionists, cry "Beati pauperes!" What a number of people have I made

eternally happy, without any care or trouble about 'em! And the very best in my dominions—I mean of laymen. Priests and monks do not require a similar state of probation. They are ready for martyrdom, when their Lord calls them, but would fare reasonably well seven days in the week, in order to work the better in his vineyard. The rest I have made light for the long journey, and almost as ready to undertake it as their spiritual guides. Have I not reason then to be superlatively joyful?

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

Ferdinand. Hold! Have you a dispensation, my brother and cousin, for using the words of the Bible? I would not venture to go beyond Saint Isidore or Saint Augustin.

John-Mary. They may always be used toward crowned heads. It is generally thought by theologians that the best of them were made expressly for us.

Ferdinand. Not unlikely. You are deep, my brother, in the dogmatists.

John-Mary. Discreetly; sufficiently; not much amiss: but I began to doubt whether the said oil of gladness——

Ferdinand. The devil you did! to doubt about it!

John-Mary. Whether it is an oil that is likely to *keep*, though it has been in great demand of late among the champions of legitimacy. I am afraid some hot weather may affect it.

Ferdinand. And now, Don John-Mary, my brother and cousin, I must come to the point with you, in the most amicable way possible, on your invasion of my territories.

John-Mary. May it please your Majesty to inform me, what portion of your Majesty's territory has been rashly entered by my troops, without my knowledge?

Ferdinand. I know not whether your forces, my brother and cousin, have invaded it; but you style yourself King of India. How can this be, when I myself am King of both the Indies! Your Majesty is legitimately (in as much as what is founded on usurpation can be legitimate) King of Portugal, Algarve, Brazil, Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia.

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, and of India; not of *both* Indies.

Ferdinand. No, by the Mother of God! nor of one.

JOHN-MARY. Pardon me there, Don Ferdinand! this gold piece will prove it. (*Aside.*) He pockets it! No matter!

FERDINAND. Will you resign it, my dear brother?

JOHN-MARY. Willingly, willingly! five hundred.

FERDINAND. What do you mean, my brother and cousin?

JOHN-MARY. The crusado.

FERDINAND. What crusado?

JOHN-MARY. That upon which I exhibited to your Majesty my arms and rights.

FERDINAND. Blood of the martyrs! belly and backbone of the confessors! you never showed me one such in the whole course of your life.

JOHN-MARY. I intended it then, and will at any time.

FERDINAND. No shuffling, my brother and cousin! Will you resign my kingdom?

JOHN-MARY. I will never resign the kingdoms that the Holy Trinity hath placed under my sceptre. My good people of India shall not be deprived of a father by an unworthy cession.

FERDINAND. Then God and my right! I will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.

JOHN-MARY. By proxy, as usual, I hope, my brother Ferdinand. Your Majesty has already spilt in this manner the best belonging to you, enough to float more than your fleets, and never soiled frill nor ruffle—though you once (to do you justice) had your stocking down at heel from it.

Under the administration of Canning, who, threatening to establish at one time absolutism, at another time republicanism, was abjured by both parties, it was permitted Louis XVIII. to undo all that our armies, from the time of Peterborough to the time of Wellesley, had been fighting for in the Peninsula, and ultimately had attained. French influence was restored. After a long series of cruelties, judicial and extra-judicial, and after the death of Ferdinand, Spain turned on her side again, but never could rise up. However, there was one honest man still left in public life; and, singular enough, he was placed at the head of the nation. Louis Philippe saw this, and thought it a personal affront. To supplant Espartero, he sent across the Pyrenees small sums, but sufficient to make the nearest of the military stumble and fall; and they were prepared to receive that person of his family who united most of harlotry and bigotry. She disbursed more largely, from what had been deposited by her in France, both during her husband's reign and after his decease. Spain was instantly prostrate before her. Such is the result of a long and sanguinary war against the *Intruder:* here lie her constitutions, every chapter of every one: even their

title-pages, indexes, and covers: here lie the laurels of Wellesley, withered, weightless, and bestrewing the path of Narvaez. What misery will not kings inflict on nations for the aggrandisement of a family! But what misery, what degradation, what infamy, ever equalled those inflicted upon Spain, in thrusting back against her, first a pensioner, then an outcast; and constraining her, with traitors and assassins at her throat, to lick up again those two vomits! Let it never more be questioned that Louis Philippe is a genuine branch of the Bourbons, whatever may be the resemblance he bears in person and demeanour to the catchpole at the *Stinca* in Florence.—W. S. L.

END OF THE SPANISH CONVERSATIONS

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

FRENCH

I. THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL

(*Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

AGNES. If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really, and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

JEANNE. I hope I shall be greatly more so.

AGNES. Nay, nay: do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.

JEANNE. By God's help, I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

AGNES. Ha! ha! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

JEANNE. I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

AGNES. Never hope it.

JEANNE. The deliverance that is never hoped seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

AGNES. Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. O how I rejoice that a mere child has done so.

JEANNE. A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

AGNES. But Talbot is a giant of another mould: his will is immovable, his power is irresistible, his word of command is *Conquer*.

JEANNE. It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowns it in English blood.

AGNES. Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress.

Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Creci? hast thou never heard of Agincourt? hast thou never heard of Poictiers? where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five. The French are the eagle's plume, the English are his talon.

JEANNE. The talon and the plume shall change places.

AGNES. Too confident!

JEANNE. O lady! is anyone too confident in God?

AGNES. We may mistake his guidance. Already not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative churchmen, believe you on their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

JEANNE. What country or what creature has the Evil-one ever saved? With what has he tempted me? with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

AGNES. But you are not afraid.

JEANNE. Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbour's gate turned me pale as ashes. And (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

AGNES. No wonder! A creature in a fever! what a frightful thing!

JEANNE. It would be were it not so piteous.

AGNES. And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

JEANNE. I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

AGNES. And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

JEANNE. Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

AGNES. Ah! this is courage.

JEANNE. The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any, until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me if I err!

but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

AGNES. Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child!

Why fallest thou before me? I have some power indeed, but in this extremity I could little help thee. The priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God: I am unworthy to behold it.

Rise, Jeanne, rise!

JEANNE. Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous: France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

AGNES. Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

JEANNE. O Lady Agnes!

AGNES. Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou? thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee, left untroubled, joyous, exulting. Speak; tell me.

JEANNE. I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

AGNES. In truth I do: why then look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence!

Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

JEANNE. Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

AGNES. I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

JEANNE. Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jewelled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

AGNES. What can I, what can I do?

JEANNE. Lead the king back to his kingdom.

AGNES. The king is in France.

JEANNE. No, no, no.

AGNES. Upon my word of honour.

JEANNE. And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth!

AGNES. Indeed no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him. He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good-natured: he even lets them draw blood; he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed he is here. He never thought of leaving the country: and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseveration? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

JEANNE. Then not in France. In France all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominiously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honour.

AGNES. The English have always been merciful and generous.

JEANNE. And will you be less generous, less merciful?

AGNES. I?

JEANNE. You; the beloved of Charles.

AGNES. This is too confident. No, no: do not draw back: it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

JEANNE. Your beloved; your king.

AGNES. Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

JEANNE. Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labour with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

AGNES. I can not fight: I abominate war.

JEANNE. Not more than I do; but men love it.

AGNES. Too much.

JEANNE. Often too much, for often unjustly. But when God's right-hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

AGNES. I dare not; indeed I dare not.

JEANNE. You dare not? you who dare withhold the king from his duty!

AGNES. We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

JEANNE. Then we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine: but above all it is yours.

AGNES. There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

JEANNE. Are these learned and religious men in the court? Pray tell me: since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blameably, abate a little of my reverence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

AGNES. They are modest; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

JEANNE. They believe then that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved? And do you love him? Why do you sigh so?

AGNES. Life is but sighs, and when they cease, 'tis over.

JEANNE. Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

AGNES. From my soul; and above it.

JEANNE. Then save him.

Lady! I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

AGNES. My heart can admit nothing but his image.

JEANNE. It must fall thence at last.

AGNES. Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affection. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas! if he should ever cease to love me!

JEANNE. Alas! if God should!

AGNES. Then indeed he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

JEANNE. And none worse after?

AGNES. What can there be?

O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

JEANNE. Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

AGNES. I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

JEANNE. Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

AGNES. You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

JEANNE. Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong, and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

AGNES. Is he in danger! O!—you see all things—is he? is he? is he?

JEANNE. From none but you.

AGNES. God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

JEANNE. Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

AGNES. When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving, God is merciful.

JEANNE. I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties: yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human: he teaches me that it ought to have more: finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

AGNES. Declare it; O declare it. I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

JEANNE. Encourage the king to lead his vassals to the field.

AGNES. When the season is milder.

JEANNE. And bid him leave you for ever.

AGNES. Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! Oh anguish! It sounded in my ears as if you said "for ever."

JEANNE. I say it again.

AGNES. Thy power is superhuman, mine is not.

JEANNE. It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

AGNES. We did not make our hearts.

JEANNE. But we can mend them.

AGNES. Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

JEANNE. Say rather it expels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutary pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

AGNES. Bid him leave me! wish it! permit it! think it near believe it ever can be! Go, go—I am lost eternally.

JEANNE. And Charles too.

AGNES. Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

JEANNE. He has left undone what others do. Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for: what prizes I quite forget: certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy: but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" the deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

AGNES. But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the king to expose his person in battle, until we have supplicated and appeased them.

JEANNE. One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

AGNES. Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose: I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

JEANNE. Sad earthly thoughts!

AGNES. You make them sad, you can not make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

JEANNE. Has man that power?

AGNES. Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

JEANNE. Be happy too.

AGNES. How? how?

JEANNE. By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

AGNES. I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh! I will so pray, so weep.

JEANNE. Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

AGNES. Again I ask you, what *can* I do ?

JEANNE. When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

AGNES. I will think about it seriously.

JEANNE. Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at : lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu ! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

AGNES. Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence ! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant : I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes ! O how they penetrate ! They ought to see no sin : sadly must it pain them.

JEANNE. Think not of me : pursue thy destination : save France.

AGNES (*after a long pause*). Glorious privilege ! divine appointment ! Is it thus, O my Redeemer ! my crimes are visited ?

Come with me, blessed Jeanne ! come instantly with me to the king : come to him whom thy virtue and valour have rescued.

JEANNE. Not now ; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him ; a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes ! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

II. JOSEPH SCALIGER AND MONTAIGNE

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

Montaigne. What could have brought you, M. de l'Escale, to visit the old man of the mountain, other than a good heart? O how delighted and charmed I am to hear you speak such excellent Gascon.* You rise early, I see: you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour: it is a stout half-hour's walk from the brook. I have capital white wine, and the best cheese in Auvergne. You saw the goats and the two cows before the castle.

Pierre, thou hast done well: set it upon the table, and tell Master Matthew to split a couple of chickens and broil them, and to pepper but one. Do you like pepper, M. de l'Escale?

Scaliger. Not much.

Montaigne. Hold hard! let the pepper alone: I hate it. Tell him to broil plenty of ham; only two slices at a time, upon his salvation.

Scaliger. This, I perceive, is the antechamber to your library: here are your every-day books.

Montaigne. Faith! I have no other. These are plenty, methinks; is not that your opinion?

Scaliger. You have great resources within yourself, and therefore can do with fewer.

Montaigne. Why, how many now do you think there may be?

Scaliger. I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore.

Montaigne. Well! are fourscore few? are we talking of peas and beans?

Scaliger. I and my father (put together) have written well-nigh as many.

Montaigne. Ah! to write them is quite another thing: but one reads books without a spur, or even a pat from our lady Vanity.

* "Ma mère était fort éloquente en Gascon." *Scaligerana*, p. 232.—W. S. L.

How do you like my wine? it comes from the little knoll yonder: you cannot see the vines: those chesnut-trees are between.

SCALIGER. The wine is excellent; light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle.

MONTAIGNE. It never goes to the head, nor pulls the nerves, which many do as if they were guitar-strings. I drink a couple of bottles a-day, winter and summer, and never am the worse for it. You gentlemen of the Agennois have better in your province, and indeed the very best under the sun. I do not wonder that the parliament of Bordeaux should be jealous of their privileges, and call it Bordeaux.[1] Now, if you prefer your own country wine, only say it: I have several bottles in my cellar, with corks as long as rapiers, and as polished. I do not know, M. de l'Escale, whether you are particular in these matters: not quite, I should imagine, so great a judge in them as in others?

SCALIGER. I know three things; wine, poetry, and the world.*

MONTAIGNE. You know one too many, then. I hardly know whether I know anything about poetry; for I like Clem Marot better than Ronsard; Ronsard is so plaguily stiff and stately, where there is no occasion for it; I verily do think the man must have slept with his wife in a cuirass.

SCALIGER.[2] He had no wife: he was an abbé at Tours.

MONTAIGNE. True; true; being an abbé he could never have one, and never want one; particularly at Tours, where the women profess an especial calling and most devotional turn for the religious.

SCALIGER. It pleases me greatly that you like Marot. His version of the *Psalms* is lately set to music, and added to the *New Testament* of Geneva.

MONTAIGNE. It is putting a slice of honeycomb into a barrel of vinegar, which will never grow the sweeter for it.

SCALIGER. Surely you do not think in this fashion of the *New Testament!*

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Bordeaux wine. All privileges are unjust; this is as bad as any. Now," etc. Though Château Yquem probably preserves the name of Montaigne's family, I grieve to say there is no justification for making Montaigne a fine judge of wine. He admits that he could not distinguish between aloes and Graves, then the finest Bordeaux. What is now the classic Claret country was then producing little wine, and that of inferior quality. Corks are a gross anachronism.

* "Je me connais en trois choses, *non in aliis, in vina poesi, et juger des personnes.*" *Scaligerana*, p. 232.—W. S. L.

[2] From "SCALIGER" to "religious" added in 2nd ed.

MONTAIGNE. Who supposes it? Whatever is mild and kindly, is there. But Jack Calvin has thrown bird-lime and vitriol upon it, and whoever but touches the cover, dirties his fingers or burns them.

SCALIGER. Calvin is a very great man, I do assure you, M. de Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE. I do not like your very great men who beckon me to them, call me their begotten, their dear child, and their entrails, and if I happen to say on any occasion, "I beg leave, sir, to dissent a little from you," stamp and cry, "The devil you do!" and whistle to the executioner.

SCALIGER. You exaggerate, my worthy friend!

MONTAIGNE. Exaggerate do I? M. de l'Escale! What was it he did the other day to the poor devil there with an odd name? Melancthon I think it is.

SCALIGER. I do not know: I have received no intelligence of late from Geneva.

MONTAIGNE. It was but last night that our curate rode over from Lyons (he made two days of it, as you may suppose) and supped with me. He told me that Jack had got his old friend hanged and burnt. I could not join him in the joke, for I find none such in the *New Testament*, on which he would have founded it, and, if it is one, it is not in my manner or to my taste.

SCALIGER. I cannot well believe the report, my dear sir. He was rather urgent indeed on the combustion of the heretic Michael Servetus some years past.

MONTAIGNE. A thousand to one, my spiritual guide mistook the name. He has heard of both, I warrant him, and thinks in his conscience that either is as good a roast as the other.

SCALIGER. Theologians are proud and intolerant, and truly the farthest of all men from theology, if theology means the rational sense of religion, or indeed has anything to do with it in any way. Melancthon was the very best of the reformers; quiet, sedate, charitable, intrepid, firm in friendship, ardent in faith, acute in argument, and profound in learning.

MONTAIGNE. Who cares about his argumentation or his learning, if he was the rest?

SCALIGER. I hope you will suspend your judgment on this affair, until you receive some more certain and positive information.

MONTAIGNE. I can believe it of the Sieur Calvin.

SCALIGER. I can not. John Calvin is a grave man, orderly and reasonable.

MONTAIGNE. In my opinion he has not the order nor the reason of my cook. Mat never took a man for a sucking-pig, cleaning and scraping and buttering and roasting him; nor ever twitched God by the sleeve and swore he should not have his own way.

SCALIGER. M. de Montaigne, have you ever studied the doctrine of predestination?

MONTAIGNE. I should not understand it, if I had; and I would not break through an old fence merely to get into a cavern. I would not give a fig or a fig-leaf to know the truth of it, as far as any man can teach it me. Would it make me honester or happier, or, in other things, wiser?

SCALIGER. I do not know whether it would materially.

MONTAIGNE. I should be an egregious fool then to care about it. Our disputes on controverted points have filled the country with missionaries and cut-throats. Both parties have shown a disposition to turn this comfortable old house of mine into a fortress. If I had inclined to either, the other would have done it. Come walk about it with me; after a ride you can do nothing better to take off fatigue.

SCALIGER. A most spacious kitchen!

MONTAIGNE. Look up!

SCALIGER. You have twenty or more flitches of bacon hanging there.

MONTAIGNE. And if I had been a doctor or a captain, I should have had a cobweb and predestination in the place of them. Your soldiers of the *religion* on the one side, and of the *good old faith* on the other, would not have left unto me safe and sound even that good old woman there.

SCALIGER. O yes they would, I hope.

OLD WOMAN. Why dost giggle, Mat? What should he know about the business? He speaks mighty bad French, and is as spiteful as the devil. Praised be God, we have a kind master, who thinks about us, and feels for us.

SCALIGER. Upon my word, M. de Montaigne, this gallery is an interesting one.

MONTAIGNE. I can show you nothing but my house and my dairy. We have no chase in the month of May, you know—unless you would like to bait the badger in the stable. This is rare sport in rainy days.

SCALIGER. Are you in earnest, M. de Montaigne ?

MONTAIGNE. No, no, no, I cannot afford to worry him outright : only a little for pastime—a morning's merriment for the dogs and wenches.

SCALIGER. You really are then of so happy a temperament that, at your time of life, you can be amused by baiting a badger !

MONTAIGNE. Why not ? Your father, a wiser and graver and older man than I am, was amused by baiting a professor or critic. I have not a dog in the kennel that would treat the badger worse than brave Julius treated Cardan and Erasmus, and some dozens more. We are all childish, old as well as young ; and our very last tooth would fain stick, M. de l'Escale, in some tender place of a neighbour. Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt ; men laugh rather when they make him fall, and most when the dirt is of their own laying.

Is not the gallery rather cold, after the kitchen ? We must go through it to get into the court where I keep my tame rabbits : the stable is hard by : come along, come along.

SCALIGER. Permit me to look a little at those banners. Some of them are old indeed.

MONTAIGNE. Upon my word, I blush to think I never took notice how they are tattered. I have no fewer than three women in the house, and in a summer's evening, only two hours long, the worst of these rags might have been darned across.

SCALIGER. You would not have done it surely !

MONTAIGNE. I am not over-thrifty—the women might have been better employed. It is as well as it is then ; ay ?

SCALIGER. I think so.

MONTAIGNE. So be it.

SCALIGER. They remind me of my own family, we being descended from the great Cane della Scala, prince of Verona, and from the house of Hapsburg,* as you must have heard from my father.

MONTAIGNE. What signifies it to the world whether the great Cane was tied to his grandmother or not ? As for the house of Hapsburg, if you could put together as many such houses as would make up a city larger than Cairo, they would not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on the table of it.

* "Descendimus ex filiâ Comitis Hapsburgensis." *Scaligerana*, p. 231.—W. S. L.

III. LA FONTAINE AND DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT

(*Wks.*, ii., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

La Fontaine. I am truly sensible of the honour I receive, M. de la Rochefoucault, in a visit from a personage so distinguished by his birth and by his genius. Pardon my ambition, if I confess to you that I have long and ardently wished for the good fortune, which I never could promise myself, of knowing you personally.

Rochefoucault. My dear M. de la Fontaine !

La Fontaine. Not "*de* la," not "*de* la." I am *La* Fontaine purely and simply.

Rochefoucault. The whole ; not derivative. You appear, in the midst of your purity, to have been educated at court, in the lap of the ladies. What was the last day (pardon !) I had the misfortune to miss you there ?

La Fontaine. I never go to court. They say one can not go without silk stockings ; and I have only thread ; plenty of them indeed, thank God ! Yet, would you believe it ? Nanon, in putting a *solette* to the bottom of one, last week, sewed it so carelessly, she made a kind of cord across : and I verily believe it will lame me for life ; for I walked the whole morning upon it.

Rochefoucault. She ought to be whipt.

La Fontaine. I thought so too, and grew the warmer at being unable to find a wisp of osier or a roll of packthread in the house. Barely had I begun with my garter, when in came the bishop of Grasse, my old friend Godeau, and another lord, whose name he mentioned, and they both interceded for her so long and so touchingly, that at last I was fain to let her rise up and go. I never saw men look down on the erring and afflicted more compassionately. The bishop was quite concerned for me also. But the other, although he professed to feel even more, and said that it must surely be the pain of purgatory to me, took a pinch of snuff, opened his waistcoat, drew down his ruffles, and seemed rather more indifferent.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. Providentially, in such moving scenes, the worst is soon over. But Godeau's friend was not too sensitive.

LA FONTAINE. Sensitive ! no more than if he had been educated at the butcher's or the Sorbonne.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. I am afraid there are as many hard hearts under satin waistcoats, as there are ugly visages under the same material in miniature-cases.

LA FONTAINE. My lord, I could show you a miniature-case which contains your humble servant, in which the painter has done what no tailor in his senses would do ; he has given me credit for a coat of violet silk, with silver frogs as large as tortoises. But I am loth to get up for it while the generous heart of this dog (if I mentioned his name he would jump up) places such confidence on my knee.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. Pray do not move on any account ; above all, lest you should disturb that amiable grey cat, fast asleep in his innocence on your shoulder.

LA FONTAINE. Ah rogue ! art thou there ? Why ! thou hast not licked my face this half-hour.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. And more too, I should imagine. I do not judge from his somnolency, which, if he were President of the Parliament, could not be graver, but from his natural sagacity. Cats weigh practicabilities. What sort of tongue has he ?

LA FONTAINE. He has the roughest tongue and the tenderest heart of any cat in Paris. If you observe the colour of his coat, it is rather blue than grey ; a certain indication of goodness in these contemplative creatures.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. We were talking of his tongue alone ; by which cats, like men, are flatterers.

LA FONTAINE. Ah ! you gentlemen of the court are much mistaken in thinking that vices have so extensive a range. There are some of our vices, like some of our diseases, from which the quadrupeds are exempt ; and those, both diseases and vices, are the most discreditable.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. I do not bear patiently any evil spoken of the court : for it must be acknowledged, by the most malicious, that the court is the purifier of the whole nation.

LA FONTAINE. I know little of the court, and less of the whole nation ; but how can this be ?

ROCHEFOUCAULT. It collects all ramblers and gamblers ; all the

market-men and market-women who deal in articles which God has thrown into their baskets, without any trouble on their part; all the seducers and all who wish to be seduced; all the duellists who erase their crimes with their swords, and sweat out their cowardice with daily practice; all the nobles whose patents of nobility lie in gold snuff-boxes, or have worn Mechlin ruffles, or are deposited within the archives of knee-deep waistcoats; all stock-jobbers and church-jobbers, the black-legged and the red-legged game, the flower of the *justaucorps*, the *robe*, and the *soutane*. If these were spread over the surface of France, instead of close compressure in the court or cabinet, they would corrupt the whole country in two years. As matters now stand, it will require a quarter of a century to effect it.

La Fontaine. Am I not right then in preferring my beasts to yours? But if yours were loose, mine (as you prove to me) would be the last to suffer by it, poor dear creatures! Speaking of cats, I would have avoided all personality that might be offensive to them: I would not exactly have said, in so many words, that, by their tongues, they are flatterers, like men. Language may take a turn advantageously in favour of our friends. True, we resemble all animals in something. I am quite ashamed and mortified that your lordship, or anybody, should have had the start of me in this reflection. When a cat flatters with his tongue he is not insincere: you may safely take it for a real kindness. He is loyal, M. de la Rochefoucault! my word for him, he is loyal. Observe too, if you please, no cat ever licks you when he wants anything from you; so that there is nothing of baseness in such an act of adulation, if we must call it so. For my part, I am slow to designate by so foul a name, that (be it what it may) which is subsequent to a kindness. Cats ask plainly for what they want.

Rochefoucault. And, if they can not get it by protocols, they get it by invasion and assault.

La Fontaine. No! no! usually they go elsewhere, and fondle those from whom they obtain it. In this I see no resemblance to invaders and conquerors. I draw no parallels: I would excite no heartburnings between us and them. Let all have their due.

I do not like to lift this creature off, for it would waken him, else I could find out, by some subsequent action, the reason why he has not been on the alert to lick my cheek for so long a time.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. Cats are wary and provident. He would not enter into any contests with you, however friendly. He only licks your face, I presume, while your beard is but a match for his tongue.

LA FONTAINE. Ha! you remind me. Indeed I did begin to think my beard was rather of the roughest; for yesterday Madame de Rambouillet sent me a plate of strawberries, the first of the season, and raised (would you believe it?) under glass. One of these strawberries was dropping from my lips, and I attempted to stop it. When I thought it had fallen to the ground, "Look for it, Nanon; pick it up and eat it," said I.

"Master!" cried the wench, "your beard has skewered and spitted it." "Honest girl," I answered, "come, cull it from the bed of its adoption."

I had resolved to shave myself this morning: but our wisest and best resolutions too often come to nothing, poor mortals!

ROCHEFOUCAULT. We often do very well everything but the only thing we hope to do best of all; and our projects often drop from us by their weight. A little while ago your friend Molière exhibited a remarkable proof of it.

LA FONTAINE. Ah, poor Molière! the best man in the world; but flighty, negligent, thoughtless. He throws himself into other men, and does not remember where. The sight of an eagle, M. de la Rochefoucault, but the memory of a fly!

ROCHEFOUCAULT. I will give you an example: but perhaps it is already known to you.

LA FONTAINE. Likely enough. We have each so many friends, neither of us can trip but the other is invited to the laugh. Well; I am sure he has no malice, and I hope I have none: but who can see his own faults?

ROCHEFOUCAULT. He had brought out a new edition of his comedies.

LA FONTAINE. There will be fifty; there will be a hundred: nothing in our language, or in any, is so delightful, so graceful; I will add, so clear at once and so profound.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. You are among the few who, seeing well his other qualities, see that Molière is also profound. In order to present the new edition to the Dauphin, he had put on a sky-blue velvet coat, powdered with fleurs-de-lis. He laid the volume on his library-table; and, resolving that none of the courtiers should have

an opportunity of ridiculing him for anything like absence of mind, he returned to his bedroom, which, as may often be the case in the economy of poets, is also his dressing-room. Here he surveyed himself in his mirror, as well as the creeks and the lagoons in it would permit.

La Fontaine. I do assure you, from my own observation, M. de la Rochefoucault, that his mirror is a splendid one. I should take it to be nearly three feet high, reckoning the frame with the Cupid above and the elephant under. I suspected it was the present of some great lady; and indeed I have since heard as much.

Rochefoucault. Perhaps then the whole story may be quite as fabulous as the part of it which I have been relating.

La Fontaine. In that case, I may be able to set you right again.

Rochefoucault. He found his peruke a model of perfection; tight, yet easy; not an inch more on one side than on the other. The black patch on the forehead——

La Fontaine. Black patch too! I would have given a fifteen-sous piece to have caught him with that black patch.

Rochefoucault. He found it lovely, marvellous, irresistible. Those on each cheek——

La Fontaine. Do you tell me he had one on each cheek?

Rochefoucault. Symmetrically. The cravat was of its proper descent, and with its appropriate charge of the best Strasburg snuff upon it. The waistcoat, for a moment, puzzled and perplexed him. He was not quite sure whether the right number of buttons were in their holes; nor how many above, nor how many below, it was the fashion of the week to leave without occupation. Such a piece of ignorance is enough to disgrace any courtier on earth. He was in the act of striking his forehead with desperation; but he thought of the patch, fell on his knees, and thanked heaven for the intervention.

La Fontaine. Just like him! just like him! good soul!

Rochefoucault. The breeches—ah! those require attention: all proper: everything in its place. Magnificent! The stockings rolled up, neither too loosely nor too negligently. A picture! The buckles in the shoes—all but one—soon set to rights—well thought of! And now the sword—ah that cursed sword! it will bring at least one man to the ground if it has its own way much longer—up with it! up with it higher—*Allons!* we are out of danger.

La Fontaine. Delightful! I have him before my eyes. What simplicity! ay, what simplicity!

Rochefoucault. Now for hat. Feather in? Five at least. Bravo.

He took up hat and plumage, extended his arm to the full length, raised it a foot above his head, lowered it thereon, opened his fingers, and let them fall again at his side.

La Fontaine. Something of the comedian in that; ay, M. de la Rochefoucault? But, on the stage or off, all is natural in Molière.

Rochefoucault. Away he went: he reached the palace, stood before the Dauphin—O consternation! O despair! "Morbleu! bête que je suis," exclaimed the hapless man, "le livre, où donc est-il?" You are forcibly struck, I perceive, by this adventure of your friend.

La Fontaine. Strange coincidence! quite unaccountable! There are agents at work in our dreams, M. de la Rochefoucault, which we shall never see out of them, on this side the grave. [*To himself.*] Sky-blue? no. Fleurs-de-lis? bah! bah! Patches? I never wore one in my life.

Rochefoucault. It well becomes your character for generosity, M. la Fontaine, to look grave and ponder, and ejaculate, on a friend's untoward accident, instead of laughing, as those who little know you, might expect. I beg your pardon for relating the occurrence.

La Fontaine. Right or wrong, I can not help laughing any longer. Comical, by my faith! above the tip-top of comedy. Excuse my flashes and dashes and rushes of merriment. Incontrollable! incontrollable! Indeed the laughter is immoderate. And you all the while are sitting as grave as a judge; I mean a criminal one; who has nothing to do but to keep up his popularity by sending his rogues to the gallows. The civil indeed have much weighty matter on their minds: they must displease one party: and sometimes a doubt arises whether the fairer hand or the fuller shall turn the balance.

Rochefoucault. I congratulate you on the return of your gravity and composure.

La Fontaine. Seriously now: all my lifetime I have been the plaything of dreams. Sometimes they have taken such possession of me, that nobody could persuade me afterward they were other than real events. Some are very oppressive, very painful, M. de la Rochefoucault! I have never been able, altogether, to dis-

embarrass my head of the most wonderful vision that ever took possession of any man's. There are some truly important differences, but in many respects this laughable adventure of my innocent honest friend, Molière, seemed to have befallen myself. I can only account for it by having heard the tale when I was half-asleep.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. Nothing more probable.

LA FONTAINE. You absolutely have relieved me from an incubus.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. I do not yet see how.

LA FONTAINE. No longer ago than when you entered this chamber, I would have sworn that I myself had gone to the Louvre, that I myself had been commanded to attend the Dauphin, that I myself had come into his presence,* had fallen on my knee, and cried, "Peste! où est donc le livre!" Ah, M. de la Rochefoucault, permit me to embrace you: this is really to find a friend at court.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. My visit is even more auspicious than I could have ventured to expect: it was chiefly for the purpose of asking your permission to make another at my return to Paris—I am forced to go into the country on some family affairs: but hearing that you have spoken favourably of my *Maxims*, I presume to express my satisfaction and delight at your good opinion.

LA FONTAINE. Pray, M. de la Rochefoucault, do me the favour to continue here a few minutes: I would gladly reason with you on some of your doctrines.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. For the pleasure of hearing your sentiments on the topics I have treated, I will, although it is late, steal a few minutes from the court, of which I must take my leave on parting for the province.

LA FONTAINE. Are you quite certain that all your Maxims are true, or, what is of greater consequence, that they are all original? I have lately read a treatise written by an Englishman, M. Hobbes; so loyal a man that, while others tell you kings are appointed by God, he tells you God is appointed by kings.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. Ah! such are precisely the men we want. If he establishes this verity, the rest will follow.

LA FONTAINE. He does not seem to care so much about the rest. In his treatise I find the ground-plan of your chief positions.

ROCHEFOUCAULT. I have indeed looked over his publication; and we agree on the natural depravity of man.

* This happened.—W. S. L.

La Fontaine. Reconsider your expression. It appears to me that what is natural is not depraved : that depravity is deflection from nature. Let it pass : I can not however concede to you that the generality of men are naturally bad. Badness is accidental, like disease. We find more tempers good than bad, where proper care is taken in proper time.

Rochefoucault. Care is not nature.

La Fontaine. Nature is soon inoperative without it ; so soon indeed as to allow no opportunity for experiment or hypothesis. Life itself requires care, and more continually than tempers and morals do. The strongest body ceases to be a body in a few days without a supply of food. When we speak of men being naturally bad or good, we mean susceptible and retentive and communicative of them. In this case (and there can be no other true or ostensible one) I believe that the more are good ; and nearly in the same proportion as there are animals and plants produced healthy and vigorous than wayward and weakly. Strange is the opinion of M. Hobbes, that, when God hath poured so abundantly his benefits on other creatures, the only one capable of great good should be uniformly disposed to greater evil.

Rochefoucault. Yet Holy Writ, to which Hobbes would reluctantly appeal, countenances the supposition.

La Fontaine. The Jews, above all nations, were morose and splenetic. Nothing is holy to me that lessens in my view the beneficence of my Creator. If you could show him ungentle and unkind in a single instance, you would render myriads of men so, throughout the whole course of their lives, and those too among the most religious. The less that people talk about God, the better. He has left us a design to fill up : he has placed the canvas, the colours, and the pencils, within reach ; his directing hand is over ours incessantly ; it is our business to follow it, and neither to turn round and argue with our master, nor to kiss and fondle him. We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time : for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no one works. If every man would do all the good he might within an hour's walk from his house, he would live the happier and the longer : for nothing is so conducive to longevity as the union of activity and content. But, like children, we deviate from the road, however well we know it, and run into mire and puddles in despite of frown and ferule.

Rochefoucault. Go on, M. la Fontaine! pray go on. We are walking in the same labyrinth, always within call, always within sight of each other. We set out at its two extremities, and shall meet at last.

La Fontaine. I doubt it. From deficiency of care proceed many vices, both in men and children, and more still from care taken improperly. M. Hobbes attributes not only the order and peace of society, but equity and moderation and every other virtue, to the coercion and restriction of the laws. The laws, as now constituted, do a great deal of good; they also do a great deal of mischief. They transfer more property from the right owner in six months than all the thieves of the kingdom do in twelve. What the thieves take they soon disseminate abroad again; what the laws take they hoard. The thief takes a part of your property: he who prosecutes the thief for you takes another part: he who condemns the thief, goes to the tax-gatherer and takes the third. Power has been hitherto occupied in no employment but in keeping down Wisdom. Perhaps the time may come when Wisdom shall exert her energy in repressing the sallies of Power.

Rochefoucault. I think it more probable that they will agree; that they will call together their servants of all liveries, to collect what they can lay their hands upon; and that meanwhile they will sit together like good housewives, making nets from our purses to cover the coop for us. If you would be plump and in feather, pick up your millet and be quiet in your darkness. Speculate on nothing here below, and I promise you a nosegay in Paradise.

La Fontaine. Believe me, I shall be most happy to receive it there at your hands, my lord duke.

The greater number of men, I am inclined to think, with all the defects of education, all the frauds committed on their credulity, all the advantages taken of their ignorance and supineness, are disposed, on most occasions, rather to virtue than to vice, rather to the kindly affections than the unkindly, rather to the social than the selfish.

Rochefoucault. Here we differ: and were my opinion the same as yours, my book would be little read and less commended.

La Fontaine. Why think so?

Rochefoucault. For this reason. Every man likes to hear evil of all men: every man is delighted to take the air of the common,

though not a soul will consent to stand within his own allotment. No inclosure-act ! no finger-posts ! You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily : hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws the rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

La Fontaine. M. Hobbes has taken advantage of these weaknesses. In his dissertation he betrays the timidity and malice of his character. It must be granted, he reasons well, according to the view he has taken of things ; but he has given no proof whatever that his view is a correct one. I will believe that it is, when I am persuaded that sickness is the natural state of the body, and health the unnatural. If you call him a sound philosopher, you may call a mummy a sound man. Its darkness, its hardness, its forced uprightness, and the place in which you find it, may commend it to you : give me rather some weakness and peccability, with vital warmth and human sympathies. A shrewd reasoner is one thing, a sound philosopher is another. I admire your power and precision. Monks will admonish us how little the author of the *Maxims* knows of the world ; and heads of colleges will cry out " a libel on human nature ! " but when they hear your titles, and, above all, your credit at court, they will cast back cowl and peruke, and lick your boots. You start with great advantages. Throwing off from a dukedom, you are sure of enjoying, if not the tongue of these puzzlers, the full cry of the more animating, and will certainly be as long-lived as the imperfection of our language will allow. I consider your *Maxims* as a broken ridge of hills, on the shady side of which you are fondest of taking your exercise : but the same ridge hath also a sunny one. You attribute (let me say it again) all actions to self-interest. Now a sentiment of interest must be preceded by calculation, long or brief, right or erroneous. Tell me then in what region lies the origin of that pleasure which a family in the country feels on the arrival of an unexpected friend. I say a family in the country ; because the sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight. If I may judge from the few examples I have been in a position to see, no earthly one can be greater. There are pleasures which lie near the surface, and which are blocked up by artificial ones, or are diverted by some mechanical scheme, or are confined by some stiff evergreen

vista of low advantage. But these pleasures do occasionally burst forth in all their brightness; and, if ever you shall by chance find one of them, you will sit by it, I hope, complacently and cheerfully, and turn toward it the kindliest aspect of your meditations.

Rochefoucault. Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses in general an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy, without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily. Hence I do not expect nor wish that my opinions should in all cases be similar to those of others: but in many I shall be gratified if, by just degrees and after a long survey, those of others approximate to mine. Nor does this my sentiment spring from a love of power, as in many good men quite unconsciously, when they would make proselytes, since I shall see few and converse with fewer of them, and profit in no way by their adherence and favour; but it springs from a natural and a cultivated love of all truths whatever, and from a certainty that these delivered by me are conducive to the happiness and dignity of man. You shake your head.

La Fontaine. Make it out.

Rochefoucault. I have pointed out to him at what passes he hath deviated from his true interest, and where he hath mistaken selfishness for generosity, coldness for judgment, contraction of heart for policy, rank for merit, pomp for dignity; of all mistakes, the commonest and the greatest. I am accused of paradox and distortion. On paradox I shall only say, that every new moral truth has been called so. Inexperienced and negligent observers see no difference in the operations of raveling and unraveling: they never come close enough: they despise plain work.

La Fontaine. The more we simplify things, the better we descry their substances and qualities. A good writer will not coil them up and press them into the narrowest possible space, nor macerate them into such particles that nothing shall be remaining of their natural contexture. You are accused of this too, by such as have forgotten your title-page, and who look for treatises where maxims only have

been promised. Some of them perhaps are spinning out sermons and dissertations from the poorest paragraph in the volume.

Rochefoucault. Let them copy and write as they please ; against or for, modestly or impudently. I have hitherto had no assailant who is not of too slender a make to be detained an hour in the stocks he has unwarily put his foot into. If you hear of any, do not tell of them. On the subjects of my remarks, had others thought as I do, my labour would have been spared me. I am ready to point out the road where I know it, to whosoever wants it ; but I walk side by side with few or none.

La Fontaine. We usually like those roads which show us the fronts of our friends' houses and the pleasure-grounds about them, and the smooth garden-walks, and the trim espaliers, and look at them with more satisfaction than at the docks and nettles that are thrown in heaps behind. The *Offices* of Cicero are imperfect ; yet who would not rather guide his children by them than by the line and compass of harder-handed guides ; such as Hobbes for instance ?

Rochefoucault. Imperfect as some gentlemen in hoods may call the *Offices*, no founder of a philosophical or of a religious sect has been able to add to them anything important.

La Fontaine. Pity ! that Cicero carried with him no better authorities than reason and humanity. He neither could work miracles, nor damn you for disbelieving them. Had he lived four-score years later, who knows but he might have been another Simon Peter, and have talked Hebrew as fluently as Latin, all at once ! Who knows but we might have heard of his patrimony ! who knows but our venerable popes might have claimed dominion from him, as descendant from the kings of Rome !

Rochefoucault. The hint, some centuries ago, would have made your fortune, and that saintly cat there would have kittened in a mitre.

La Fontaine. Alas ! the hint could have done nothing : Cicero could not have lived later.

Rochefoucault. I warrant him. Nothing is easier to correct than chronology. There is not a lady in Paris, nor a jockey in Normandy, that is not eligible to a professor's chair in it. I have seen a man's ancestor, whom nobody ever saw before, spring back over twenty generations. Our Vatican Jupiters have as little respect

for old Chronos as the Cretan had: they mutilate him when and where they think necessary, limp as he may by the operation.

La Fontaine. When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form, the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely? the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and indeed of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher, nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovranty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.

Rochefoucault. Many things which appear to be incontrovertible are such for their age only, and must yield to others which, in their age, are equally so. There are only a few points that are always above the waves. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody, and everybody leaves them whole. If it were not even more impertinent and presumptuous to praise a great writer in his presence than to censure him in his absence, I would venture to say that your prose, from the few specimens you have given of it, is equal to your verse. Yet, even were I the possessor of such a style as yours, I would never employ it to support my Maxims. You would think a writer very impudent and self-sufficient who should quote his own works: to defend them is doing more. We are the worst auxiliaries in the world to the opinions we have brought into the field. Our business is, to measure the ground, and to calculate the forces; then let them try their strength. If the weak assails me, he thinks me weak; if the strong, he thinks me strong. He is more likely to compute ill his own vigour than mine. At all events, I love inquiry, even when I myself sit down. And I am not offended in my walks if my visitor asks me whither does that alley lead? It proves that he is ready to go on with me; that he sees some space

before him; and that he believes there may be something worth looking after.

La Fontaine. You have been standing a long time, my lord duke: I must entreat you to be seated.

Rochefoucault. Excuse me, my dear M. la Fontaine; I would much rather stand.

La Fontaine. Mercy on us! have you been upon your legs ever since you rose to leave me?

Rochefoucault. A change of position is agreeable: a friend always permits it.

La Fontaine. Sad doings! sad oversight! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best-tempered dog! an angel of a dog, I do assure you; he would have gone down in a moment, at a word. I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention. With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness?

Rochefoucault. My true and kind friend! we authors are too sedentary; we are heartily glad of standing to converse, whenever we can do it without any restraint on our acquaintance.

La Fontaine. I must reprove that animal when he uncurls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child! I wish at my heart there were as troublesome a fly about the other: God forgive me! The rogue covers all my clean linen! shirt and cravat! what cares he?

Rochefoucault. Dogs are not very modest.

La Fontaine. Never say that, M. de la Rochefoucault! The most modest people upon earth! Look at a dog's eyes; and he half-closes them, or gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips, which he licks languidly, and of the tail, which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good and generous creatures. They are subject to many such as men are subject to: among the rest, they disturb the neighbourhood in the discussion of their private causes; they quarrel and fight on small motives, such as a little bad food, or a little vainglory, or the sex. But it must be something present or near that excites them; and they calculate not the extent of evil they may do or suffer.

Rochefoucault. Certainly not: how should dogs calculate?

La Fontaine. I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks, with exertion just sufficient, and no more. In regard to honour and a sense of dignity, let me tell you, a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them: a dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but would leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts his visitor or inmate out a-hunting, and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber, which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner, he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly, in order to defend his master from theft or violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language, and makes war. I could say many other things to his advantage; but I never was malicious, and would rather let both parties plead for themselves: give me the dog, however.

Rochefoucault. Faith! I will give you both, and never boast of my largess in so doing.

La Fontaine. I trust I have removed from you the suspicion of selfishness in my client, and I feel it quite as easy to make a properer disposal of another ill attribute, namely cruelty, which we vainly try to shuffle off our own shoulders upon others, by employing the offensive and most unjust term, brutality. But to convince you of my impartiality, now I have defended the dog from the first obloquy, I will defend the man from the last, hoping to make you think better of each. What you attribute to cruelty, both while we are children and afterward, may be assigned for the greater part to curiosity. Cruelty tends to the extinction of life, the dissolution of matter, the imprisonment and sepulture of truth; and if it were our ruling and chief propensity, the human race would have been extinguished in a few centuries after its appearance. Curiosity, in its primary sense, implies care and consideration.

Rochefoucault. Words often deflect from their primary sense. We find the most curious men the most idle and silly, the least observant and conservative.

La Fontaine. So we think; because we see every hour the idly curious, and not the strenuously; we see only the persons of the one set, and only the works of the other.

More is heard of cruelty than of curiosity, because while curiosity is silent both in itself and about its object, cruelty on most occasions is like the wind, boisterous in itself, and exciting a murmur and bustle in all the things it moves among. Added to which, many of the higher topics whereto our curiosity would turn, are intercepted from it by the policy of our guides and rulers ; while the principal ones on which cruelty is most active, are pointed to by the sceptre and the truncheon, and wealth and dignity are the rewards of their attainment. What perversion ! He who brings a bullock into a city for its sustenance is called a butcher, and nobody has the civility to take off the hat to him, although knowing him as perfectly as I know Matthieu le Mince, who served me with those fine kidneys you must have remarked in passing through the kitchen : on the contrary, he who reduces the same city to famine is styled M. le Général or M. le Maréchal, and gentlemen like you, unprejudiced (as one would think) and upright, make room for him in the antechamber.

Rochefoucault. He obeys orders without the degrading influence of any passion.

La Fontaine. Then he commits a baseness the more, a cruelty the greater. He goes off at another man's setting, as ingloriously as a rat-trap : he produces the worst effects of fury, and feels none : a Cain unirritated by a brother's incense.

Rochefoucault. I would hide from you this little rapier, which, like the barber's pole, I have often thought too obtrusive in the streets.

La Fontaine. Never shall I think my countrymen half civilised while on the dress of a courtier is hung the instrument of a cut-throat. How deplorably feeble must be that honour which requires defending at every hour of the day !

Rochefoucault. Ingenious as you are, M. la Fontaine, I do not believe that, on this subject, you could add anything to what you have spoken already : but really, I do think, one of the most instructive things in the world would be a dissertation on dress by you.

La Fontaine. Nothing can be devised more commodious than the dress in fashion. Perukes have fallen among us by the peculiar dispensation of Providence. As in all the regions of the globe the indigenous have given way to stronger creatures, so have they (partly at least) on the human head. At present the wren and the

squirrel are dominant there. Whenever I have a mind for a filbert, I have only to shake my foretop. Improvement does not end in that quarter. I might forget to take my pinch of snuff when it would do me good, unless I saw a store of it on another's cravat. Furthermore, the slit in the coat behind tells in a moment what it was made for: a thing of which, in regard to ourselves, the best preachers have to remind us all our lives: then the central part of our habiliment has either its loop-hole or its portcullis in the opposite direction, still more demonstrative. All these are for very mundane purposes: but Religion and Humanity have whispered some later utilities. We pray the more commodiously, and of course the more frequently, for rolling up a royal ell of stocking round about our knees: and our high-heeled shoes must surely have been worn by some angel, to save those insects which the flat-footed would have crushed to death.

Rochefoucault. Ah! the good dog has awakened: he saw me and my rapier, and ran away. Of what breed is he? for I know nothing of dogs.

La Fontaine. And write so well!

Rochefoucault. Is he a trufler?

La Fontaine. No, not he; but quite as innocent.

Rochefoucault. Something of the shepherd-dog, I suspect.

La Fontaine. Nor that neither; although he fain would make you believe it. Indeed he is very like one: pointed nose, pointed ears, apparently stiff, but readily yielding; long hair, particularly about the neck; noble tail over his back, three curls deep, exceedingly pleasant to stroke down again; straw-colour all above, white all below. He might take it ill if you looked for it; but so it is, upon my word: an ermeline might envy it.

Rochefoucault. What are his pursuits?

La Fontaine. As to pursuit and occupation, he is good for nothing. In fact, I like those dogs best—and those men too.

Rochefoucault. Send Nanon then for a pair of silk stockings, and mount my carriage with me: it stops at the Louvre.

IV. BOSSUET AND THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES *

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, v., 1876.)

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, it is the king's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, " Angélique ! do not forget to compliment Monseigneur the bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him, only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you,[1] now you are duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl. He has fine manners."

Bossuet. I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

Fontanges. O yes you may. I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

Bossuet. The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

Fontanges. You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you, directly, if you like.

Bossuet. Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady ?

Fontanges. What is that ?

Bossuet. Do you hate sin ?

Fontanges. Very much.

Bossuet. Are you resolved to leave it off ?

Fontanges. I have left it off entirely since the king began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

* The Abbé de Choisy says that she was " *belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier.*"—W. S. L.

[1] 1st ed. has a note : " *To confess you.* I should be ashamed of using so ungrammatical an expression if it were not the one in use on such occasions. It would be well if Mother Church had taught her children no worse babble."

Bossuet. In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

Fontanges. I never stole anything: I never committed adultery: I never coveted my neighbour's wife: I never killed any person: though several have told me they should die for me.

Bossuet. Vain, idle talk! did you listen to it?

Fontanges. Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

Bossuet. You have something to answer for then.

Fontanges. No, indeed I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive: which mortified me.

Bossuet. So then! you would really have them die for you?

Fontanges. O no, no—but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest or told me fibs: for if they told me fibs I would never trust them again. I[1] do not care about them; for the king told me I was only to mind *him.*

Bossuet. Lowest and highest, we all owe to his Majesty our duty and submission.

Fontanges. I am sure he has mine: so you need not blame me or question me on that. At first, indeed, when he entered the folding-doors, I was in such a flurry I could hear my heart beat across the chamber: by degrees I cared little about the matter: and at last, when I grew used to it, I liked it rather than not. Now, if this is not confession, what is?

Bossuet. We must abstract the soul from every low mundane thought. Do you hate the world, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. A good deal of it: all Picardy for example, and all Sologne: nothing is uglier—and, oh my life! what frightful men and women!

Bossuet. I would say, in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the devil?

Fontanges. Who does not hate the devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so—I hate you, beast! There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do anything that I know of.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle Marie-Angélique de Scoraille de Rousille, Duchess de Fontanges! do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

[1] From "I" to "mundane thought" added in 2nd ed.

FONTANGES. Myself! does anyone hate me? why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world: it makes one so very ugly.

BOSSUET. To love God, we must hate ourselves. We must detest our bodies if we would save our souls.

FONTANGES. That is hard: how can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine: do you? To love is easier. I love God whenever I think of him, he has been so very good to me: but I can not hate myself, if I would. As God hath not hated me, why should I? Beside, it was he who made the king to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance.[1] As for titles and dignities, I do not care much about them while his Majesty loves me, and calls me his Angélique. They make people more civil about us; and therefore it must be a simpleton who hates or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am glad to be a duchess. Manon and Lisette have never tied my garter so as to hurt me since, nor has the mischievous old La Grange said anything cross or bold: on the contrary, she told me what a fine colour and what a plumpness it gave me. Would not you be rather a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the king gave you your choice?

BOSSUET. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

FONTANGES. I am in earnest, as you see.

BOSSUET. Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellencies which do not belong to you: and this you will find as injurious to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it you are unhappy, if you accept it you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

FONTANGES. There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly; it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned—what was it? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I am the most beautiful

[1] 1st ed. has a note: "Such is the jargon of one among the most eloquent and acute of men! to so low a degree, to such an helpless, useless, unseemly, sordid state doth superstition cast down the pinnacles of human intellect!"

young creature under heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel; worth (let me whisper it in your ear—do I lean too hard?) a thousand Montespans. But his Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *imparagonable!*[1] (what is that?) and that he adored me; holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

Bossuet. I would aspire to the glory of converting you.

Fontanges. You may do anything with me but convert me: you must not do that: I am a Catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics: you did right there. The king told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly, did not you? And yet Mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterward in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when everyone is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

Bossuet. It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Maréchal.

Fontanges. I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself, he was so great a man. I understand that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

Bossuet. To what do you refer, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. That you have overcome quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

Bossuet. By the grace of God.

Fontanges. Yes, indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

Bossuet. It has appeared among us but lately.

Fontanges. O dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

Bossuet. Really! I never heard so.

Fontanges. I checked myself as well as I could, although they constantly told me I looked well in it.

[1] 1st ed reads: "*unparagonable.*"

Bossuet. In what, mademoiselle ?

Fontanges. In quietism ; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fénelon should incline to it,* as they say he does.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

Fontanges. Is not then M. de Fénelon thought a very pious and learned [1] person ?

Bossuet. And justly.

Fontanges. I have read a great way in a romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The king says there are many such about his court ; but I never saw them, nor heard of them before. The marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a charming hand, as much as the copy-book would hold, and I got through I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto I never should have been tired of him ; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them at once ; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays d'Aunis*, where the king has promised him a famous *heretic-hunt*. He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature ; he understands so much Latin and Greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses. Yet [2] you keep him under.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, if you really have anything to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honour of absolving you, it would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labours.

Fontanges. You must first direct me, monseigneur : I have nothing particular. The king assures me there is no harm whatever in his love toward me.[3]

Bossuet. That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven——

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I always did so—every time but

* The opinions of Molinos on mysticism and quietism had begun to spread abroad : but Fénelon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system which he afterward attacked so vehemently. The stormier superstition swept away the more vapoury.—W. S. L.

[1] 1st ed. reads : " learned young person."

[2] From " Yet " to " under " added in 2nd ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads : " me every time."

once—you quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral sermon. And now let me tell you, my lord, you compose such pretty funeral-sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

Bossuet. Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence! * May he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly to many faults and foibles checked by you in their early growth, and lying dead on the open road you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age: you are a child.

Fontanges. O no, I am seventeen.

Bossuet. I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflection, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been! There [1] is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Fontanges. I never minded them; I like peaches better; and one a day is quite enough for me.

Bossuet. We say that our days are few; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one: the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future? This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us.† The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to

* Bossuet was in his fifty-fourth year: Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in childbed the year following: he survived her twenty-three.—W. S. L.

[1] From "There" to "enough for me. Bossuet" added in 2nd ed.

† Though Bossuet [1] was capable of uttering and even of feeling such a senti-

[1] In 1st ed. this note reads: "Bossuet was not incapable of uttering, and even of feeling, such a sentiment; tho preachers contract from habit fictitious characters. His conduct towards Fénelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was truly French. The reader may consult Spence's anecdotes. He will there also find with satisfaction that, while the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who said to the archbishop that, if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly

beat at one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and colour, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges! think on this! Lady! so live as to think on it undisturbed!

FONTANGES. O God! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck: take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking? It seemed to shake the room, though it sounded like a pin or button.

BOSSUET.[1] Never mind it: leave it there: I pray you, I implore you, madame!

FONTANGES. Why do you rise? why do you run? why not let me? I am nimbler. So, your ring fell from your hand, my lord bishop! How quick you are! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up?

BOSSUET. Madame is too condescending: had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shrivelled; the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition: a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

FONTANGES. It pleases me vastly: I admire rubies: I will ask the king for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you can not be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him: but that is impossible, you know: for I

ment, his conduct toward Fénelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was ungenerous and unjust.

While the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who said to the archbishop that if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals in glory, paid his respects to him some years afterward.—W. S. L.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "BOSSUET. Leave it there. FONTANGES. Your ring fell," etc.

because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals to Marlborough in glory, and equal in science, in energy, and in genius, paid his respects to Fénelon some years afterwards. If humanity never came so near to perfection as in him, will language ever again reach the excellence of Bossuet? Yes, I will answer boldly, if the Greeks are free."

shall do it just when I am certain he would give me anything. He said so himself: he said but yesterday

Such a sweet creature is worth a world;

and no actor on the stage was ever more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a monarch; and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him; he looks so close at things.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, such is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

Fontanges. Well, I think so too; though I did not like it in him at first. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

V. LOUIS XIV. AND FATHER LA CHAISE

(*Imag. Convers.*, ii., 1824 ; ii., 1826 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, iii., 1876.)

Louis. Father, there is one thing which I never have confessed ; sometimes considering it almost as a light matter, and sometimes seeing it in its true colours. In my wars against the Dutch I committed an action——

La Chaise. Sire, the ears of the Lord are always open to those who confess their sins to their confessor. Cruelties and many other bad deeds are perpetrated in war, at which we should shudder in our houses at Paris.

Louis. The people who were then in their houses did shudder, poor devils ! It was ludicrous to see how such clumsy figures skipped, when the bombs fell among their villages, in which the lower part of the habitations was under water ; and children looked from the upper windows, between the legs of calves and lambs, and of the old household dog, struggling to free himself, as less ignorant of his danger. Loud shrieks were sometimes heard, when the artillery and other implements of war were silent : for fevers raged within their insulated walls, and wives execrated their husbands, with whom they had lived in concord and tenderness many years, when the father enforced the necessity of throwing their dead infant into the lake below. Our young soldiers on such occasions exercised their dexterity, and took their choice ; for the whole family was assembled at the casement, and prayers were read over the defunct, accompanied with some firm and with some faltering responses.

By these terrible examples God punished their heresy.

La Chaise. The Lord of Hosts is merciful : he protected your Majesty in the midst of these horrors.[1]

Louis. He sustained my strength, kept up my spirits, and afforded me every day some fresh amusement, in the country of this rebellious and blasphemous people, who regularly, a quarter before

[1] 1st ed. reads : " terrors."

twelve o'clock, knowing that mass was then performed among [1] us, sang their psalms.

La Chaise. I cannot blame a certain degree of severity on such occasions: on much slighter, we read in the Old Testament, nations were smitten with the edge of the sword.

Louis. I have wanted to find that place, but my Testament was not an old one: it was printed at the Louvre in my own time. As for the edge of the sword, it was not always convenient to use that; they are stout fellows; but our numbers enabled us to starve them out, and we had more engineers and better. Beside which, I took peculiar vengeance on some of the principal families, and on some among the most learned of their professors: for if any had a dissolute son, who, as dissolute sons usually are, was the darling of the house, I bribed him, made him drunk, and converted him. This occasionally broke the father's heart: God's punishment of stubbornness!

La Chaise. Without the especial grace of the Holy Spirit, such conversions are transitory. It is requisite to secure the soul while we have it, by the exertion of a little loving-kindness. I would deliver the poor stray creatures up to their Maker straightway, lest he should call me to account for their back-sliding. Heresy is a leprosy, which the whiter it is the worse it is. Those who appear the most innocent and godly, are the very men who do the most mischief and hold the fewest observances. They hardly treat God Almighty like a gentleman, grudge him a clean napkin at his own table, and spend less upon him than upon a Christmas dinner.

Louis. O father La Chaise! you have searched my heart: you have brought to light my hidden offences. Nothing is concealed from your penetration. I come forth like a criminal in his chains.

La Chaise. Confess, Sire, confess! I will pour the oil into your wounded spirit, taking due care that the vengeance of heaven be satisfied by your atonement.

Louis. Intelligence was brought to me that the cook of the English general had prepared a superb dinner, in consequence of what that insolent and vain-glorious people are in the habit of calling a success. "We shall soon see," exclaimed I, "who is successful: God protects France." The whole army shouted, and, I verily believe, at that moment would have conquered the world. I deferred it: my designs lie in my own breast. Father, I never heard such

[1] 1st ed. reads: "amongst," and thus below.

a shout in my life : it reminded me of Cherubim and Seraphim and Archangels. The infantry cried with joy ; the horses capered and neighed and ventriloquised [1] right and left, from an excess of animation. Leopard-skins, bear-skins, Genoa velvet, Mechlin ruffles, Brussels cravats, feathers and fringes and golden bands, up in the air at once ; pawings and snortings, threats and adjurations, beginnings and ends of songs. I was Henry and Cæsar, Alexander and David,[2] Charlemagne and Agamemnon : I had only to give the word ; they would swim across the Channel, and bring the tyrant of proud Albion back in chains. All my prudence was requisite to repress their ardour.

A letter had been intercepted by my scouts, addressed by the wife of the English general to her husband. She was at Gorcum : she informed him that she would send him a glorious *mince-pie*, for his dinner the following day, in celebration of his victory. " Devil incarnate ! " said I, on reading the dispatch, " I will disappoint thy malice." I was so enraged, that I went within a mile or two of cannon-shot ; and I should have gone within half a mile if my dignity had permitted me, or if my resentment had lasted. I liberated the messenger, detaining as hostage his son who accompanied him, and promising that if the *mince-pie* was secured, I would make him a chevalier on the spot. Providence favoured our arms : but unfortunately there were among my staff-officers some who had fought under Turenne, and who, I suspect, retained the infection of heresy. They presented the *mince-pie* to me on their knees, and I ate. It was Friday. I did not remember the day when I began to eat ; but the sharpness of the weather, the odour of the pie, and something of vengeance springing up again at the sight of it, made me continue after I had recollected ; and for my greater condemnation, I had inquired that very morning of what materials it was composed. God set his face against me, and hid from me the light of his countenance. I lost victory after victory ; nobody knows how ; for my generals were better than the enemy's, my soldiers more numerous, more brave, more disciplined. And, extraordinary and awful ! even those who swore to conquer or die, ran back again like whelps just gelt, crying, " It is the first duty of a soldier to see his king in safety." I never heard so many fine sentiments, or fewer songs. My stomach

[1] 1st ed. reads : " broke wind."
[2] 1st ed. reads : " David and Charlemagne."

was out of order by the visitation of the Lord. I took the sacrament on the Sunday.

La Chaise. The sacrament on a Friday's *gras!* I should have recommended [1] first a *de profundis*, a *miserere*, and an *eructavit cor meum*, and lastly a little oil of ricina, which, administered by the holy and taken by the faithful, is almost as efficacious in its way as that of Rheims. Penance is to be done: your Majesty must fast: your Majesty must wear sackcloth next your skin, and carry ashes upon your head before the people.

Louis. Father, I can not consent to this humiliation: the people must fear me. What are you doing with those scissors and that pill? I am sound; give it Villeroy or Richelieu.

La Chaise. Sire, no impiety, no levity, I pray. In this pill, as your Majesty calls it, are some flakes of ashes from the incense, which seldom is pure gum; break it between your fingers, and scatter it upon your peruke: well done. Now take this.

Louis. Faith! I have no sore on groin or limb. A black plaister! what is that for?

La Chaise. This is sackcloth. It was the sack in which Madame de Maintenon put her knitting, until the pins frayed it.

Louis. I should have believed that sackcloth means——

La Chaise. No interpretations of Scripture, I charge you from authority, Sire. Put it on your back or bosom.

Louis. God forgive me, sinner! It has dropped down into my pantaloon [2]: will that do?

La Chaise. Did it, in descending, touch your back, belly, ribs, breast, or shoulder, or any part that needs mortification, and can be mortified without scandal?

Louis. I placed it between my frills.

La Chaise. In such manner as to touch the skin sensibly?

Louis. It tickled me, by stirring a hair or two.

La Chaise. Be comforted then: for people have been tickled to death.

Louis. But, Father, you remit the standing in presence of the people?

La Chaise. Indeed I do not. Stand at the window, son of St. Louis.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "recommended an enema first with a," etc.
[2] 1st ed. reads: "breeches," and thus below.

Louis. And perform the same ceremonies? no, upon my conscience! My almoner——

La Chaise. They are performed.

Louis. But the people will never know what is on my head or in my pantaloon.

La Chaise. Penance is performed so far: to-morrow is Friday: one more rigid must be enforced. Six dishes alone shall come upon the table; and, although fasting does not extend to wines or *liqueurs*, I order that three kinds only of wine be presented, and three of *liqueur*.

Louis. In the six dishes is soup included?

La Chaise. Soup is not served in a dish; but I forbid more than three kinds of soup.

Louis. Oysters of Cancale?

La Chaise. Those come in barrels: take care they be not dished. Your Majesty must either eat them raw from the barrel, or dressed in scallop, or both; but beware, I say again, of dishing this article, as your soul shall answer for it at the last day. There are those who would prohibit them wholly. I have experienced—I mean in others—strange uncouth effects therefrom, which, unless they shadow forth something mystical, it were better not to provoke.

Louis. Pray, Father, why is that frightful day which you mentioned just now, and which I think I have heard mentioned on other occasions, called the last? when the last in this life is over before it comes, and when the first in the next is not begun.

La Chaise. It is called the last day by the Church, because after that day the Church can do nothing for the sinner. Her saints, martyrs, and confessors, can plead at the bar for him the whole of that day until sunset, some say until after *angelus;* then the books are closed, the candles put out, the doors shut, and the key turned. The flames of purgatory then sink into the floor, and would not wither a cistus-leaf full-blown and shed: there is nothing left but heaven and hell, songs and lamentations.

Louis. Permit me to ask another question of no less importance, and connected with my penance. The Bishop of Aix in Provence has sent me thirty fine quails.

La Chaise. There are naturalists who assert that quails have fallen from heaven, like manna. Externally they bear the appearance of birds, and I have eaten them in that persuasion. If however

anyone from grave authority is convinced of the contrary, or propends to believe so, and eats thereof, the fault is venial. I conferred with Tamburini on this momentous point. He distinguishes between quails taken in the field or [1] in the air as they descend, and tame quails bred within coops and enclosures, which are begotten in the ordinary way of generation, and [2] of which the substance in that case must be different. I cannot believe that the Bishop of Aix would be the conservator of creatures so given to fighting and wantonness; but rather [3] opine that his quails alighted somewhere in his diocese, and perhaps as a mark of divine favour to so worthy a member of the Church. It is safer to eat them after twelve o'clock at night; but where there is purity and humility of spirit, I see not that they are greatly to be dreaded.

The fiction of the quails [4] will appear extravagant to those only who are in ignorance that such opinions have prevailed [5] among casuists. The Carthusians, to whom animal food is forbidden, whereby they mean solely the flesh of quadrupeds and of birds, may nevertheless eat [6] the otter and the gull; it may be eaten by Catholics even in Lent. From [7] this permission in regard to the *gull*, do we derive the English verb and noun?

We often lay most stress on our slightest faults, and have more apprehension from things unessential than from things essential. When Lord Tylney was on his death-bed, and had not been shaved for two days, he burst suddenly into tears, and cried to his valet, "Are not you ashamed to abandon me? would you let me go this figure into the presence of my Maker?"

He was shaved, and [8] (let us hope) presented.

. . . . . .

Louis XIV. is the great exemplar of kingship, the object of worship to declaimers against the ferocity of *the people*. The invasion of Holland, the conflagration of the Palatinate, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have severally been celebrated, by French poets, French historians, French jurists, and French bishops,[9] Massillon and Bossuet among them. The most unprovoked act of cruelty on record was perpetrated by another King of France. These are the

[1] 1st ed. reads: "or quails taken in."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "and whose substance."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "rather would opine."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "quails at the conclusion of this dialogue will," etc.

[5] 1st ed. reads: "prevailed, not among casuists alone, but among philosophers. A case more immediately in point is this. The Carthusians," etc.

[6] 1st ed. reads: "eat the gull."

[7] 1st ed. reads: "I know not whether from this permission, and the acceptance of it, we derive . . . noun. I think it probable."

[8] 1st ed. reads: "and (I hope)," etc.

[9] In 1st ed. the sentence ends at "bishops."

words of an historian, their [1] defender and panegyrist, Bussières. "Victi Bulgari, et ex sociis in servitutem rapti, mox eorum plures relictâ patriâ exulatum ultro abierunt. Ex iis ad *novem millia, uxoribus liberisque impliciti*, a Dagoberto sedes petunt . . Jussi per hyemem hærere in Bavariâ dum amplius rex deliberaret, in plures urbes domosque sparsi sunt; tum novo barbaroque facinore unâ nocte cæsi omnes simul. *Quippe Dagobertus immani consilio Boiarios jubet, singulos suis hospitibus necem inferre, ratione nullâ ætatis aut sexûs*; et quâ truculentiâ imperatum, obtemperatum eâdem. Condictâ nocte miseri homines in asylo somni obtruncantur, imbelles feminæ, insontes pueri; totque funera hilaritati fuerunt, non luctui." A [2] peculiar feature in the national character, indestructible amid all forms of government. It is amusing to read our jesuit's words in the sequel. "Ad beneficiorum fontem se convertit, multaque dona elargitus templis, *emendabat scelera liberalitate* [3] . . Nec Dagoberto *liberalitas* pia frustra fuit: siquidem sancti quos in vivis multum coluerat, Dionysius, Mauritius, et Martinus, oblati sunt Joanni monacho *vigilanti*, regis animam eripientes e potestate dæmonum sævisque tormentis, eamque secum in cœli regiam deducentes."—W. S. L.

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[1] 1st ed. reads: "the defender and panegyrist of them all."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "This forms a peculiar," etc.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "*liberalitate*—to priests and monks.—*Nec*," etc.

VI. ROUSSEAU AND MALESHERBES[1]

(*Imag. Convers.*, iii., 1828; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

Rousseau. I am ashamed, sir, of my countrymen: let my humiliation expiate their offence. I wish it had not been a minister of the gospel who received you with such inhospitality.

Malesherbes. Nothing can be more ardent and more cordial than the expressions with which you greet me, M. Rousseau, on my return from your lakes and mountains.

Rousseau. If the pastor took you for a courtier, I reverence him for his contemptuousness.

Malesherbes. Why so? Indeed you are in the wrong, my friend. No person has a right to treat another with contemptuousness unless he knows him to deserve it. When a courtier enters the house of a pastor in preference to the next, the pastor should partake in the sentiment that induced him, or at least not be offended to be preferred. A courtier is such at court: in the house of a clergyman he is not a courtier, but a guest. If to be a courtier is offensive, remember that we punish offences where they are committed, where they can be examined, where pleadings can be heard for and against the accused, and where nothing is admitted extraneous from the indictment, excepting what may be adduced in his behalf, by witnesses to the general tenor of his character.

Rousseau. Is it really true that the man told you to mount the hay-loft, if you wished a night's lodging?

[1] 1st ed. has a note: "Among the four illustrious victims of the French Revolution, Malesherbes was, I think, the most so. Roland, Lavoisier, Bailly, and he, were four such characters as the princes of Europe could not consign to the scaffold or the flames, to banishment or neglect. France seems to have thought herself unable to show her great men, unless the executioner held up their heads. The condemnation of Malesherbes and the coronation of Buonaparte are the two most detestable crimes committed by the French in the whole course of their Revolution. How different the destiny of the best and the worst man among them! Never has there been so deplorable a judgment as that by which Malesherbes was sent in his old age, and with his daughter and his grand-daughter, to the scaffold, since the time of Phocion."

MALESHERBES. He did: a certain proof that he no more took me to be a courtier than I took him to be. I accepted his offer, and never slept so soundly. Moderate fatigue, the Alpine air, the blaze of a good fire (for I was admitted to it some moments), and a profusion of odoriferous hay, below which a cow was sleeping, subdued my senses, and protracted my slumbers beyond the usual hour.

ROUSSEAU. You have no right, sir, to be the patron and remunerator of inhospitality. Three or four such men as you would corrupt all Switzerland, and prepare it for the fangs of France and Austria. Kings, like hyænas, will always fall upon dead carcases, although their bellies are full, and although they are conscious that in the end they will tear one another to pieces over them. Why should you prepare their prey? Were your fire and effulgence given you for this? Why, in short, did you thank this churl? Why did you recommend him to his superiors for preferment on the next vacancy?

MALESHERBES. I must adopt your opinion of his behaviour in order to answer you satisfactorily. You suppose him inhospitable: what milder or more effectual mode of reproving him, than to make every dish at his table admonish him? If he did evil, have I no authority before me which commands me to render him good for it? Believe me, M. Rousseau, the execution of this command is always accompanied by the heart's applause, and opportunities of obedience are more frequent here than anywhere. Would not you exchange resentment for the contrary feeling, even if religion or duty said nothing about the matter? I am afraid the most philosophical of us are sometimes a little perverse, and will not be so happy as they might be, because the path is pointed out to them, and because he who points it out is wise and powerful. Obstinacy and jealousy, the worst parts of childhood and of manhood, have range enough for their ill humours, without the heavens.

ROUSSEAU. Sir, I perceive you are among my enemies. I did not think it; for, whatever may be my faults, I am totally free from suspicion.

MALESHERBES. And do not think it now, I entreat you, my good friend.

ROUSSEAU. Courts and society have corrupted the best heart in France, and have perverted the best intellect.

MALESHERBES. They have done much evil then.

ROUSSEAU. Answer me, and your own conscience; how could you choose to live among the perfidies of Paris and Versailles?

MALESHERBES. Lawyers, and advocates in particular, must live there; philosophers need not. If every honest man thought it requisite to leave those cities, would the inhabitants be the better? [1]

ROUSSEAU. You have entered into intimacies with the members of various administrations, opposite in plans and sentiments, but alike hostile to you, and all of whom, if they could have kept your talents down, would have done it. Finding the thing impossible, they ceased to persecute, and would gladly tempt you under the semblance of friendship and esteem to supplicate for some office, that they might indicate to the world your unworthiness by refusing you: a proof, as you know, quite sufficient and self-evident.[2]

MALESHERBES. They will never tempt me to supplicate for anything but justice, and that in behalf of others. I know nothing of parties: if I am acquainted with two persons of opposite sides in politics, I consider them as you consider a watchmaker and a cabinet-maker: one desires to rise by one way, the other by another. Administrations and systems of government would be quite indifferent to those very functionaries and their opponents, who appear the most zealous partisans, if their fortunes and consequence were not affixed to them. Several of these men seem consistent, and indeed are; the reason is, versatility would loosen and detach from them the public esteem and confidence——

ROUSSEAU. By which their girandoles are lighted, their dinners served, their lacqueys liveried, and their opera-girls vie in benefit-nights. There is no state in Europe where the least wise have not governed the most wise. We find the light and foolish keeping up with the machinery of government easily and leisurely, just as we see butterflies keep up with carriages at full speed. This is owing in both cases to their levity and their position: the stronger and the more active are left behind. I am resolved to prove that farmers-general are the main causes of the defects in our music.

MALESHERBES. Prove it, or anything else, provided that the discussion does not irritate and torment you.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "better for it?"
[2] 1st ed. reads: "self-evident to all."

ROUSSEAU. Truth is the object of philosophy.

MALESHERBES. Not of philosophers: the display of ingenuity, for the most part, is and always has been it. I must here offer you an opinion of my own, which, if you think well of me, you will pardon, though you should disbelieve its solidity. My opinion then is, that truth is not reasonably the main and ultimate object of philosophy; but that philosophy should seek truth merely as the means of acquiring and of propagating happiness. Truths are simple: wisdom, which is formed by their apposition and application, is concrete: out of this, in its vast varieties, open to our wants and wishes, comes happiness: but the knowledge of all the truths ever yet discovered does not lead immediately to it, nor indeed will ever reach it, unless you make the more important of them bear upon your heart and intellect, and form, as it were, the blood that moves and nurtures them.

ROUSSEAU. I never until now entertained a doubt that truth is the ultimate aim and object of philosophy: no writer has denied it, I think.

MALESHERBES. Designedly none may; but when it is agreed that happiness is the chief good, it must also be agreed that the chief wisdom will pursue it; and I have already said, what your own experience can not but have pointed out to you, that no truth, or series of truths, hypothetically, can communicate or attain it. Come, M. Rousseau, tell me candidly, do you derive no pleasure from a sense of superiority in genius and independence?

ROUSSEAU. The highest, sir, from a consciousness of independence.

MALESHERBES. *Ingenuous* is the epithet we affix to modesty: but modesty often makes men act otherwise than ingenuously: you, for example, now. You are angry at the servility of people, and disgusted at their obtuseness and indifference, on matters of most import to their welfare. If they were equal to you, this anger would cease, but the fire would break out somewhere else, on ground which appears at present sound and level.[1] Voltaire, for instance, is less eloquent than you: but Voltaire is wittier than any man living. This quality——

[1] 1st ed. reads: "level. You would only be the most eloquent man that ever lived; and even here you would tread upon thorns. Cicero and your neighbour Voltaire are wittier. The latter is more Attic than any Athenian ever was. ROUSSEAU. If malignity is Attic. MALESHERBES. I will not discuss," etc.

Rousseau. Is the quality of a buffoon and a courtier. But the buffoon should have most of it, to support his higher dignity.

Malesherbes. Voltaire's is Attic.

Rousseau. If malignity is Attic. Petulance [1] is not wit, although a few grains of wit may be found in petulance; quartz is not gold, although a few grains of gold may be found in quartz. Voltaire is a monkey in mischief and a spaniel in obsequiousness. He declaims against the cruel and tyrannical; and he kisses the hands of adultresses who murder their husbands, and of robbers who decimate their gang.

Malesherbes. I will not discuss with you the character of the man, and only that part of the author's on which I spoke. There may be malignity in wit, there can not be violence. You may irritate and disquiet with it; but it must be by means of a flower or a feather. Wit and humour stand on one side, irony and sarcasm on the other.

Rousseau. They [2] stand very near.

Malesherbes. So [3] do the Elysian fields and Tartarus.

Rousseau. Pray go on: teach me to stand quiet in my stall, while my masters and managers pass by.

Malesherbes. Well then.—Pascal argues as closely and methodically: Bossuet is as scientific in the structure of his sentences: Demosthenes, many think, has equal fire, vigour, dexterity: equal selection of topics and equal temperance in treating them, immeasurably as he falls short of you in appeals to the sensibility, and in everything which by way of excellence we usually call genius.

Rousseau. Sir, I see no resemblance between a pleader at the bar, or a haranguer of the populace, and me.

Malesherbes. Certainly his questions are occasional: but one great question hangs in the centre, and high above the rest; and this is, whether the mother of liberty and civilisation shall exist, or whether she shall be extinguished in the bosom of her family. As we often apply to eloquence and her parts the terms we apply to architecture and hers, let me do it also, and remark that nothing can be more simple, solid, and symmetrical, nothing more frugal in

[1] Compare with "petulance is not wit nor quartz gold," in the Conversation of Hare and Landor.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "They however are in near neighbourhood."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "So are the," etc.

decoration or more appropriate in distribution, than the apartments of Demosthenes. Yours excel them in space and altitude: your ornaments are equally chaste and beautiful, with more variety and invention, more airiness and light. But why among the Loves and Graces does Apollo flay Marsyas? And why may not the tiara still cover the ears of Midas? Can not you, who detest kings and courtiers, keep away from them? If I must be with them, let me be in good humour and good spirits. If I will tread upon a Persian carpet, let it at least be in clean shoes.

As the raciest wine makes the sharpest vinegar, so the richest fancies turn the most readily to acrimony. Keep yours, my dear M. Rousseau, from the exposure and heats that generate it. Be contented: enjoy your fine imagination: and do not throw your salad out of window, nor shove your cat off your knee, on hearing it said that Shakespeare has a finer, or that a minister is of opinion that you know more of music than of state. My friend! the quarrels of ingenious men are generally far less reasonable and just, less placable and moderate, than those of the stupid and ignorant. We ought to blush at this: and we should blush yet more deeply if we bring them in as parties to our differences. Let us conquer by kindness; which we can not do easily or well without communication. Our [1] antipathies ought to be against the vices of men, and not against their opinions. If their opinions are widely different from ours, their vices ought to render them more dissimilar to us. Yet the opinions instigate us to hostility; the vices are snatched at with avidity, as rich materials to adorn our triumph.

Rousseau. This is sophistry; and at best is applicable only to the malicious. At a moment when Truth is penetrating the castle of the powerful, and when Freedom looks into the window of the poor, there are writers who would draw them back and confine them to their own libraries and theatres.

Malesherbes. Whether they proceed from the shelf or from the stage, generous sentiments are prevalent among us; and the steps both of Truth and Freedom are not the less rapid or the less firm because they advance in silence. Montesquieu has rendered them greater and more lasting service than the fiercest anabaptist in Munster.

Rousseau. Many read him, some are pleased with him, few are

[1] From "Our" to "method of repairing them," p. 190, added in 2nd ed.

instructed by him, none are guided. His *Lettres Persanes* are light and lively. His *Temple de Guide* is Parisian from the steps to the roof; there is but little imagination in it, and no warmth. There is more of fancy in his *Esprit des Lois*, of which the title-page would be much correcter with only the first word than with all three. He twitches me by the coat, turns me round, and is gone.

Malesherbes. Concise he certainly is, but he also is acute.

Rousseau. How far does his acuteness penetrate? A pin can pierce no deeper than to its head. He would persuade men that, if patriotism is the growth of republics, honour is the growth of monarchies. I would say it without offence, but say it I will, that honour is feeble and almost extinct in every ancient kingdom. In Spain it flourished more vigorously than in any other: pray, how much is left there? And what addition was made to it when the Bourbon crossed the Bidassoa? One vile family is sufficient to debase a whole nation. Voltaire, perhaps as honest and certainly as clear-sighted a man as any about the Tuileries, called Louis XV. *Titus*. Is this honour? If it be, pray show me the distinction between that quality and truth. As I can not think a liar honourable, I can not think a lie honour. Gentlemen at court would rather give their lives than be *called* what they would scarcely give a denier not to *be*. Readiness to display courage is not honour, though it is what Montesquieu mistakes for it. Surely he might have praised his country for something better than this fantastic foolery, which, like hair-powder, requires a mask to be worn by those who put it on. He might have said, justly and proudly, that while others cling to a city, to a faction, to a family, the French in all their fortunes cling to France.

Malesherbes. Gratify me, I entreat you, by giving me your idea of honour.

Rousseau. The image stands before me, substantially and vigorously alive. Justice, Generosity, Delicacy, are the three Graces that formed his mind. Propriety of speech, clearness, firmness——

Malesherbes. Repress this enthusiasm. If you are known to have made me blush, you ruin me for ever in my profession.

Rousseau. Look, then, across the narrow sea. When Edward the Black Prince made your king his prisoner, he reverenced his age, his station, his misfortunes; attending him, serving him, consoling him, like a son. Many of your countrymen who were then living,

lived to see the tide of victory turn, and the conquerors led into captivity. Talbot, whose name alone held provinces back from rebellion, was betrayed and taken, and loaded with indignities.

MALESHERBES. Attribute it to the times. The English were as cruel to fallen valour in the person of Jeanne d'Arc.

ROUSSEAU. There neither the genius of the nation nor the spirit of the times is reproachable, but the genius and spirit of Fanaticism, which is violent and blind in all alike. Jeanne d'Arc was believed to be a sorceress, and was condemned to death for it by the ecclesiastical judges of each nation. Nothing but the full belief of the English that she was under the guidance of an invisible and evil power would have turned to flight those Saxo-Normans, who never yielded to the Franco-Gauls when there were only three against one ; no, not once in the incessant contest, during three hundred years, which ended in the utter subjugation of your country. As the French acknowledged her to be the inspired of God, they fancied there was no danger in following her : as the English thought her instigated by the Devil, they felt the insufficiency of human force in opposing her. Wherever she was not, the field was covered with French bodies, as before : wherever she was, it was covered with English, as it never had been until then. Had Jeanne d'Arc been born in England and fought for England, the people at this hour, although no longer slaves to idolatry, would almost worship her : every year would her festival be kept in every village of the land. But in France not a hymn is chaunted to her, not a curl of incense is wafted, not a taper is lighted, not a daisy, not a rush, is strewn upon the ground throughout the whole kingdom she rescued. Instead of which, a shirt-airer to a libidinous king, a ribald poet, a piebald of tragedy and comedy, a contemner alike of purity and of patriotism, throws his filth against her mutilated features. Meanwhile an edifice is being erected in your city to the glory of Geneviève, which will exhaust the fortunes, and almost the maledictions, of the people.

MALESHERBES. We certainly are not the most grateful of nations.

ROUSSEAU. You must be, before you pretend to be the most honourable.

MALESHERBES. I hope our gratitude in future will be excited by something better than the instruments of war. The nation is growing more civilised and humane : the young have never lapped blood.

ROUSSEAU. I prefer the vices of the present king to the glories of his predecessor: I prefer a swine to a panther, and the outer side of the stye or grating to the inner.

MALESHERBES. You, being a philanthropist, must rejoice that our reigning prince abstains from the field of battle.

ROUSSEAU. Unless he did, he could not continue to give a thousand louis daily for the young maidens brought to him. A prodigal man is a thoughtless man; a prodigal prince is a thoughtless robber. Your country endures enough without war. But oppression and valour, like Voltaire's fever and quinquina, grow far apart.

MALESHERBES. What! and are not our people brave?

ROUSSEAU. I call those brave, and those only, who rise up simultaneously against the first indignity offered by their administrators, and who remove, without pause and without parley, trunk, root, and branch.

MALESHERBES. As we can not change at once the whole fabric of government, let us be attentive to the unsounder parts, and recommend the readiest and safest method of repairing them.

ROUSSEAU. The minister would expell me from his antechamber, and order his valets to buffet me, if I offered him any proposal for the advantage of mankind.

MALESHERBES. Call to him then from this room, where the valets are civiler. Nature has given you a speaking-trumpet, which neither storm can drown nor enemy can silence. If you esteem him, instruct him; if you despise him, do the same. Surely you who have much benevolence, would not despise anyone willingly or unnecessarily. Contempt is for the incorrigible: now, where upon earth is he whom your genius, if rightly and temperately exerted, would not influence and correct?

I never was more flattered or honoured than by your patience in listening to me. Consider me as an old woman who sits by the bedside in your infirmity, who brings you no savoury viand, no exotic fruit, but a basin of whey or a basket of strawberries from your native hills, assures you that what oppressed you was a dream, occasioned by the wrong position in which you lay, opens the window, gives you fresh air, and entreats you to recollect the features of nature, and to observe (which no man ever did so accurately) their beauty. In your politics you cut down a forest to

make a toothpick, and can not make even that out of it. Do not let us in jurisprudence be like critics in the classics, and change whatever can be changed, right or wrong. No statesman will take your advice. Supposing that anyone is liberal in his sentiments and clear-sighted in his views, nevertheless love of power is jealous, and he would rejoice to see you fleeing from persecution, or turning to meet it. The very men whom you would benefit will treat you worse. As the ministers of kings wish their masters to possess absolute power, that the exercise of it may be delegated to them, which it naturally is, from the violence and sloth alternate with despots as with wild beasts, and that they may apprehend no check or control from those who discover their misdemeanors, in like manner the people places more trust in favour than in fortune, and hopes to obtain by subserviency what it never might by election or by chance. Else in free governments, so some are called (for names once given are the last things lost), all minor offices and employments would be assigned by ballot. Each province or canton would present a list annually of such persons in it as are worthy to occupy the local administrations.

To avoid any allusion to the country in which we live, let us take England for example. Is it not absurd, iniquitous, and revolting, that the minister of a church in Yorkshire should be appointed by a lawyer in London, who never knew him, never saw him, never heard from a single one of the parishioners a recommendation of any kind ? [1] Is it not more reasonable that a justice of the peace should be chosen by those who have always been witnesses of his equity ?

Rousseau.[2] The English in former days insisted more firmly and urgently on improving their constitution than they have ever done since. In the reign of Edward III. they claimed the nomination of the chancellor. And surely if any nomination of any functionary is left to the people, it should be this. It is somewhat like the tribunitial power among the Romans, and is the only one which can intercede in a conciliatory way between the prince and people. Exclusively of this one office in the higher posts of government, the king should appoint his ministers, and should invest them with

[1] 1st ed. reads : " kind, or a syllable in his favour ? Is it not more reasonable that a collector of taxes or a justice," etc.

[2] From " Rousseau " to " posts of government " added in 2nd ed.

power and splendour; but those ministers should not appoint to any civil or religious place of trust or profit which the community could manifestly fill better. The greater part of offices and dignities should be conferred for a short and stated time, that all might hope to attain and strive to deserve them. Embassies in particular should never exceed one year in Europe, nor consulates two. To the latter office I assign this duration, as the more difficult to fulfil properly, from requiring a knowledge of trade, although a slight one, and because those who possess any such knowledge are inclined, for the greater part, to turn it to their own account, which a consul ought by no means to do.[1] Frequent election of representatives and of civil officers in the subordinate employments would remove most causes of discontent in the people, and of instability in kingly power. Here is a lottery in which everyone is sure of a prize, if not for himself, at least for somebody in his family or among his friends; and the ticket would be fairly paid for out of the taxes.

Malesherbes. So it appears to me. What other system can present so obviously to the great mass of the people the two principal piers and buttresses of government, tangible interest and reasonable hope? No danger of any kind can arise from it, no antipathies, no divisions, no imposture of demagogues, no caprice of despots. On the contrary, many and great advantages, in places which at the first survey do not appear to border on it. At present, the best of the English juridical institutions, that of justices of the peace, is viewed with diffidence and distrust. Elected as they would be, and increased in number, the whole judicature, civil and criminal, might be confided to them, and their labours be not only not aggravated but diminished. Suppose them in four divisions to meet at four places in every county, once in twenty [2] days, and to possess the power of imposing a fine not exceeding two hundred francs on every cause implying oppression, and one not exceeding fifty on such as they should unanimously declare frivolous.

Rousseau. Few would become attorneys, and those from among the indigent.

Malesherbes. Almost the greatest evil that exists in the world, moral or physical, would be removed. A second appeal might be made in the following session; a third could only come before par-

[1] 1st ed. reads: "do. Rousseau. Frequent," etc.
[2] 1st ed. reads: "ten."

liament, and this alone by means of attorneys ; the number of whom altogether would not exceed the number of coroners ; for in England there are as many who cut their own throats as who would cut their own purses.

ROUSSEAU. The famous *trial by jury* would cease : this would disgust the English.

MALESHERBES. The number of justices would be much augmented : nearly all those who now are jurymen would enjoy this rank and dignity, and would be flattered by sitting on the same bench with the first gentlemen of the land.

ROUSSEAU. What number would sit ?

MALESHERBES. Three or five in the first instance ; five or seven in the second ; as the number of causes should permit.

ROUSSEAU. The laws of England are extremely intricate and perplexed : such men would be puzzled.

MALESHERBES. Such men, having no interest in the perplexity, but, on the contrary, an interest in unravelling it, would see such laws corrected. Intricate as they are, questions on those which are the most so are usually referred by the judges themselves to private arbitration, of which my plan, I conceive, has all the advantages, united to those of open and free discussion among men of unperverted sense, and unbiassed by professional hopes and interests. The different courts of law in England cost about seventy millions of francs annually. On my system the justices or judges would receive five-and-twenty francs daily : as the *special jurymen* do now, without any sense of shame or impropriety, however rich they may be : such being the established practice.

ROUSSEAU. Seventy millions ! seventy millions !

MALESHERBES. There are attorneys and conveyancers in London who gain one hundred thousand francs a-year, and advocates more. The Chancellor——

ROUSSEAU. The Celeno of these harpies——

MALESHERBES. —Nets above one million, and is greatly more than an archbishop in the church, scattering preferment in Cumberland and Cornwall from his bench at Westminster.

ROUSSEAU. Absurdities and enormities are great in proportion to custom or insuetude. If we had lived from childhood with a *boa constrictor*, we should think it no more a monster than a canary-bird. The sum you mentioned of seventy millions is incredible.

MALESHERBES. In this estimate the expense of letters by the post, and of journeys made by the parties, is not and can not be included.

ROUSSEAU. The whole machine of government, civil and religious, ought never to bear upon the people with a weight so oppressive: I do not add the national [1] defence, which being principally naval, is more costly, nor institutions for the promotion of the arts, which in a country like England ought to be liberal. But such an expenditure should nearly suffice for these also, in time of peace. Religion and law indeed should cost nothing: at present the one hangs property, the other quarters it. I am confounded at the profusion. I doubt whether the Romans expended so much in that year's war which dissolved the Carthaginian empire, and left them masters of the universe. What is certain, and what is better, it did not cost a tenth of it to colonise Pennsylvania, in whose forests the cradle of Freedom is suspended, and where the eye of Philanthropy, tired with tears and vigils, may wander and may rest. Your system, or rather your arrangement of one already established, pleases me. Ministers would only lose thereby that portion of their possessions which they give away to needy relatives, unworthy dependents, or the requisite supporters of their authority and power.

MALESHERBES. On this plan, no [2] such supporters would be necessary, no such dependents could exist, and no such relatives could be disappointed. Beside, the conflicts of their opponents must [3] be periodical, weak, and irregular.

ROUSSEAU. The [4] craving for the rich carrion would be less keen; the zeal of opposition, as usual, would be measured by the stomach, whereon hope and overlooking have always a strong influence.

MALESHERBES. My excellent friend, do not be offended with me for an ingenuous and frank confession; promise me your pardon.

ROUSSEAU. You need none.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "military."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "no supporters like the present would."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "would be."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "The country would be at worst, but as one Prometheus to one vulture, and there being no instruments at hand, no voices under the rock, to drive him off, the craving . . . influence. The meaning of the word *ambition*, which few understand even now, and which many have an interest in misinterpreting, must after a time be sought for in the dictionary. MALESHERBES. My excellent friend," etc.

MALESHERBES. Promise it nevertheless.

ROUSSEAU. You have said nothing, done nothing, which could in any way displease me.

MALESHERBES. You grant me then a bill of indemnity for what I may have undertaken with a good intention since we have been together?

ROUSSEAU. Willingly.

MALESHERBES. I fell into your views; I walked along with you side by side; merely to occupy your mind, which, I perceived, was agitated.

ROUSSEAU.[1] In other words, to betray me. I had begun to imagine there was one man in the universe not my enemy.

MALESHERBES. There are many, my dear M. Rousseau! yes, even in France and England; to say nothing of the remoter regions on each side of the Equator, discovered and undiscovered. Be reasonable, be just.

ROUSSEAU. I am the only man who is either. What would you say more?

MALESHERBES. Perhaps I would even say less. You are fond of discoursing on the visionary and hypothetical: I usually avoid it.

ROUSSEAU. Pray why, sir?

MALESHERBES. Because it renders us more and more discontented with the condition in which Divine Providence hath placed us. We can hope to remove but a small portion of the evils that encompass us; there being many men to whom these are no evils at all; and such having the management of our concerns, and keeping us under them as tightly as the old man kept Sinbad.

ROUSSEAU. I would teach them that what are evils to us are evils to them likewise, and heavier and more dangerous. The rash, impetuous rider, or (to adopt your allusion) the intolerably heavy one, is more liable to break his bones by a fall, than the animal he has mounted. Sooner or later the cloud of tyranny bursts: and fortunes, piled up inordinately and immeasurably, not only are scattered and lost, but first overwhelm the occupier. We, like metallic blocks, are hardened by the repetition of the blows that

[1] From "ROUSSEAU" to "usurp them. MALESHERBES," p. 196, added in 2nd ed. 1st ed. reads: "agitated. You are fond of discoursing on these matters. I dislike it. In compliance," etc.

flatten us, and, every part of us touching the ground, we cannot fall lower: the hammerers, once fallen, are annihilated.

Your remarks, although inapplicable to the Continent, are applicable to England: and several of them, however they may be pecked, scratched, and kicked about, by the pullets fattening in the darkened chambers of Parliament, are worthy of being weighed by the people, loth as may be ministers of state to employ the scales of Justice on any such occasion. But if the steadier hand refuses to perform its functions, the stronger may usurp them.

MALESHERBES. Nothing more probable. Often the worst evil of bad government is not in its action but its counteraction.

ROUSSEAU. Is it possible to doubt at what country you now are pointing? I can not see then why you should have treated me like a driveller.

MALESHERBES. How so, my friend! how so?

ROUSSEAU. To say the least, why you should believe me indifferent to the welfare of your country, to the dictates of humanity, to the improvement of the species.

MALESHERBES. In compliance with your humour, to engage your fancy, to divert it awhile from Switzerland,[1] by which you appear, and partly on my account, to be offended, I began with reflections upon England: I raised up another cloud in the region of them, light enough to be fantastic and diaphanous, and to catch some little irradiation from its western sun. Do not run after it farther; it has vanished already. Consider; the three great nations——

ROUSSEAU. Pray, which are those?

MALESHERBES. I cannot in conscience give the palm to the Hottentots, the Greenlanders, or the Hurons: I meant to designate those who united to empire the most social virtue and civil freedom. Athens, Rome, and England, have received on the subject of government elaborate treatises from their greatest men. You[2] have reasoned more dispassionately and profoundly on it than Plato has done, or probably than Cicero, led away, as he often is, by the authority of those who are inferior to himself: but do you excel Aristoteles in calm and patient investigation? Or, think you, are your reading and range of thought more extensive than Harrington's and Milton's? Yet what effect have the political works of these

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Switzerland and France, I raised up another."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "You and many others have."

marvellous men produced upon the world? what effect upon any one state, any one city, any one hamlet? A clerk in office, an accountant, a gauger of small-beer, a song-writer for a tavern dinner, produces more. He thrusts his rags into the hole whence the wind comes, and sleeps soundly. While you and I are talking about elevations and proportions, pillars and pilasters, architraves and friezes, the buildings we should repair are falling to the earth, and the materials for their restoration are in the quarry.

Rousseau. I could answer you: but my mind has certain moments of repose, or rather of oscillation, which I would not for the world disturb. Music, eloquence, friendship, bring and prolong them.

Malesherbes. Enjoy them, my dear friend, and convert them, if possible, to months and years. It is as much at your arbitration on what theme you shall meditate, as in what meadow you shall botanise; and you have as much at your option the choice of your thoughts, as of the keys in your harpsichord.

Rousseau. If this were true, who could be unhappy?

Malesherbes. Those of whom it is not true. Those who from want of practice cannot manage their thoughts, who have few to select from, and who, because of their sloth or of their weakness, do not roll away the heaviest from before them.

VII. BONAPARTE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE

(*Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824 ; i., 1826 ; *Wks.*, i., 1846 ; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

President. Sire, while the car of Victory is awhile suspended in its course, and mothers are embracing those pledges of affection, which a frightful Revolution hath spared to their maternity, happy France is devising, under the auspices of her immortal hero, new pangs and afflictions for the tyrants of the ocean. The radiant star that shone upon your Majesty's nativity, throws a lustre that eclipses the polar. It embellishes our soil, and renders it fruitful in all those resources of industry which will for ever keep it independent of distant and less happy climates. The beet-root, indigenous plant, satisfied all the wishes of a nation at once the most elegant and luxurious. "Frenchmen, I am contented with you," said her tutelary Genius : "yes, your Majesty said it." Suddenly a thousand voices cry, "Let us make fresh sacrifices : we have wished ; it is not enough ; we will do more."

Ardent to fulfil their duties, and waiting but to be instructed how, the brave youth, and those whose grey hairs are so honourable, implore that paternal wisdom which never will cease to watch over them, that they may receive those august commands which will accomplish their destinies.

The enemy no longer pollutes our soil : France recovers her attitude. Your Majesty wishes no new provinces : greater triumphs, wider dominion, to the successor of Charlemagne and of Trajan ! That mighty mind, to bless a beloved and grateful people, shall make the animal kingdom confederate with the vegetable. Such are his conquests : the only ones that remain for him to achieve.

From the calm of their retreats the sages of France step forth : and behold the decree which your Majesty had already uttered at the bottom of their hearts.

BONAPARTE.[1] Read it, and make haste.

PRESIDENT. "To put our implacable enemies to confusion, to drive proud Albion to despair, to abolish the feudal system, to wither for ever the iron arm of despotism, and to produce, or rather to place within the reach of all your Majesty's subjects, those luxuries which a long war, excited by the cupidity of the monopolising islanders, seemed to have interdicted to our policy, and which our discretion taught us manfully to resign, it is proposed that every regiment in the French service be subjected to a mild and beneficent diabetes. Our chemists and physicians, ever labouring for the public good, have discovered that this disposition of the body, which if improperly managed might become a disease, is attended with the most useful results, and produces a large quantity of saccharine matter.

"The process was pointed out by Nature herself in the person of your Majesty, and of several of the Grand Dignitaries of the Empire, when the barbarians of the North flew from their capital, which they reduced to ashes, and threw themselves in consternation on the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe, to the very shores of the Cimbrian Chersonese."

BONAPARTE.[2] Strike out that foolery. Now start again.

PRESIDENT. "I therefore have the honour of submitting to your Majesty, that the sugar, the produce of this simple operation, be made subsidiary to that of the beet-root in the proportion of one-third: and that this lively and long-desired sugar, so salutary to man from its prior relationship with his constituent principles, and so eager for its reunion, be the only sugar used in the French empire, and among the good and faithful allies of your Majesty: and further, that after the expiration of fourteen years, every Power in amity with France may fabricate it within its own territory.

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of Switzerland, was graciously pleased to make the following reply." May[3] it please your Majesty to dictate one?

BONAPARTE. Write.

"Sir, president of my senate, I am content with you. My

[1] From "BONAPARTE" to "PRESIDENT" added in 3rd ed. 1st and 2nd eds read: "haste. *Decree.* 'To put,'" etc.

[2] From "BONAPARTE" to "PRESIDENT. I" added in 3rd ed.

[3] From "May" to "Write" added in 3rd ed.

minister of the interior shall be charged to carry your proposition into effect." [1]

And [2] now you are here, you may lay your heads together and prepare an address to me on the birth of my son, the King of Rome. President! why do you lift up your shoulders?

PRESIDENT. May it please your Imperial Majesty, the glorious prince, whom France and the whole world sighs for, is unborn.

BONAPARTE. What the devil is that to you? He will be born within a day or two, or at most a week, and I may not have leisure or inclination to send after you again. Write down my words.

"The star which, on the day of my birth, promised me a son, accomplishes its promise. The King of Rome descends on earth, already the defender of monarchy and religion."

Have you written, monsieur, what follows?

PRESIDENT. Yes, Sire; although imperfectly.

"France, to commemorate the event, will aggravate on some future day the grief and malignity of proud Albion, seizing in her despite the noblest monument she left behind in Egypt. That pyramid from which forty ages spoke to your Majesty the purest French, is destined to stand at the bottom of your staircase at the Tuileries, and to bear on its summit the plumed hat of your adorable infant."

BONAPARTE. The sentiment is truly French.

PRESIDENT. "Memnon shall resound the name to his satellite the Odeon."

BONAPARTE. Bravo!

PRESIDENT. "And every department of the empire shall respond to the annunciation."

BONAPARTE. Sounding and sensible: but you have fallen from Memnon. Make a dash again at England.

PRESIDENT. "Too long has France permitted the frightful chariot of Juggernaut, driven by relentless Albion, to crush the children of India. Her eagle has one more flight, only one more, to make. From the summit of that pyramid she shall cover with her wing the Thames, the Hydaspes, the Indus, and the Ganges, protecting the innocent and tearing the proud to pieces. No longer shall monopoly, with feodality in her train——"

[1] In 1st and 2nd eds. the Conversation ends here.

[2] From "And" to the conclusion added in 3rd ed.

BONAPARTE. Stop there: alter that: reverse the order: feodality comes first.

PRESIDENT. "Contract and poison the sources of existence. The labourer shall prune his vine unmolested in the happy plains of Cashemir: and Beauty, the child of France, shall deign to accept her graceful shawl, earnest of gratitude and good-will. The Georgians and Circassians, now groaning under the odious yoke of England——"

BONAPARTE. Of Russia, I think, or Turkey. But let that pass: my good people will never find it out.

PRESIDENT. "Shall throw it off their necks at the approach of the first French soldier: and Phasis and Choäspes and Liffy shall roll their golden sands to the feet of their deliverer. To accomplish in one campaign these high destinies, a son, worthy of his august genitor, in happy hour is born to your Majesty. Egypt, from whom your star removed you, Sire, lies desolate. The palace of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Ptolemies, flew open in vain at the distant sound of your foot. Never more shall it rejoice in your presence: but your legions, under their young Alcides, already invincible by his father's name, shall carry him thither on their conglomerated arms, to solemnise the banquet of Victory.

"Resound, O Memnon! thy prelude to that morning-star, to which the brightened countenances of all nations are uplifted. Take thy station, O Pyramid! at the bottom of a staircase which a hundred kings have mounted and descended, but only one great man."

BONAPARTE. President! take some lemonade.

An instructive volume might be composed of the speeches made to Bonaparte and Louis XVIII. The adulation here falls short of that presented to Charles X. by M. le Comte de Sèze, president of the Court of Cassation. "*Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent:* ils sont tous de dignes descendans de St. Louis et de Henri IV. Ce sont toujours les mêmes vertus, *la même foi, la même clémence, le même amour pour le peuple, le même désir de concilier les libertés publiques et les droits sacrés du trône.*" There is only one truth in all this, but it is too much of one: "Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent." The eulogy was delivered in the reign of Ferdinand VII. of Spain and Ferdinand IV. of Naples.—W. S. L.

VIII. THE ABBÉ DELILLE AND WALTER LANDOR

(*Imag. Convers.*, i., 1824; i., 1826; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, iv., 1876.)

The Abbé Delille was the happiest of creatures, when he could weep over the charms of innocence and the country, in some crowded and fashionable circle[1] at Paris. We embraced most pathetically on our first meeting there, as if the one were condemned to quit the earth, the other to live upon it.

Delille. You are reported to have said that descriptive poetry has all the merits of a handkerchief that smells of roses?

Landor. This, if I said it, is among the things which are neither false enough nor true enough to be displeasing. But the Abbé Delille has merits of his own. To translate Milton well, is more laudable than originality in trifling matters; just as to transport an obelisk from Egypt, and to erect it in one of the squares, must be considered a greater labour than to build a new milliner's shop.

Delille. Milton is indeed extremely difficult to translate; for, however noble and majestic, he is sometimes heavy, and often rough and unequal.

Landor. Dear Abbé! porphyry is heavy, gold is heavier: Ossa and Olympus are rough and unequal[2]: the steppes of Tartary, though high, are of uniform elevation: there is not a rock, nor a birch, nor a cytisus, nor an arbutus, upon them, great enough to shelter a new-dropt lamb. Level the Alps one with another, and where is their sublimity? Raise up the vale of Tempe to the downs above, and where are those sylvan creeks and harbours in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes; those recesses in which the Gods partook the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the Gods!

You have treated our poet with[3] courtesy and distinction: in your trimmed and measured dress he might be taken for a French-

[1] 1st ed. reads: "coterie."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "unequal. On the contrary, the steppes," etc.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "with all courtesy and attention: in," etc.

man. Do not think me flattering. You have conducted Eve from Paradise to Paris, and she really looks prettier and smarter than before she tripped. With what elegance she rises from a most awful dream! You represent her (I repeat your expression) as springing up *en sursaut*, as if you had caught her asleep, and tickled the young creature on that sofa.

Homer and Virgil have been excelled in sublimity by Shakespeare and Milton, as the Caucasus and Atlas of the old world by the Andes and Teneriffe of the new: but you would embellish them all.

Delille. I owe to Voltaire my first sentiment of admiration for Milton and Shakespeare.

Landor. He stuck to them as a woodpecker to an old forest-tree, only for the purpose of picking out what was rotten: he has made the holes deeper than he found them, and, after all his cries and chatter, has brought home but scanty sustenance to his starveling nest.

Delille.[1] Voltaire is not always light, nor deficient in fire.

Landor. Even smoke hath solid parts, and takes fire sometimes.

Delille. You must acknowledge that there are fine verses in his tragedies.

Landor. Whenever such is the first observation, be assured, M. l'Abbé, that the poem, if heroic or dramatic, is bad. Should a work of this kind be excellent, we say, "How admirably the characters are sustained! what delicacy of discrimination! there is nothing to be taken away or altered without an injury to the part or to the whole." We may afterward descend on the versification. In poetry there is a greater difference between the good and the excellent, than there is between the bad and the good. Poetry has no golden mean: mediocrity here is of another metal, which Voltaire however had skill enough to encrust and polish. In the least wretched of his tragedies, whatever is tolerable is Shakespeare's; but, gracious Heaven! how deteriorated! When he pretends to extol a poet, he chooses some defective part, and renders it more so whenever he translates it. I will repeat a few verses from Metastasio, in support of my assertion. Metastasio was both a better critic and a better poet, although of the second order in each quality; his tyrants are less philosophical, and his chambermaids less dogmatic. Voltaire was however a man of abilities, and author of many

[1] From "Delille" to "sometimes" added in 2nd ed.

passable epigrams, beside those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics; yet it must be confessed, that like your Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place.

Delille. What you call epigram gives life and spirit to grave works, and seems principally wanted to relieve a long poem. I do not see why what pleases us in a star, should not please us in a constellation. The [1] coarser bread is that of the larger loaf; we should therefore put into it more salt and leaven.

I [2] believe you have no adequate translation of the *Henriade*. I doubt whether I myself have sufficient mastery over the English language to render it worthily.

Landor. Is it possible to doubt of your powers? May not the commencement be somewhat like this,

I sing the hero, vanquisher
Of France, and Mayenne too,
The king of all his subjects,
And father of no few;
One never out-manœuvred
At rapier or intrigue,
Who parried off the Spaniard
And fairly bit the League.
Descend from heaven's top-gallery,
Descend, O Truth august!
And sprinkle o'er my writing
Thy pink and scented dust.

Delille. *Ah çà!* That last thought is a bright one indeed! Voltaire would have emptied his snuff-box to replenish it with that fine powder. But—pardon! Our language has certain shades which none but a Frenchman can seize. There are here a few points of difference in the sentiment. You have indeed abundantly compensated for them, by the delicate allusion to our poet's theatre. But—but—*top-gallery*.—Ah Mr. Landor! even Homer would have failed: he would indeed. Our spirit, our *finesse*, our delicacy, are peculiarly ours.

Landor. I will never try again anything so arduous.

Delille. Epigram [3] and versification are the main secrets of French poetry; to which must be added an exactness of thought

[1] From "The" to "leaven" added in 2nd ed.
[2] From "I" to "arduous. Delille" added in 3rd ed.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "This and versification," etc.

and a brevity of expression, such for instance as we admire in Boileau. But you promised me something of Metastasio.

LANDOR. I will repeat the lines, with Voltaire's observations.

The King of Parthia is brought in chains before the Emperor Hadrian, and has leisure for the following paraphrase, by which he would signify that his ruin itself shall be subservient to his revenge.

Sprezza il furor del vento
Robusta quercia, avvezza
Di cento venti e cento
L'ingiurie a tolerar.
E se pur cadde al suolo,
Spiega per l'onde il volo,
E con quel vento istesso
Va contrastando il mar.[1]

Con quel vento istesso! it must make haste then. Voltaire had forgotten the art of concealing his insincerity, when he praised as a *sublime air* the worst and most far-fetched thought in all the operas of Metastasio. He could read Italian poetry, he could write French: we have seen how he judged of the least familiar, let us now inquire how he judges of the most. He considers then the following lines in *Mithridate* as a model of perfection.

J'ai sçu par une longue et pénible industrie
Des plus mortels venins prévenir la furie.
Ah! qu'il m'eût mieux valu, plus sage ou plus heureux,
Et repoussant les traits d'un amour dangereux,
Ne pas laisser remplir d'ardeurs empoisonnées
Un cœur déjà glacé par *le froid des années*.[2]

Alas! the cold of his years, in comparison with the cold of his wit, is but as a flake of snow to a mass of frozen mercury.

DELILLE.[3] There often are quickness and spirit in the criticisms of Voltaire: but these, I acknowledge, do not constitute a good critic, although a good critic will not have been such without them. His[4] versatility and variety are more remarkable than his correctness.

[1] Quoted by Voltaire, from *Adriano in Syria*, in the *Dissertation sur la Tragédie*.

[2] Act iv. sc. 5.

[3] From "DELILLE" to "without them" added in 2nd ed.

[4] From "His" to "high philosophy," p. 206, added in 3rd ed.

On subjects where religion was not concerned, he was more accurate and dispassionate.

Landor. The physical world seemed a vast thing to him: for it must be a vast thing to contain Paris. He could not imagine that the earth had ever been covered by the sea, but that the shells on mountains were tossed there by Nature in her hours of idleness, to excite, no doubt, the curiosity of English travellers. Never did it once occur to him that changes are taking place eternally in every particle of our solar system, and of other solar systems far remote from ours: never did it occur to him that the ocean and the world within it are less in the hand of God than a bowl of milk with a morsel of bread within it are in a child's, where the one is soon dissolved and dislocates the other. But his taste in high poetry is no better than his judgment in high philosophy. Among [1] the number of his futile and rash remarks, he declares that nothing in Homer is equivalent to Hesiod's description of Pandora. The homely and somewhat dull poem of Hesiod is indeed to a certain degree enlivened by it. But if Voltaire could have read a sentence of Greek, even without understanding one word, the music of those verses in the Odyssea, imitated so well by Lucretius,* on the habitations of the Gods, and of those others where the mother of Ulysses † tells him the cause of her decease, would have checked him in the temerity of his decision. Nothing can excel the harmony of these passages, and the poetry they contain is equally perfect. How contemptible then is that critic, and how greatly more that poet, who prefers an indifferent piece of satire not only to these, but to the parting of Hector and Andromache and to the interview of Priam and Achilles.

Delille. Acknowledge at least that in tales and in history he has done something.

Landor. Yes, he has united them very dexterously. In the lighter touches of irony and derision he excels [2] Rabelais and rivals Molière; but in that which requires [3] vigour of conception, and

[1] 2nd ed. reads: "Among . . . it; I speak of his Works and Days; for the other two are worth nothing, whether his or not. But," etc. From "Among" to "Achilles" added in 2nd ed.

* Odys., vi. v. 42.—W. S. L. [*Lucr.*, iii. 18.]

† Odys., xi. v. 197.—W. S. L.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "excels both Rabelais and Molière."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "a certain vigour."

there is a kind which does require it, he falls short of Cervantes and Swift. You have other historians not only more faithful, but as powerful in style and as profound in thought. I [1] place him barely on a level with Robertson, although in composition he may have an advantage over him; nor [2] in disquisition is he comparable to Gibbon, whose manner, which many have censured, I think [3] in general well suited to the work. In the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire there is too much to sadden and disgust: a smile in such a narrative on some occasions is far from unacceptable: if it should be succeeded by a sneer, it is not the sneer of bitterness, which falls not on debility, nor of triumph, which accords not with contempt. The colours, it is true, are gorgeous, like those of the setting sun; and such were wanted. The style is much swayed by the sentiment. Would that which is proper for the historian of Fabius and Scipio, of Hannibal and Pyrrhus, be proper too for Augustulus and the Popes? Gibbon could be grave when an Emperor like Julian commanded it; but could he, or could anyone, on rising from the narration of a Greek historian, who has described how an empress played "the royal game of goose"?

Delille. Gibbon, one would imagine, was a mixed production of two different races in Africa, and borrowed the moral features from the one, the physical from the other. The Kabobiguas have no worship, sacrifice, ceremonies, or priests; and the Housouanas have a nose which projects little more than five or six lines; half the face seems to be forehead. This,[4] however, is no reply to your observations on his style. Accordant it may be indeed with the corruption of government and morals it describes; but is it not accordant likewise with the corruption of language at the time?

Landor. I am afraid I should myself be guilty of another great fault attributed to him, that is digression, if I entered into the inquiry with the minuteness and to the extent you might demand. It must be confessed that, in his voluminous work, thirty (or perhaps more) instances of Frenchified or Latinised phraseology may be detected; and, what is worse, sometimes a puerility, contrasting

[1] 1st ed. reads: "I do not even place," etc., and "advantage over both," *i.e.* Hume and Robertson.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "nor is he at all comparable to Gibbon."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "I think well suited."

[4] From "This" to "treats on prose. But," p. 208, added in 3rd ed.

violently with his gravity and pomp, intrudes upon us. His "golden tomb" of the silkworm is worse even than the Alps of Tacitus "faithful to the snow." [1]

DELILLE. You will not then insist on his superiority over Voltaire in prose.

LANDOR. Certainly not: no writer is, where eloquence is uncalled for. Gibbon is habituated to a scholastic tone and strut on all occasions, pacing up and down the unventilated school of rhetoric with a measured and heavy step: Voltaire on the contrary is easy and animated, vigorous and supple; there is everywhere nerve enough, and nowhere a superfluity of flesh. His language is always perspicuous; which cannot be said of Gibbon's, and which is the first requisite of style. We will return to him in his criticisms, where he is seldom wrong while he treats on prose. But when he calls the French poetry strong and energetic, he shows himself insensible that the nature both of the language and of the metre prohibits it: when he calls the Italian weak and effeminate and unfit for action, he overlooks his inconsistency in remarking that "we respect Homer but read Tasso." In [2] his criticisms on poetry, I confess to you that, if you will allow me to deliver my opinion in the words of Chaucer,

He hath a voice as weak as hath a *gote*.

No continental poet is less weak and effeminate than Chiabrera; whose works, I apprehend, Voltaire was just as incapable of appreciating as Homer's. Did he ever hear of Filicaja? rich in thought as Pindar himself, and, [3] on one occasion, more enthusiastic.

DELILLE. Enthusiastic as Pindar! Ah M. Landor!

LANDOR. Abbé, I said *more* enthusiastic: for in criticism I love correctness. We have lost the greater and (some believe) the better part of Pindar's poetry: what remains is more distinguished for an exquisite [4] selection of topics than for enthusiasm. There is a grandeur of soul which never leaves him, even in domestic scenes; and his genius does not rise on points or peaks of sublimity, but pervades the subject with a vigorous and easy motion, such as the poets attribute to the herald of the Gods. He is remarkable for

[1] Tac., *Hist.*, v. 6.
[2] From "In" to "*gote*" added in 2nd ed.; the line of Chaucer is misquoted.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "and more enthusiastic."
[4] 1st ed. reads: "exquisite taste than."

the rich economy of his ideas and the temperate austerity of his judgment; and he never says more than what is proper, nor otherwise than what is best.[1]

I [2] remember an observation of yours, that "the dithyrambic is almost entirely lost to the moderns, whose language is still less adapted to it than the Latin." * On the contrary, *all* the modern languages, with the sole exception of yours, are much better adapted to the dithyrambic than that is.

The Baron de Couture, in his notes on Lucretius, is enamoured of his native tongue, although less desperately than Henri Etienne, who calls it "the best of all tongues possible"—not existing or extinct, but within the gift of the Divinity. The more judicious lover thus expresses his admiration: "If it were permitted me, without offending anyone, to say a few words to the advantage of our language, it appears to me that we may find in it all the ease, the polish, and the majesty of the Roman. To reproach it with its poverty is an outrage. Do not let us cast upon it our own defects: the sterility is in our thoughts. If we do but think, our language will furnish us with expressions. Perhaps I may be a little too partial to it."

DELILLE. Not at all! not at all!

LANDOR. He proceeds in acknowledging that he may be rather so in placing it with the Latin, to which, beyond all other of its excellences, it is unquestionably the rival (he says) in poetry. His next observation is that, if the Latin had the constraint of measure and of rhyme to vanquish, he doubts whether it ever would attain the charm of the French.

DELILLE. Very reasonably: I doubt it too; or rather, I am certain it would not.

LANDOR. If an organ were forced to imitate a ring of bells, I doubt whether the ring of bells would not succeed the best. He might have added, if the Romans had been obliged to split their heroic verses down the back like broiled mackarel, he doubts whether they would have been better than yours. But your language has a greater quantity of inharmonious sounds, and a smaller of distinct

[1] 1st ed. reads: "best, and he appears the superior of mortals in the perfection of wisdom as of poetry."

[2] From "I" to "this will be evident," p. 210, added in 2nd ed.

* Se *prête* moins à la sublimité de l'enthousiasme.—W. S. L.

words for rhyme, than any other that employs it. Let a German, a Swede, a Russian, read to you a few pages of his poetry, and this will be evident. Many[1] of the rhymes, indeed a great proportion of them, are formed by the termination of the tenses. Now surely no good writer would wish two similar tenses at equal distances. Talma,[2] in remarking to me that a French actor has difficulties to surmount which an English has not, began with pointing out the necessity he lies under of breaking the joints and claws of every verse, as of pigeons for a pie, and of pronouncing it as if it were none at all; thus undoing what the writer had taken the greater part of his pains to accomplish.

The business of[3] the higher poetry is to chasten and elevate the mind by exciting the better passions, and to impress on it lessons of terror and of pity by exhibiting the self-chastisement of the worse. There should be as much of passion as is possible, with as much of reason as is consistent[4] with it. How admirable is the union of these in the ode of Filicaja to Sobieski!

Delille. Do you really then prefer this Italian to Boileau? his ode to the King is fine.

Landor. There is nearly as much difference between his ode and the Italian, as between Sobieski and Louis; nearly as much as between the liberation of Europe and the conflagration of the Palatinate. Give me the volume, if that in your hand is it.*

The *high* wisdom of a *young* hero is not the *tardy* fruit of *slow old* age.

Dear Abbé, can you ever have read this commencement, and call the Author a man of genius or taste?

[1] From "Many" to "distances" added in 3rd ed.
[2] From "Talma" to "accomplish" added in 2nd ed.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "of this art . . . exciting and regulating the."
[4] 1st ed. reads: "compatible."

* Our[1] popular critics have never suspected that Boileau is deficient in correctness of thought or expression. It is chiefly for the edification of those who recommend him as a model that this dialogue was written. A grub, if hooked with dexterity, may catch a tunny.—W. S. L.

[1] The note in 1st and 2nd eds. forms part of a note at the end of the Conversation. It there reads: "I should be sorry to have debased these Conversations by attention to a writer of so mean a cast as Boileau, if it might not be useful to some of our popular . . . expression, and who recommend him to the rising poets as a perfect model. A grub, if you hook it with . . . tunny. I throw mine upon the water, and leave it there."

. . . Ma muse tremblante
Fuit d'un si *grand fardeau* la charge *trop pesante*.[1]

Vulgarity in the metaphor and redundance in the expression; and look! it occurs again at the conclusion. Addison tells you that he does, what he gives no sign of doing, that he

Bridles in his struggling Muse with pain.

But it is better to turn a Muse into a mare than into a mule or ass,[2] which Boileau does; and Addison has redeemed the wretchedness of his poetry by the suavity and humour of his prose.

Et tandis que ton bras des peuples *redouté*
Va le foudre à la main rétablir l'équité.

I always fancied that the *foudre* is rather a destroyer than an establisher. But why was the arm of Louis feared by the nations, if it was armed only to establish equity? The arm with the thunderbolt in the hand is worse than tautology.[3]

Let us turn to his Satires.

Satire I.

Et puis, comment percer *cette foule effroyable*
De rimeurs affamés *dont le nombre l'accable* . . .
Un lit et deux placets composaient tout son bien;
Ou, pour en mieux parler, Saint-Amant n'avait rien.

It would puzzle me to divine in what this *mieux parler* consists. There never was a verse more[4] idle than this better-spoken one, or what would incur more ridicule in any notoriously bad writer. The bed and the *deux placets* show the extremes of Saint-Amant's poverty, without[5] the least expenditure of wit or fancy to light up the chamber: any other piece of worthless furniture might have been added. This however did not suit the rhyme, Boileau's goddess of Necessity. He therefore ridicules the man for not having what he had just before ridiculed him for having.

[1] *Discours au Roi.*

[2] 1st ed. reads: "ass; and Addison," etc. Crump is mistaken as to the passage "But" to "ass" not being in 1st ed.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "tautology, if indeed anything can be worse in a poet than this most obvious proof of debility. Let us," etc.

[4] 1st ed. reads: "more perfectly idle."

[5] 1st ed. reads: "without any expenditure," etc.

Satire II.

Pour qui tient Apollon tous ses trésors ouverts,
Et qui sçais à quel coin se marquent les bons vers.

Behold the art of sinking ![1]

Satire III.

Nothing can be more flat and farther out of character than the last lines, from a person who professes just before an utter indifference to the pleasures of the table.

Satire IV.

Tout hérissé de grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance.

All this, excepting the last word, is in another place. The idea of *hérissé de grec* arose, I presume, from the sharp and slender forms of the Greek letters, as we see them printed. A line of Greek appeared to Boileau like a hedge of aloes.

La même erreur les fait errer diversement.

A contradiction the more apparent, as he had mentioned the hundred roads in which the travellers wandered, some to the right, some to the left. He has ridiculed the errors into which men have run from the imperfection of their reason: a great folly! He now gravely rails at reason itself: a greater!

Que si d'un sort fâcheux la maligne inconstance.

The inconstancy of a *sort fâcheux* was never before complained of, still less called malignant.

Enfin un médecin fort expert en son art
Le guérit . . . par adresse ou plutôt par hasard.

It is quite unimportant to the story, if not to the verse, whether the physician cured the man by skill or chance; but to say that he was *fort expert en son art*, and subjoin that he effected his cure *plutôt*

[1] 1st ed. reads: "sinking! Molière goes into Apollo's treasury, and finds out in it how he marks his pocket-handkerchief." 2nd ed. reads: "cravat."

par hasard, proves that the poet must have taken his expressions altogether at hazard.

Satire V.

On fait cas d'un coursier qui, fier . . . et plein de cœur . . .

does what ?

Fait paraître en courant sa bouillante vigueur.

This is natural enough : and could not well be otherwise : but what think you of a horse that *jamais ne se lasse?* Do not be surprised : he becomes just like another, and

dans la carrière
S'est couvert *mille fois* . . . d'une *noble* poussière.[1]

Satire VI.

A man who reasons must be aware how silly it is to write an angry satire on cats : yet the first thing that provokes the complaints of Boileau against Paris, is the noise of these animals, and their dangerous conspiracies, in league with the rats, against his repose. Such [2] a confederation is about as rational and natural, and must end in the same manner as the alliance of the crowned crimps against your country, in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity. He then calls this disturbance the least of his misfortunes, and attacks the cocks, which of course are a plague to Paris. Yet neither the cocks nor the blacksmith, who falls next under his displeasure, are, if we may judge from the outcry he makes, so grievous an evil to him as the former licentious disturbers of his peace.

Les voleurs à l'instant s'emparent de la ville.
Le bois *le plus funeste* et le moins fréquenté
Est, au prix de Paris, un lieu de sûreté.

Exaggeration may be carried to any height where there is wit, but rolls down like a load of gravel where there is none.

Malheur donc à celui qu'une affaire imprévue
Engage un peu trop tard au détour d'une rue !

---

[1] 1st ed. reads : " poussière. That is, as your countrymen would have said, not Monsieur Poussière, but Monsieur de Poussière, a most important distinction."

[2] From " Such " to " Trinity " added in 2nd ed.

He does not seem conscious that the praises he has been lavishing on Louis are worth nothing, if[1] there is a foundation for this complaint. Thieves are not subjects for satire; but those are whose capitals are crowded with them.

> Il faudrait, dans l'enclos d'un vaste logement,
> Avoir loin de la rue un autre appartement.

This is curious; for it demonstrates to us that there certainly must have been a time when it was considered, or offered, as wit, satire, or moral.

Delille.[2] You are very fastidious for one so little advanced in years.

Landor. I was more fastidious when I was younger, and I could detect a fallacy in composition as readily as now. I had been accustomed to none but the best models. I had read Pindar and the great tragedians more than once before I had read half the plays of Shakespeare. My prejudices in favour of ancient literature began to wear away on *Paradise Lost;* and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had recited aloud in my solitary walks on the sea-shore the haughty appeal of Satan and the deep penitence of Eve. I was above twenty-five years old when I first looked at Dante; one cyclopian corner of the great quaternion.

Delille. You studied much, however; and study sharpens criticism.

Landor. I doubt it; unless by references and comparisons. Only four years of my life were given up much to study; and I regret that I spent so many so ill. Even these debarred me from no pleasure; for I seldom read or wrote within-doors, excepting a few hours at night. The learning of those who are called the learned is learning at second-hand: the primary and most important must be acquired by reading in our own bosoms; the rest a deep insight into other men's. What is written is mostly an imperfect and unfaithful copy.

Delille. You have taken little from others.

Landor. When I had irrigated my field from the higher sources of literature, I permitted the waste water to run off again. Few

[1] 1st ed. reads: "if there is the slightest foundation."

[2] From "Delille" to "eminent poet. We will open" added in 3rd ed.

things remained in my memory as they entered ; more encumbered it ; many assumed fresh combinations.

Come ; we must talk no longer about so obscure a man, in the presence of this severe censor and eminent poet. We will open

Satire VII.

Mais tout fat me déplaît . . . et me blesse les yeux ;
Je le *poursuis partout.*

Idle [1] and silly ! were it practicable, it would be the ruin of Satire.

Delille. Turn over, and you will find Boileau warmed by the fine French sentiment of loyalty to his King. Ay, that pleases you, I see.

Landor. No sentiment is more just or reasonable than loyalty ; but it should belong as much to Kings as to their people : where it is not reciprocal it is worth nothing. What insincerity ! what baseness ! to rave against the wild ambition of Alexander, who had all the spirit and all the talents of a consummate warrior, and to crouch at the feet of Louis with every expression of homage and admiration ; of Louis, who had no such talents, no such spirit, who exposed his person in no battle, but who ordered a massacre to win the favour of a saint, and consumed a province to cure a heresy : a coward, a bigot, perfidious, ungrateful, perjured,[2] who died so despised and hated, that his worshippers jumped up from their kneeling, and pelted his carcass with mire and ordure as it went to burial.

Delille. Ah, M. Landor ! you can not do him justice. You must exaggerate [3] or you must detract.

Landor. Fénelon, than whom there never was a more dispassionate judge, or a more veracious man, says of him in a letter to Madame de Maintenon, which it is probable he intended she should show to him, " that he had no idea of his kingly duties." Of what duties had he any ?

The satire we have dipped into is borrowed in many parts from

[1] 1st ed. reads : " This is idle . . . silly ! If it were practicable," etc.
[2] 1st ed. reads : " perjured, sacrilegous, who."
[3] 1st ed. reads : " exaggerate. He is the Grand Monarque. Landor. This satire is borrowed . . . contrived to sink all the gaiety," etc.

Horace, in many from Juvenal; yet Boileau has contrived to torpify with prose and puffing all the gaiety of the one, and to weaken with cold and hoarseness all the declamation of the other.

Satire IX.

C'est à vous, mon Esprit, à qui je veux parler.

It is a pity that his *Esprit* was not summoned to this conference earlier; but even now it is only called to be talked to, and has more to hear than to say.

Mais moi qui, *dans le fond*, sçais bien ce . . .

A [1] significant nod, to give the sentence the appearance of wit, which, if it lies anywhere in it, lies *dans le fond.*

Phébus a-t-il pour vous applani le Parnasse ?

The word *applani* is not a very happy one [2] since the difficulties of Parnassus are the triumphs of the poet. I must observe here, that Apollo, Parnassus, &c., are too frequently used by your poets, and that nothing shows [3] barrenness of invention more evidently, than a perpetual recurrence to mythology on subjects unconnected with it. I [4] know but one thing so subversive of illusion in works of fiction.

Delille. What is that ?

Landor. The cant-word of novelists, *our hero;* by which you meet the Author face to face inopportunely, and the vision is intercepted by him bodily. The hero whom he represents to us is perhaps a young gentleman fresh from college, whose feats of heroism have been upon a Wilton carpet, or in a pleasant walk among the trees with Emily, or in an innocent ride between two turnpike-gates. It closes with falling in love, with struggling to get out of it, with succeeding by the Leucadian leap of marriage, or in case of failure, as may happen, with blessing her devoutly " on his last legs," as we say in England. But again to an Author who never was in this

[1] 1st ed. reads: " Significant nod," omitting " A."
[2] 1st ed. reads: " one. The difficulties," etc.
[3] 1st ed. reads: " shows a barrenness."
[4] From " I " to " any kind " added in 2nd ed.

predicament, and who certainly leads us not into temptation of any kind.

> Et ne sçavez-vous pas que, sur ce mont sacré,
> Qui ne vole au sommet tombe au plus bas degré.

This is neither true nor ingenious. Horace has misled him by being misunderstood, where he says :

> . . . mediocribus esse poetis
> Non homines, non dî, non concessere columnæ.[1]

Now Horace himself, and Catullus, and Tibullus, have never reached nor attempted to reach the summit of Parnassus ; and equally certain is it that they have not fallen *au plus bas degré.* Their poetry is excellent in its kind ; as among the French is that of La Fontaine. It is only those whose poetry has risen no higher than to mediocrity in its kind, whatever that kind may be, whose existence as poets is destined to a short duration. Catullus and Horace will be read as long as Homer and Virgil, and more often and by more readers.

> Par l'*éclat d'un fardeau* trop pesant à porter.

This is the third time within a few pages that I have observed the metaphor ; but I never heard until now that a *fardeau* could have an *éclat.* If it ever is attended by one, it must be, not while it is borne, but at the moment when it is thrown off.

> Peindre Bellone *en feu,* tonnant de toutes parts . . .

And what else ? Mars, Minerva, Jupiter, the Fates, the Furies !

> Et le Belge effrayé . . .

but surely in some act of awful devotion ; that if we fall from such a height, it may be into the bosom of Pity. Ah no !

> . . . fuyant sur ses ramparts.

How contemptible are these verses on Bellona and the Dutchman, in comparison with those they are intended to imitate !

> Cupidum, pater optime, vires
> Deficiunt : neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
> Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
> Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.[2]

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[1] Hor., *Ars P.*, 373.

[2] Hor., *Sat.*, ii. 1, 12.

Delille.[1] This satire contains the line which has been so often quoted,

Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile,

in which Boileau has scarcely his wonted discrimination. Surely Tasso is a superb poet.

Landor. A few remarks on that foolish verse. Your poets have always felt a violent jealousy of the Italian. If Virgil had lived in the age of Tasso, and Tasso in the age of Virgil, Boileau would have transferred and commuted the designation, and have given the tinsel to Virgil, the gold to Tasso. There is little of tinsel in the *Gierusalemme*, and much of gold. The poet fails whenever he attempts the sublime, generally so called; but he seldom overloads his descriptions with idle words or frivolous decorations. His characters are more vivid and more distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. The heroes of the *Æneid* are like the half-extinct frescoes of Raphael; but what is wanting in the frescoes of the painter is effaced by time, what is wanting in the figures of the poet was wanting to his genius. No man ever formed in his mind an idea of Dido, or perhaps ever wished to form it; particularly on finding her memory so extensive and her years so mature, that she could recollect the arrival of Teucer at Sidon. Mezentius is called a despiser of the Gods; yet the most pious speech in the *Æneid* comes from the lips of Mezentius, the most heroical of all the characters in that poem, and the most resigned to the will of Heaven:

Ast de me divôm pater atque hominum rex
Viderit.[2]

But who would walk among the scenery of woods and waterfalls, of glades and forests, of valleys in their retirement, and of corn-fields in their richness and profusion, for the sake of bringing home a few sticks and stubble? or who could receive more pleasure from such an occupation, than from surveying the

[1] Previous editors have ignored the fact, acknowledged by Landor in 2nd ed., that the passage "Delille. This" to "superb poet," and passages to be noticed hereafter, were not by him, but were "added by the friend who revised the proof sheets of my Conversations," presumably Hare.

[2] Vir., *Æn.*, 743.

majestic growth of the trees and the infinite variety of the foliage ? [1]

Virgil has blemishes like Tasso, and Tasso has beauties like Virgil. The *Æneid*, I venture to affirm, is the most mis-shapen of epics ; an epic of episodes : for these constitute the greater and better part. The *Gierusalemme Liberata* is, of all such compositions, the most perfect in its plan. In regard to execution, read any one book attentively, and I am persuaded, M. l'Abbé, that you would rather have written it than all the poetry of Voltaire and Boileau.[2]

Let us go on with the volume before us.

> de sang-froid . . . et sans être amoureux,
> Pour quelqu' Iris en l'air faire le langoureux.

The superfluous on the superfluous ! Boileau is one of the forty who have done the same thing. One would imagine that there had lived in Paris some lady of this name, either by baptism or convention.[3] The French poets, if they wished to interest the reader, should at least have engaged a name less hackneyed. Delia, Corinna, Lesbia, bring with them lively recollections. They are names not taken in vain by the Romans in the days of Roman glory ; and the women to whom they were first given were not ideal. Synonymous with beauty, grace, fondness, tenderness, they delight the memory by locality : but we turn with indifference or with disgust from the common *Palais Royal* face of Iris. Boileau might have said to a patron, " you shall be my Apollo, my Richelieu, my Louis " : the expression has something to rest upon : and why should not love enjoy the same privilege as patronage ? The [4] judicious La Fontaine has committed this inexcusable fault, and rendered it worse than he found it in any preceding poet : for, in

[1] 1st ed., in a passage acknowledged by Landor in 2nd ed. as the work of a friend, reads : " foliage. Delille. I would rather walk through a garden, listening to a fountain, culling roses and sprigs of jessamine, and meditating upon beautiful nature. But I am very happy that you admire Tasso. I never could determine whether he or Virgil had the most grace, and the most elegance, and have often wondered that the same country should have produced, even with the interval of fifteen centuries, two poets almost equal to our Racine. Landor. Virgil," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads : " Boileau ; if indeed there is anything in them that could augment your reputation. Let us," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads : " convention, celebrated as was Phryne. The French," etc.

[4] From " The " to " peruke " added in 3rd ed.

an *Imitation of Anacreon* he places Iris with Venus. Here he confuses the mythological Iris with the Iris to whom you raise, not a temple nor an altar (which I believe were never raised to the heavenly one) but a triangular hat over a buckled and powdered peruke.

> La Satire, en leçons, en nouveautés fertile,
> Sait seule assaisonner le plaisant et l'utile.

Rhyme consists in similarity of sound, not in identity: an observation that has escaped all your poets, and, what is more wonderful, all the Italian. Satire is less fertile in novelty than any other kind of poetry; and possesses not alone the power attributed to it, but, on the contrary, in a less degree than the rest. If it alone were endowed with this faculty, why should poets employ any kind else? Who would write what cannot be pleasant? who, what cannot be useful? Satire alone would serve the purposes both of poetry and of prose: and we might expect to find a good satire in every good treatise on geometry, or metaphysics, or music, or cookery.

> Hé! mon dieu! craignez tout d'un auteur en courroux,
> Qui peut . . . Quoi? . . . Je m'entends . . . Mais encor? . . . Taisez-vous.

Thus ends this long monologue between Boileau and his *Esprit*, which must have rejoiced heartily at its dismissal. Perhaps no line is more suitable to the [1] French taste than this last; so many short sentences, coming out singly and with breaks between them, like the notes in a cock's [2] crow; so many things of which almost every man fancies that he alone is in the secret. I must confess, it is really one to me; and, after all the interpretations it will bear, I find neither wit nor satire in it, nor even the sting of a dead epigram.

Delille.[3] When you compare the tenth satire of Boileau with the manner in which women are attacked by Juvenal, you must be filled with admiration at perceiving how superior French morality is to Roman.

Landor. That is a knotty question, M. l'Abbé: we might bruise

[1] 1st ed. reads: "the general French," etc.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "cock's morning hymn, which, allow me to observe, seems to have been taken by your countrymen as a model for their verse, not omitting even the interjectional scream with which it closes—so many," etc.

[3] From "Delille" to "is to Roman" added by Landor's friend.

our hands, if we attempted to lay hold of it: it is safer to confine our observations to poetry.

Que, si sous Adam même . . . et *loin avant Noé.*

The same fault incessantly recurring! What was under Adam, was long before Noah. Your marquises were not very profound in chronology: but even the most ignorant of them probably knew this fact, notwithstanding the league between his confessor and his vices to keep him from reading the book where it is recorded. In Boileau there is really more of diffuseness than of brevity: few observe it, because it abounds in short sentences: and few are aware that sentences may be very short and the writer very prolix; as half a dozen stones rising out of a brook give the passenger more trouble than a plank across it.[1]

Villon et Saint-Gelais,
Arioste, Marot, Bocace, Rabelais.

One of the beauties at which Boileau aimed, was the nitching of several names together in a verse, without any other word. Caligula [2] spoke justly and admirably, when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand. Montesquieu, Voltaire, and their imitators, Frederick of Prussia and Catharine of Russia, were perhaps [3] unconscious how perversely they imitated this blameable model of style, and how far they were in general from his gravity and acuteness. Florus [4] and Valerius Maximus seem chiefly to have captivated the attention, and to have formed the manner, of Voltaire [5]; as the style of our historian Hume is evidently taken from a French translation of Machiavelli.

Delille. Montesquieu, of whom Voltaire was among the earliest and best imitators, was a great admirer of Florus. Cardinal Duperon ranked him next to Tacitus, and above Tite-Live.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "it, not to mention the greater chance of wetting the feet. Villon et," etc.

[2] Mr. Stephen Wheeler supplies me with the reference, to Suetonius, *Calig.*, 53.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "perhaps not aware how."

[4] 1st ed. reads: "Florus however seems chiefly."

[5] 2nd ed. has a note, ignored by Forster and Crump, which reads: "Montesquieu, of whom Voltaire was among the earliest and best imitators, was a great admirer of Florus. The cardinal Duperon placed him next to Tacitus, and above *Tite-Live.*" This and the passage from "Landor. Well" to "than his," p. 222, were added to the text in 3rd ed.

LANDOR. Well, Abbé! let us go on, and we shall find, I warrant you, something as silly as that. We will leave the shallow red hat upon the peg. Voltaire owed much to Montesquieu, but greatly more to Le Sage, whose elegance, purity, and variety, never have been and never will be exceeded. We now come among clumsier valets than his.

Seul avec des valets, souvent voleurs et traîtres,
À toujours, à coup sûr, ennemis de leurs maîtres.

Why so? in any other respect than as *voleurs et traîtres*.

Et, pour le rendre libre, il le faut enchaîner.

This verse alone was worth a pension from Louis. It is indeed the most violent antithesis that ever was constructed: but, as a maxim in politics, it is admirably adapted to your nation, most happy under a despot, and most faithful under a usurper.

Et ne présume pas que Vénus ou Satan, &c.

The two mythologies ought never to be confounded. This is worse than Bellona and the Dutchman, or than Mars *et le fameux fort de Skink*.

L'honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans tords:
On n'y peut plus rentrer dès qu'on en est dehors.

The simily is imperfect, because the fact is untrue. If an island can be entered once, it can be entered twice.

Avec un air plus sombre
S'en aller méditer une vole au jeu d'hombre.

There is no reason, except the rhyme, for this *air plus sombre*. When the lady only *thinks* of playing, she has encountered no ill success, and expects none; otherwise she would not play.

Comme ce magistrat de hideuse mémoire.

The story of this magistrate is badly told: the progress of his passion is untraced. How much better is the Sir Balaam of Pope.

Mais qui pourrait compter le nombre des haillons?

This picture is overcharged. It appears to me that the author had written two descriptions, and not wishing to lose either, nor

knowing what to do with both, tacked them together to compose the tenth satire. He confesses that "le récit passe un peu l'*ordinaire*," and desires to know whether it could be given in fewer words. Horace [1] will answer that it can be given both in fewer and better.

Mais qui la priverait huit jours *de ses plaisirs*,
Et qui, loin d'un galant . . . objet *de ses désirs*.

It is natural enough that the lady's gallant should be the object of her desires: but what shall we think of a versification which permits *de ses plaisirs* to be followed by *de ses désirs?*

Sa tranquille vertu conserve tous ses crimes.

A violent counterpoint! Antithesis was always fond of making inroads on the borders of absurdity.

Satire XII.

Et partout sa doctrine en peu de tems portée

what can be added to its extent if it was *partout?* why

Fut du Gange, du Nil, et du Tage écoutée.

Another falling off! Who in the world ever made a voyage to the Ganges for the purpose of arriving at the Tagus? The verse itself did not exact this penance: it could have been written as easily,

Fut du Tage, du Nil, et du Gange écoutée.

This would have described, as it was intended, the progress of the Christian faith. The [2] same fault is committed (and none but a bad reasoner, to say nothing of a bad poet, could commit it) in another couplet, which at this moment comes into my mind, but which, with many more, I have turned over.

DELILLE. Surely so grave a fault could hardly have escaped him twice.

LANDOR. What think you of

De Pékin . . . à Paris . . . et de Paris . . . à Rome!

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[1] 1st ed. reads: "Horace may show that."
[2] From "The" to "à Rome" added in 3rd ed.

I know not where in any language to find such lethargic verses as the following:

> Sans simonie on peut contre un bien temporel
> Hardiment échanger un bien spirituel.

Of all the wretched poets ridiculed by Boileau, not one, I believe, has written anything so signally stupid. Turn to the *Discours au Roi.*

> Je vais de toutes parts *où me guide ma veine,*
> *Sans tenir en marchant une route certaine ;*
> Et, sans gêner ma plume en ce libre métier,
> Je la laisse au hasard courir sur le papier.

This is untrue: if it were not, he would have written greatly worse than he did. Horace has misled him here, as on other occasions, by being misunderstood: he says,

> Ego apis Matinæ
> More modoque
> Grata carpentis thyma *per laborem*
> *Plurimum, &c.*[1]

This relates to the diversity of subjects chosen by the lyric poet: instead of which Boileau speaks merely of satires, and tells us that he corrects the age at hazard, and without the view or intention of correcting it.

> Quand je vois ta sagesse en ses justes projets
> D'une heureuse abondance enrichir tes sujets.

Here indeed he is a satirist, and a very bold one, and one who does not let his pen run at random over the paper.

> Que je n'ai *ni le ton, ni la voix* assez forte.

This verse resembles that in his translation of Sappho:

> Je ne sçaurais trouver . . . de langue . . . ni de voix.

He places the tone and the voice in contradistinction: but what is the difference? Where the tone is loud, the voice is loud, at least for the time. Here, as everywhere, you find the never-failing char-

[1] Hor., *Od.*, iv. 2, 27.

acteristic of your verse. Your heroic line rises and falls at a certain pitch, like the handle of a pump.[1]

Delille. And yet our heroic verse is more generally read and applauded in Europe than the English.

Landor. Or than the Italian, or than the Latin, or than the Greek. Admiration is no proof of excellence: the point it comes from is its indication, and this point is one and narrow. It must proceed from reason: how few look for that! how few of those who look for it can find it in these regions. Where is the demonstration? who is the demonstrator?

Epître I. Au Roi.

Boileau had just issued a long and laborious writ against Equivoque; he had despatched against it Noah's ark by sea and Heresy by land, when Apollo *éperdu* makes him suddenly the prize of his adversary. He has the simplicity to tell Louis that Apollo has cautioned him thus:

Cette mer où tu cours est célèbre en naufrages.

I hope Louis read this line some years afterward, when the application of it would scourge him severely. Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St. John,

[1] 1st ed. reads: "pump. Delille. You know, Mr. Landor, even the glorious orb of Phœbus is defaced by spots. Besides, Boileau's satires were his earliest compositions in verse; and some blemishes in them have been detected by our own critics. But they are excusable, or rather they were inevitable. My experience has taught me that perfection is the offspring of labour, and that the muses must be wooed before they can be won. You will have remarked, no doubt, that my later works are much more delicately finished than my earlier. The former put me in mind of some rude village in a remote province, the latter more resemble the gardens of Versailles. It is the same in every art. Vestris, himself, though, as you are aware, he was nature's favourite child, could not invest his limbs with all those graces of attitude and motion, which electrified Paris and the world, until Time had organized his budding powers, and Practice had modulated their rich luxuriance. But turn to Boileau's Epistles, and in some of them at least you will find nothing against which you can object: the dust with which detraction has rubbed them, has only served to renew their exquisite polish. Landor. With your permission then we will continue our walk, and if we kick up diamonds instead of dirt, or if my blacking, instead of smearing a face, polishes a shoe, we shall be so much the gainers. *Epître* I. *Au Roi*," etc.

to second the views of a weak, obstinate,[1] drunken, old woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the Place de Grève, or at Tyburn. Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.

This man is here called *grand roi* seven times within 200 lines; and to demonstrate that he really was so, the words are written in grand characters.

> Te livrer le Bosphore, et . . . d'un vers *incivil*
> Proposer au Sultan de te céder le Nil.

Can anyone doubt that, if the letter *e* could have been added to *vers*, the poet would have written *civil* instead of *incivil*. I do not remember in any language an epithet so idle and improper.

> Ne t'avons-nous pas *vu* dans les plaines Belgiques,
> Quand l'ennemi vainc*u*, désertant ses remparts,
> Au devant de ton joug courait de toutes parts,
> Toi-même te borner ?

Yes, with the assistance of William.[2]

> Au devant de ton joug.

Surely a beneficent prince has no occasion to impose a yoke upon those who run toward him willingly from all parts: nevertheless the sentiment is national.

> Iront de ta valeur *effrayer l'univers* . . .

A wise, beneficent, godlike action! but what follows?

> Et camper devant Dôle au milieu des hivers ! ! !

He grows more and more reasonable.

> On verra les abus par ta main réformés,
> La licence et l'orgueil en tous lieux réprimés,

[1] From "obstinate" to "old" added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "William. Your poets and writers of every kind make all the world French. It has been well remarked, that a Frenchman when victorious is most truly called *vain cœur*, and that yours is the only nation upon earth which, when defeated, still retains this characteristic quality, though transferring it to the part which it exposes to the enemy, and to specify which more particularly would not be decorous. Au devant," etc. In 2nd ed. Landor acknowledged that the sentence "It has been . . . decorous" was added by a friend, presumably Hare.

Du débris des traitans ton épargne grossie,
Des subsides *affreux* la rigueur adoucie,
Le soldat, dans la paix, sage et . . . *laborieux*,
Nos artisans grossiers rendus . . . *industrieux*.

What idea must that nation entertain of poetry, which can call this so? To encounter such wretched lines, truly

C'est camper devant Dôle au milieu des hivers.

What more does Louis perform?

Tantôt je tracerai tes *pompeux* bâtiments,
Du loisir d'un héros *nobles* amusements.

These noble amusements, with some others of the same hero, brought France into a state of poverty and wretchedness, which, neglected by his successors, hurled the least vicious of the family to the scaffold.

Delille.[1] I am afraid you will censure some of my finest verses: such as,

Eh! qui du sommet d'un coteau
Voyant le Nil au loin rouler *ses eaux pompeuses*
Détournerait les yeux de ce *riche tableau*
Et de ces eaux majestueuses?

or,

Tel le *vaste* Apennin de sa cime *hautaine:*

or even this,

Ah, si ce *noble* instinct par qui le *grand* Homère.

Landor. Fine verses are often bad poetry. If these are really yours, they are your very worst.

Delille. My friends think otherwise.

Landor. Then they do you injustice. Never take their opinion in future unless upon an eel-pie.

Epître III.

I turn over the leaves hastily. Here we shall discover what happened when Adam was fallen.

Le chardon importun hérissa . . . les guérets,
Le serpent *venimeux* rampa dans . . . les forêts.

[1] From "Delille" to "eel-pie" added in 2nd ed.

According to this, matters were bettered. If the serpent had always been there, Adam would have lost nothing, and the importunity of the thistle would have been little to be complained of if it had only been in the *guérets*.

Epître IV. Au Roi.

Comment en vers heureux assiéger Doësbourg,
Zutphen, Wagheninghen, Harderwic, Knotzembourg ?

These names are tacked together for no other purpose than the rhyme: he complains that they are difficult to pronounce, meaning to say difficult to spell; for certainly none of them is very harsh; but whenever a Frenchman finds a difficulty in spelling a word, he throws in a handful of consonants to help him over: these are the fascines of M. Boileau's approaches. The sound of *Wurts* is not offensive to the ear, without which the poet says,

Que j'allais à tes yeux étaler de merveilles !

As you French pronounce *Zutphen*, &c., they are truly harsh enough. But that is owing to your nasal twang, the most disagreeable and disgusting of sounds: being produced by the same means as a stink is rejected, and thus reminding us of one. The syllable *Zut* is not harsher than the first in *Zethes*, or *Phen* other than the first in *Phénix*. In fact, the sounds of *Grand Roi* are harsher than any that so powerfully offend him, as to stop him with his *raree-shew* on his back, when he had promised the king a peep at it. I well remember the difficulty I experienced, in teaching a learned countryman of yours that,

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won . . .

is really a verse, and that *'twas* should not be pronounced *it was*, inviting him to read the first line of the *Iliad*, in which he stumbled at *θεά*, and fell flat upon his face at *Πηληϊάδεω*.

And [1] let me ask here, in regard to your use of the alphabet, what man of what nation, ancient or modern, could imagine the existence of a people, on the same globe with himself, who employ the letters *e a u x* to express a sound which he and all others would express by the single vowel *o*, and that furthermore *oient* should

[1] From " And " to " nothing of it " added in 3rd ed.

signify neither more nor less than another single vowel *e* ? And what is your barbarity to the most beautiful of the liquids ! In *fils* you disinherit it : in *Versailles* you pour two of them into a gargle. If there is a letter that ought to have more force and strength in it than any other, it is the letter *x*, which, in fact, is composed of two stout ones, *k* and *s* : yet you make nothing of it.

I will now show you what to any organs sensible of harmony is really disagreeable ; four similar sounds for instance in one verse, which occur in the last of this Epistle,[1] written (we may conjecture) while the din of the blacksmith's shop, before complained of, was ringing in his ears.

> *Non, non*, ne fais*ons* plus de plaintes inutiles :
> Puisqu' ainsi *dans* deux mois tu pr*ends* quar*ante* villes,
> Assuré des *bons* vers *dont ton* bras me r*épond*,
> Je t'att*ends dans* deux *ans* aux bords de l'Helles*pont*.

I know nothing of the Dutch language, but I will venture a wager with you, M. l'Abbé, that the harshest verse in it is less so than these ; and a Greek or an Italian shall decide. There are dozens similar.[2]

> Je vais *faire* la *guerre* aux habitans de l'*air*.
> Il me *faut* du re*pos*, des pr*és* et des for*êts*.
> Ont *cru* me rendre affr*eux* aux *yeux* de l'univers.
> Ses écrits pleins de *feu* partout brillent aux *yeux*.

The man must have been born in a sawmill, or in France, or under the falls of Niagara, whose ear can suffer these. In the same Epistle we find,

> A ces mots, essuyant sa barbe *limoneuse*,
> Il prend d'un vieux guerrier la figure *poudreuse*.

Another equivocation. Surely if Boileau had found such poetry in an author of small repute, he would have quoted it as a thing too low to kick up, too flat to ridicule.

What does the Rhine, after wiping the mud off his whiskers with a clean cambric handkerchief, and assuming the powdered face of an old lieutenant-general ? he

> Du *fameux* fort de Skink prend la route *connue* !

---

[1] 1st ed. reads : " Epistle that seems to have been written," etc.

[2] Landor's examples are taken from *Epître* VI. and *L'Art Poétique*, ii.

And Louis, what is he about?

> Louis, les animant du feu de son courage,
> Se plaint de sa grandeur . . . qui l'attache au rivage.

He had many such complaints to make against his grandeur: Cæsar and Alexander had none. A Gascon ran away from a fortress about to be bombarded; he was intercepted and brought back; and, on his trial before a court-martial, said in his defence that he had wished to exhibit his courage in the plain. If this had been permitted, it would probably have been found to be of the same kind as that of Louis.

Turn to the eighth Epistle, which is again addressed to the king. I pass over the intermediate, because it is reasonable to presume that if Boileau looks not well in a court dress, he never looks well. In other cases indeed it would be unjust to confound the poet with the courtier: in him the courtier is the better part. I observe too that these Epistles are particularly celebrated by the editor for "the suppleness and grace of the versification, and for the equality, solidity, and fulness of the style."

> Et mes vers en ce style, ennuyeux, sans appas,
> Déshonorent ma plume et ne t'honorent pas.

If the verses were *ennuyeux et sans appas*, it is evident enough that they dishonoured his pen; and what dishonoured his pen could not honour his prince. This thought, which Boileau has repeated so often and so ill, is better expressed by several other of your poets, and shortly before by Malleville,[1]

> Mais je sçais quel effort demande cet ouvrage;
> La grandeur du sujet me doit épouvanter;
> Je trahirais sa gloire au lieu de l'augmenter,
> Et ferais à son nom moins d'honneur que d'outrage.

Delille. That sonnet of Malleville is very beautiful.

Landor. Particularly in the conclusion: yet your critics preferred, to this and every other, one which displays Phillis and Aurora and Zephyr and Olympus, and in which a most polite apology is offered to the Sun, for the assertion that the brightness of Phillis was as much superior to his as his was superior to that of

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Malleville, in these words."

the stars. They who reason so profoundly,[1] seem to argue thus: if it requires more skill in a tailor to give a fashionable cut and fresh glossiness to an old court-dress, than to make a new one, it requires a better poet to refurbish a trite thought than to exhibit an original.

> Dans les *nobles douceurs* d'un séjour *plein de charmes*
> Tu n'es pas moins héros qu'au milieu des alarmes.[2]

In the second line another equivocation! It is perfectly true that he was just as much a hero abed and asleep as in battle; but his heroism was chiefly displayed in these *nobles douceurs*. Pity that Boileau has written no ode on his marriage with a poor peasant girl, whom he met while he was hunting. The Virgin Mary would perhaps have been bridemaid,[3] and Apollo would have presented the Gospel on which he swore. How many of your most glorious kings would, if they had been private men in any free country, or even in their own, have been condemned to the pillory and the galleys!

> De ton trône agrandi portant seul tout le faix.

This is the favourite metaphor of your poet: he ought to have known that kings do not carry the burden of thrones, but that thrones carry theirs, and that consequently the metaphor here is not only inelegant, as usual, but imperfect and misapplied.

> J'amasse de tes faits le pénible volume.

Again equivocation[4]! In turning over the leaves to arrive at the *Art Poétique*, my eye rests on this verse in the twelfth Epistle:

> Qui n'eut jamais pour dieu que glace . . .

A strange God enough! it is not to be wondered at if there should be no other in his company: but there is: who?

> . . . et que froideur.

There are follies on which it would be a greater folly to remark. Who would have the courage to ask whether there is not coldness where there is ice? A Latin poet however has written almost as ill:

> Alpes
> Frigidus aerias atque alta cacumina.

---

[1] 1st ed. reads: "profoundly on all things seem."
[2] *Epître* VIII.
[3] 1st ed. reads: "bridesmaid."
[4] 1st ed. reads: "equivoque"; so also below.

Read the first lines in the *Art Poétique*.

> C'est en vain qu'au Parnasse un *téméraire auteur*
> Pense de l'art des vers atteindre la *hauteur*.

Auteur answers to *hauteur*. After this fashion an echo is the most accomplished of rhymers.

> S'il ne sent point du ciel l'influence secrète.

In that case he is not *téméraire*, and the epithet is worse than useless.

> Fuyez de ces auteurs l'abondance stérile,
> Et ne vous chargez point d'un détail inutile.

The first verse forestalls the second, which is flat; and the three following are worse.

> Ou le Temps qui s'enfuit . . . *une horloge à la main*.

He thinks it unreasonable that such an allegory should be censured.[1] Time ought to be represented with no modern inventions to designate him. I presume M. Boileau means the *hour-glass* by his "horloge à la main"; but although we often see in prints an allegorical figure of this description, no poet should think that a sufficient reason for adopting it, but rather (if a better were wanting) for its rejection. An *hour-glass*, in the hand of this mighty and awful power, is hardly less ridiculous than a watch and seals.

> Soyez vif et pressé dans vos narrations,
> Soyez riche et *pompeux* dans vos descriptions.

I know not which to call the worse, the lines or the advice. But to recommend a man to be *rich* in anything, is a hint that can not always be taken,[2] as we poets know better than most men.

> J'aime mieux Arioste et ses fables comiques
> Que ces auteurs toujours froids et mélancoliques.

Really! This he intends as a *pis-aller*. Ariosto is a plagiary, the most so of all poets; Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad: but divide the *Orlando* into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole

[1] 1st ed. reads: "censured now. Time should be," etc.
[2] In 1st ed. the sentence ends at "taken."

French language. M. de Voltaire,[1] like M. Boileau, spoke flippantly and foolishly of Ariosto: he afterward gave his reasons for having done it.

Delille. I do not remember them at present. Were they at all satisfactory, or at least ingenious?

Landor. They were very good ones indeed, and exactly such as might have been expected from a critic of his spirit and quickness.

Delille. Do you recollect the sum of them?

Landor. He had never read him! To make amends, he took him kindly by the hand, and preferred him to Dante.

Delille. He might have held back there. But where we have dirtied one shoe we may dirt the other: it does not cost a farthing more to clean a pair than an odd one. When, however, not contented with making the grasshopper so loud as to deafen the vales and mountains, Ariosto makes her deafen the sea and heavens, he says rather too much on this worst pest of Italy, this neutraliser of the nightingale.

> Cicala col noioso metro
> Fra i densi rami del fronzuto stelo
> Le valli e i monti *assorda*, e'l mar e'l cielo.

Landor. If he rises too high in one quarter, he falls in another too low. He speaks of Cardinal Ippolito di Este,

> magnanimo, sublime . . .
> Gran cardinal della chiesa di Roma!!

Since I love Ariosto next to Boccaccio, I am sorry at the discovery we have made together, that the two greatest personages in his *Orlando* are a cardinal and a grasshopper. But come along: we must go further, and may fare worse.

> Mais aussi pardonnez, si, plein de ce beau zèle,
> De tous vos pas *fameux* observateur fidèle,
> Quelquefois du bon or je sépare le faux.

What has *gold* to do, false or sterling, with *steps*, *zeal*, *and observation?* And[2] does he mean to say that there is *false gold* in the *steps* of King Louis? This is surely what the *faithful observer* would not wish to render *famous*, in the midst of a panegyric.

[1] From "M. de Voltaire" to "fare worse" added in 2nd ed.
[2] From "And" to "panegyric" added in 2nd ed.

Fameux, I must remark, is a very favourite expression with him, and is a very unpoetical one. Poetry is the voice of Fame, and celebrates, not what is famous, but what deserves to be. Of this Boileau is ignorant. He uses the same epithet at the beginning of the *Lutrin*.

> Et toi, *fameux* héros, dont la sage entremise
> De ce schisme naissant débarrassa l'Eglise,
> Viens d'un regard heureux *animer mon projet*,
> Et garde-toi de rire en si grave sujet.

The last advice[1] suffocated any nascent facetiousness. To *animate a project* is nonsense.

> Et de longs traits de *feu* lui sortent par les *yeux*.

This is just as euphonious[2] as the verse,

> Ses écrits pleins de *feu* partout brillent aux *yeux*.

Another such is,

> De ses ailes dans l'*air* secouant la pous*sière*.

Another no less,

> . . . Invisible en ce *lieu*
> Je ne pourrai donc plus être vu que de *Dieu*.

And another,

> Là Xenophon dans l'*air* heurte contre un *La Serre*.

Here[3] we come to the translation of Sappho's ode, in which all is wretchedly bad after the first stanza.

> Je sens *de veine en veine* une subtile flamme
> Courir *par tout mon corps*.
> Je ne *sçaurais trouver* de *langue* . . . ni de *voix*.
> Un *nu*age con*fus* se répand sur ma *vue*.
> Je n'entends *plus*—je tombe en de douces langueurs . . .

He had talked about *doux* transports two lines above.

> Et pâle, sans haleine, *interdite éperdue*.

This is[4] contrary to the manner of Sappho, as praised by Longinus, and nothing can be more diffuse, more tautological, more prosaic.

[1] 1st ed. reads: "advice destroys all facetiousness."
[2] 1st ed. reads: "euphonous."
[3] 1st ed. reads: "In the translation," etc.
[4] 1st ed. reads: "This is the very contrary," etc.

You must have remarked, M. l'Abbé, that I have frequently turned over several pages together, and that Familiar, as you may call me, of the Holy Office, I never have invested my meagre and hollow-eyed delinquent with colours of flame and images of devils. Ridicule has followed the vestiges of Truth, but never usurped her place. I have said nothing [1] of the original Odes, commiserating their helpless fatuity. Only throw a glance over that on the taking of Namur.

Quelle *docte* et sainte *ivresse*
Aujourd'hui *me fait la loi?*

" *Docte* [2] ivresse ! " what violent absurdity !

Et par cent bouches *horribles*
L'airain sur ces monts *terribles.*
Dix mille vaillans Alcides.
C'est Jupiter en personne,
Ou c'est le vainqueur . . . de Mons !
Saint-Omer, Besançon, Dôle,
Yprès, Mastricht, et Cambrai ! ! !
Accourez, Nassau, Bavière . . .

to do what ?

Considérer . . . ces approches . . .
Louis à tout donnant l'âme,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

He might have marched with 'em, but he ran before 'em.

Son gouverneur, *qui se trouble.*
De corps morts, de rocs, de *briques.*

Here, I observe, the editor says, " le son de ces mots répond à ce qu'ils expriment." Pray, M. l'Abbé, which is the sound among them that resembles the dead bodies ?

Delille. The odes of Boileau, I confess, are inferior to the choruses of Racine in *Athalie.*

Landor. Diffuse and feeble paraphrases from the Psalms ! The best ode in your language is in the form of a sonnet by Gombaud.[3]

La voix qui retentit, &c.

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[1] 1st ed. reads: " nothing of the Odes, from an unwillingness to insult over their."

[2] " *Docte* ivresse " not in 1st ed.

[3] Jean Ogier de Gombaud, ob. 1666.

Racine has stolen many things from Euripides: he has spoilt most of them, and injured all. The beautiful lines which Lucretius had before him in his description of Iphianassa, are thus frenchified:

Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui la première
Vous appelai, Seigneur, *de ce doux nom de père*.[1]

This reflection ought to come from the father, as in Lucretius, not from the daughter.

The most admired verse of Racine,

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, &c.[2]

is taken almost literally from Godeau. *Cher Abner* favours the theft. The line preceding is useless, and shows, as innumerable other instances do, his custom of making the first *for* the second, and *after* it. He has profited much from the neglected poets of your country and wants energy because he wants originality. You pause, M. l'Abbé.

Delille. I cannot well believe that if Boileau, to say nothing of Racine, was a poet so faulty as you represent him, he would have escaped the censure of such sound critics and elegant writers as Johnson and Warton.

Landor. And poets too; the former so powerful that he made the tempests sigh;

O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh.[3]

the latter, that he reduced flame [4] to the temperature of new milk.

How *burnt* their bosoms with *warm* patriot flame!

Delille. Well! what is amiss?

Landor. I perceive, my dear Abbé, that you slide easily on the corruptions of our language. In fashionable life we say, "I am very *warm*," instead of "I am very *hot*"; the expression is wrong. Warmth is temperate heat: we never say *red-warm*, but *red-hot*; never *burning-warm*, but *burning-hot*; we use a *warming-pan* for our beds, a *heater* of red-hot iron for our tea-urns. The epithet of *warm* applied to *flame* is worse than childish: for children speak as they feel; bad poets, from reminiscences and arrangements. John-

[1] *Iphig.*, Act iv. sc. 4. [2] *Ath.*, Act i. sc. 1.
[3] Epilogue to Ambrose Phillips's *Distressed Mother*.
[4] 1st ed. reads: "flames."

son had no feeling for poetry; and Warton was often led astray by a feverish and weak enthusiasm.

Delille.[1] Some of his observations are very just.

Landor. Others are trivial and superficial. He seldom demonstrates his objections, or ascends to the sources of his admiration. Johnson is practised in both; sometimes going wrong from an obliquity in his view of poetry, rarely from his ratiocination. Neither of them saw the falsity of Pope's inference at the commencement of the *Essay on Man.*

> Let us, since life can little more supply
> Than just to look around us and to die,
> Expatiate free o'er all this maze of man.

If human life is so extremely contracted, there is little encouragement to expatiate in all its maze, and little power to expatiate *freely*, which can only mean *leisurely*, for freedom of will or purpose is not in question.

Delille. Johnson may not have been quite so learned as some whose celebrity is less; for I believe that London is worse furnished with public libraries of easy access than any city in Europe, not excepting Constantinople; and his private one, from his contracted circumstances, must have been scanty.

Landor. He was studious; but neither his weak eyes nor many other infirmities, on which[2] a severe mental disquietude worked incessantly, would allow him all the reading he coveted: beside, he was both too poor and too wise to collect a large body of authors.

Delille. Ignorant men are often more ambitious than the learned of copious libraries and curious books, as the blind are fonder of sunshine than the sighted. Surely the judgment of Johnson was correct, the style elegant.

Landor. I have spoken of his judgment[3] in poetry. In regard to elegance of style, it appears to me that a sentence of Johnson is like that article of dress which your nation has lately made peace with; divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind. Warton's Essay on Pope is a cabinet of curiosities, in which are many trifles worth looking at, nothing to carry about or use.

[1] From "Delille" to "in question" added in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "which severe."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "judgment; it was alike in all things. In," etc.

DELILLE. That Racine and Boileau were great borrowers is undeniable.

LANDOR. And equally that they [1] were in the habit of paying a small portion of the debt.

DELILLE. Even your immortal Shakespeare borrowed from others.

LANDOR. Yet he was more original than the originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life.

DELILLE. I think however I can trace Caliban, that wonderful creature, when I survey attentively the Cyclops of Euripides.

LANDOR. He knew nothing of Euripides or his Cyclops. That poet, where he is irregular, is great; and he presents more shades and peculiarities of character than all other poets of antiquity put together. Yet in several scenes he appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating his political and moral axioms: almost every character introduces them, and in almost every place. There is a regular barter of verse for verse; no credit is given for a proverb, however threadbare; the exchange is paid on the nail for the commodity. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master and run to any quarter. Even when new, they nevertheless are miserably flat and idle: how different from the striking sentences employed unsparingly by Pindar, which always come recommended by some appropriate ornament.[2] Virgil and Ovid have interspersed them with equal felicity. The dialogue of Euripides is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial [3]; and in the chorus I can not but exclaim

There be *two* Richards in the field to-day.

Aristophanes, who ridicules him in his Comedies, treats him disdainfully as the competitor of Sophocles, and speaks probably the sense of the Athenians in the meridian of their literature. If however he was not considered by them as the equal of Sophocles in dramatic power, or in the continuous train of poetical expression, yet sensible men in all ages will respect him, and the more because they fancy

[1] 1st ed. reads: "they sometimes paid only."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "ornament like images on days of festival in the temples. Virgil . . . them throughout their works with," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "inartificial; and if in the chorus he assumes another form and becomes a more elevated poet, he is still at a loss to make it serve the interests of the piece. Wearied by his dialectics, and again refreshed by his chorus, I can not," etc.

they discover in him greater wisdom than others have discovered: for while many things in his tragedies are direct, and many proverbial, others are allusive and vague, occurring in various states of mind and temperatures of feeling. There is little of the theatrical in his works; and his characters are more anxious to show their understanding than their sufferings.

Euripides came down farther into common life than Sophocles, and he farther down than Æschylus: one would have expected the reverse. But the marvellous had carried Æschylus from the earth, and he filled with light the whole region in which he rested. The temperate greatness and pure eloquence of Pericles formed the moral constitution of Sophocles, who had exercised with him a principal magistracy in the republic; and the demon of Socrates, not always unimportunate, followed Euripides from the school to the theatre. The decencies of the *boudoir* were unknown to him: he would have shocked your chambermaids. Talthybius calls Polyxena a calf; her mother had done the same; and Hercules, in *Alcestis*, is drunk.[1]

Delille. This is horrible, if true. Virgil (to venture nothing further about Racine), Virgil is greatly more judicious in his Dido.

Landor. The passion of Dido is always true to Nature. Other women have called their lovers cruel: she calls Æneas so, not chiefly for betraying and deserting her, but for hazarding his life by encountering the tempests of a wintry sea.

Even if it were not to foreign lands and unknown habitations that you were hastening, even if Troy were yet in existence and you were destined thither, would you choose a season like this? would you navigate a sea of which you are ignorant, under the stars of winter?

I must repeat the lines, for the sake of proposing an improvement.

Quinetiam *hyberno* moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum.
Crudelis! quod si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,
Troja per *undosum* peteretur classibus æquor?[2]

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[1] Much of the preceding passage, and of what follows, appears also in Landor's *Commentary*. See especially pp. 145 *et seq.* of the original edition of that work.

[2] *Æn.*, iv. See Landor's *Commentary*.

If *hybernum* were substituted for *undosum*, how incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition!

Delille.[1] Adjectives ending with *osus* express abundance and intensity to such a degree, that some learned men derive the termination from *odi*, the most potent and universal of feelings.

Landor. If it be so, *famosus*, *jocosus*, *nemorosus*, *fabulosus*, *sabulosus*, &c., must have been a later brood.

Undosum, with all its force, would be far from an equivalent for *hybernum*, even if the latter held no fresh importance from apposition.

My admiration of the author of the *Æneid*, as you see, is not inferior to yours: but I doubt whether he has displayed *on the whole* such poetical powers as the author of *Alcestis*, who excels in variety and peculiarity of character all[2] the ancient poets. He has invented, it is true, nothing so stupendous nor so awful as the Prometheus: but who has? The Satan of Milton himself sinks below it; for Satan, if he sometimes appears with the gloomy[3] grandeur of a fallen Angel, and sometimes as the antagonist of Omnipotence, is often a thing to be thrown out of the way, among the rods and foolscaps of the nursery.

Virgil[4] is not so vigorous as Lucretius, so elegant and graceful as Catullus, so imaginative and diversified as Ovid. All their powers united could not have composed the *Æneid;* but in the *Æneid* there is nothing so epic as the contest of Ulysses and Ajax in the *Metamorphoses*. This, in my opinion, is the most wonderful thing in the whole range of Latin poetry; for it unites (what appears incompatible) two pieces of pleading never excelled by Roman or Athenian orator with exquisitely discriminated characters and unparalleled heroic composition. The *Iliad* itself has nothing in the *contentional* so interesting or so animated. When Ajax hath ended, who can doubt of his having gained the cause? Ulysses rises, slowly, modestly; and our enthusiasm subsides just sufficiently to allow him a patient hearing. By degrees he engages, moves, and almost convinces us. At last, when we hesitate and waver, he

[1] In 1st ed. this sentence is part of the utterance of Landor; it was transferred to Delille in 3rd ed.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "far excels . . . all poets excepting Shakespeare. He," etc.

[3] 1st ed. reads: "melancholy."

[4] From "Virgil" to "Landor. Quite the contrary," p. 241, added in 3rd ed.

displays the Palladium before us: and we are gained by that which gained the city, by that which terminates our toils, by that which restores to us our country and our home.

DELILLE. Ah! you fancy yourself among them. You should have been there.

LANDOR. I was; I am; I have been often, and shall be often yet. Let me escape for a moment from the soapsuds of the Seine and plunge into the Scamander.

DELILLE. There are fine speeches, and speeches as long sustained, on our stage.

LANDOR. So much the worse. But in those four hundred lines (such I think is about the quantity) four should be omitted.

DELILLE. Which are they?

LANDOR.

> Perque deos oro quos hosti nuper ademi,
> Per si quid superest, si quid sapienter *agendum*,
> Si quid adhuc audax ex precipitique *petendum*,
> Si Trojæ *fatis* aliquid restare *putatis*.[1]

DELILLE. I see the reason: he rhymes.

LANDOR. He falls oftener into this fault than any other of the ancients. I would, however, that the four lines were omitted, not only for this but for different reasons. First, after winning his auditors by his modesty, he speaks too much and too directly of his courage and sagacity: secondly, and chiefly, in mentioning the Gods he had taken from the enemy, he weakens the effect. Enough was said and done already, by holding out the Palladium, and crying *Huic date*. By this pause he had attained sublimity. There are rhymes, perhaps not unintentional, in Lucretius and in Virgil. Similar sounds at stated distances, although they offend us in the terminations of Greek and Latin verse, occur with admirable power in the most impassioned sentences of Demosthenes and Cicero.

DELILLE. Surely you would never set up Ovid for the imitation or improvement of our young poets in preference to Virgil.

LANDOR. Quite the contrary. I[2] wish Virgil, in particular, were followed by our juvenile sweepers of the Haram: he might be

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[1] Ov., *Metam.*, xiii. 376.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "Still I wish that Virgil," etc.

without diminution of their grace or strength: indeed he has been once, in the riddle

> Dic quibus in terris (et eris mihi magnus Apollo)
> Tres pateat *cœli* spatium non amplius ulnas.[1]

The family of Cœlius, you know, was of Verona, and occasionally, it is probable, a visitant of Mantua. He upon whose tomb the ingenuity [2] of Menalcas was about to be exercised, is perhaps the same to whom, fifteen years before, Catullus addressed two of his lighter compositions. Now, Abbé,

> Know you the land,
> Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute?

Delille. Out upon it! I have it: a grocer's shop kept by one Nightingale. It cannot be otherwise; for olives and citrons in their natural state are ugly enough, but preserved and pickled they fairly beat almonds, raisins, figs, pistachios, and prunes.

Landor. I have heard the paradox that the author intended no enigma.

Delille. His enemies and rivals may assert it.

Landor. They declare that he really means Turkey.

Delille. Ha! ha! ha! spiteful rogues! If it were indeed not a man's house, but a region of the earth, it must be one where there is no peach, apricot, plum, raspberry, strawberry, cranberry, cherry, grape, currant, or crab; and I conceive that in such a situation there can hardly be citron or olive.[3] The nightingale sings for a shorter season than any other bird: his song continues few weeks: and there is something in it like the happiness of man before the Fall: vivid and exuberant, but melancholy from its solitude, and from the shades that we perceive are closing on it.

Landor. You have earned your release from doubt. Whatever was the poet's first intention, he himself now declares that he has no concern in Nightingale's shop, that his idea is not borrowed from Virgil, and that the land, upon his faith,

> Is the clime of the East, is the land of the Sun.

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[1] *Ec.*, iii. 104.

[2] 1st ed. reads: "invention."

[3] 1st ed. reads: "olive. Then the nightingale," etc.

DELILLE. Pray which? A pleasant release from doubt! a release like a push given by a jailor to his prisoner in the cell, with a cry of *Get out, you rogue!* as he turns the key upon him.

LANDOR. We may observe that really

> The voice of the nightingale never is mute.

DELILLE. O yes, surely. I am supported by Buffon.

LANDOR. Songs may be mute; for songs may exist unsung; but voices exist only while they sound. In the same poem I find that

> If aught his lips *essay'd* to groan,
> The rushing billows choked the tone.[1]

They need not take the trouble: I will answer for lips doing no harm in the way of groaning, let them *essay* it as long as they list.

We have in England, at the present time, many poets far above what was formerly thought mediocrity; but our national taste begins to require excitement. Our poems must contain *strong things:* we call for essences, not for flowers: we run across from the old grove and soft meadow, into the ruined abbey, the Albanian fortress, and the Sultan's garden: we cut down our oaks and plant cypresses: we reprove our children for not calling a *rose* a *gul:* we kick the first shepherd we meet, and shake hands with the first cut-throat: we are resolved to excite tears, but we conjure them forth at the point of the dagger: and, if they come slower than we wish, we bully and blaspheme.

Nothing[2] is easier than to catch the air of originality now blowing: do not wonder that it pleases the generality. You and I perhaps have stopped, like the children and the servants, to look at a fine transparency on a staircase, while many who call themselves professors have passed a Raphael by, and have never noticed it. Let us censure no one for being easily pleased, but let *us* do the best we can. Whenever I find a critic or satirist vehement against the writers of his age and country, I attribute more of his inspiration to vanity than to malignity, much as I may observe of this. No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be. Whether,

[1] *Bride of Abydos*, II., XXV.

[2] In 1st and 2nd eds. this paragraph is given to Delille.

think you, would Shakspeare be amused or mortified, if he were sitting in the pit during the performance of his best tragedy, and heard no other exclamation from one beside him, than, "How beautifully those scenes are painted! what palaces, waterfalls, and rocks!"

DELILLE.[1] I wish he were more dramatic.

LANDOR. You would say, more observant of certain rules established for one species of the drama. Never was poet so dramatic, so intelligent of stage-effect. I do not defend his anachronisms, nor his confusion of modern customs with ancient; nor do I willingly join him when I find him with Hector and Aristoteles, arm-in-arm, among knights, esquires, and fiddlers. But our audiences and our princes in those days were resolved that all countries and all ages should be subservient at once, and perceived no incongruity in bringing them together.

DELILLE. Yet what argument can remove the objection made against your poet, of introducing those who in the first act are children, and grown-up men in the last?

LANDOR. Such a drama I would not call by the name of tragedy: nevertheless it is a drama; and a very beautiful species of it. Delightful in the first degree are those pieces of history in verse and action, as managed by Shakspeare.

DELILLE. We must contend against them: we must resist all barbarous inroads on classic ground, all innovations and abuses.

LANDOR. You fight against your own positions. Such a work is to Tragedy what a forest is to a garden. Those alone are wrong who persist in calling it a garden rather than a forest; who find oaks instead of tulips; who look about the hills and dales, the rocks and precipices, the groves and waterfalls, for flues and balusters and vases, and smooth marble steps, and shepherdesses in hoops and satin. There are some who think these things as unnatural as that children should grow into men, and that we should live to see it.

DELILLE. Live to see it! but in one day or night!

LANDOR. The same events pass before us within the same space of time whenever we look into history.

DELILLE. Ay, but here they act.

[1] From "DELILLE" to "one speck each," p. 245, added in 3rd ed. 1st ed. reads: "rocks! LANDOR. He, whose poems," etc.

LANDOR. So they do there, unless the history is an English one. And indeed the histories of our country read by Shakspeare held human life within them. When we are interested in the boy, we spring forward to the man, with more than a poet's velocity. We would interrogate the oracles ; we would measure the thread around the distaff of the Fates ; yet we quarrel with him who knows and tells us all.

Glory to thee in the highest, thou confidant of our Creator ! who alone hast taught us in every particle of the mind how wonderfully and fearfully we are made.

DELILLE. Voltaire was indeed too severe upon him.

LANDOR. Severe ? Is it severity to throw a crab or a pincushion at the Farnese Hercules or the Belvedere Apollo ? It is folly, perverseness, and impudence, in poets and critics like Voltaire, whose best composition in verse is a hard mosaic, sparkling and superficial, of squares and parallelograms, one speck each. He, whose poems are worth all that have been composed from the Creation to the present hour, was so negligent or so secure of fame as to preserve no copy of them. Homer and he [1] confided to the hearts of men the treasures of their genius, which were, like conscience, unengraved words. A want of sedulity, at least in claiming the property of thoughts, is not among the deficiencies of our modern poets. Some traveller, a little while ago, was so witty as to call Venice Rome, not indeed the Rome of the Tiber, but the Rome of the sea. A poet, warm with keeping up the ball from gazette to gazette, runs instantly to the printers, out of breath at so glorious an opportunity of perpetuating his fame, and declares to all Europe that he had called Venice Rome the year before. We now perceive, but too late for the laurel which they merited, what prodigious poets were your Marat and Bonaparte and Robespierre, with whom England one day was Tyre, another day Carthage, and Paris the Rome of the Seine.

DELILLE.[2] The most absurd imitation of antiquity I can remember anywhere, is in Stay's *Modern Philosophy*.* He had found in Virgil the youths and maidens carried on their biers before the faces of

[1] 1st ed. reads : " he, the one by necessity, the other by choice, confided," etc.

[2] From " DELILLE " to end of quotation from Benedictus Stay added in 2nd ed.

* Praised, and perhaps read, by Coleridge.—W. S. L.

their parents; and he makes those of England *hang themselves* before them. He was unaware that the parents might cut them down, or that the young people could think it likely.

> Ergo, quæ jubeant prædura incommoda, vitam
> Exsolvunt letho; seu ferrum in viscera condunt,
> Seu se præcipites in *flumen*, in *æquora* mittunt,
> Seu potius laqueo innexo suspendere *gaudent*
> Se manibus *persæpe* suis *ante ora parentum*. Lib. III.

Landor. We have wandered (and conversation would be tedious unless we did [1] occasionally) far from the subject: but I have not forgotten our [2] Cyclops and Caliban. The character of the Cyclops is somewhat broad and general, but worthy of Euripides, and such as the greatest of Roman poets was incapable of conceiving; that of Caliban is peculiar and stands single; it is admirably imagined and equally well sustained. Another poet would have shown him spiteful: Shakspeare has made the infringement of his idleness the origin of his malice. He has also made him grateful; but then his gratitude is the return for an indulgence granted to his evil appetites. Those who by nature are grateful are often by nature vindictive: one of these properties is the sense of kindness, the other of unkindness. Religion and comfort require that the one should be cherished and that the other should be suppressed. The mere conception of the monster without these qualities, without the sudden impression which brings them vividly out, and the circumstances in which they are displayed, would not be to considerate minds so stupendous as it appeared to Warton, who little knew that there is a *nil admirari* as requisite to wisdom as to happiness.

Delille.[3] And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare.

Landor.

> He lighted with his golden lamp on high
> The unknown regions of the human heart,
> Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful wastes,
> Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he rais'd
> Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,
> For all to see, but no man to approach.

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[1] 1st ed. reads: "occasionally did."

[2] 1st ed. reads: "your Cyclops nor my Caliban." Compare this passage with Landor's *Commentary*.

[3] From "Delille" to "fifty of his pages" added in 3rd ed.

The creation of Caliban, wonderful as it is, would excite in me less admiration than a single sentence, or a single sentiment, such as I find in fifty of his pages.

No new fiction of a supernatural being exists in poetry. Hurd [1] traces the genealogy of the Faeries, and fancied he made a discovery: the Sylphs have only another name. Witches and wizards and giants, apparently powerful agents, generally prove the imbecility of the author who has anything to do with them. Dragons and demons awaken our childish fancies, some of which remain with us to the last. Dreams perhaps generated them, superstition presented them with names and attributes, and the poet brings them forth into action.

Take your Boileau. Some morning, when we are both of us quite at leisure, I will engage [2] (if I have not done it already) to make out a full hundred of puerilities in your grave, concise, elegant poet. At [3] present I have nothing more to say, than that he never elevates the mind, he never warms or agitates the heart, he inspires no magnanimity, no generosity, no tenderness. What then is he worth? A smile from Louis.

Delille. There are excellences, my friend, in Boileau, of which you cannot judge so correctly as a native can: for instance his versification.

Landor. I would not creep into the secrets of a versification upon which even you, M. Delille, can ring no changes; a machine which must be regularly wound up at every six syllables, and the construction of which is less artificial than that of a cuckoo-clock. The greater part of the heroic verses in your language may be read with more facility as anapestic than as iambic: there is not a syllable which may not become either short or long, however it usually be pronounced in conversation. The secret of conciseness I know and will communicate to you, so that you may attain it in the same manner and with the same facility as Boileau and Voltaire have done.

Delille. Indeed it costs me infinite pains, and I almost suspect that I have sometimes failed.

Landor. Well then, in future you may be master of it without any pains at all. Do what they did. Throw away the little links

[1] *Letters on Chivalry and Romance.*
[2] 1st ed. reads: "engage to make out," etc.
[3] From "At" to "Louis" added in 3rd ed.

and hinges, the little cramps and dovetails, which lay upon the table of Homer and of Virgil, which were adjusted with equal nicety by Cicero, Plato, and Demosthenes, and were not overlooked by Bossuet and Pascal; then dock the tail of your commas, and behold a period!

The French are[1] convinced that all poetry, to be quite perfect, must be theirs or like it, and remark the obligations that Milton lay under to the Abbé Delille, and Shakspeare to Voltaire. Next in vanity, is the declaration of a writer on heraldry, that Raphael, Correggio, and Leonardo, were incapable of painting a *fleur de lis*, and that none but a Frenchman by birth and *courage* could arrive at this summit of glory.

"J'estime qu'il est fort difficile, de bien faire et représenter une fleur de lis *mignonnement troussée*, qui n'est peintre excellent et Français *de nation et de courage;* car un Allemand, un Anglais, Espagnol, et Italien, n'en sçauront *venir à son honneur*, pour la bien proportionner."—*Théâtre d'Honneur* par Fauyn, b. 2, c. 6, p. 185.

What is called a fleur de lis is in fact a spear-head. Chifflet wrote a treatise to prove that it was a *bee*. Joannes Ferrandus Aniciensis composed an *Epinicion pro liliis*. It is wonderful that painters of such courage left any doubt, whether what they had drawn so accurately were a flower, a spear-head, or a bee. Before this controversy the Florentines used the *iris* as the symbol of their city, it being indigenous, its root very fragrant, and used in flavouring wine. We call it *orris*, corruptly.

The good Abbé Delille entertained a high esteem for Milton, but felt that Adam and Eve, Michael and Satan, could not be *mignonnement troussés* unless by the hand of a Parisian.[2]—W. S. L.

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[1] 1st and 2nd eds. read: "are fairly persuaded that," etc., and below: "like it. I never conversed with one of them on the subject, who did not remark to me the obligation," etc.

[2] In 1st and 2nd eds. the note continues in a passage incorporated in the 3rd ed. into Landor's discourse ("I should be sorry to have debased these Conversations by attention to a writer of so mean a cast as Boileau," etc.). It is barely necessary to say that some of Landor's criticisms of French verse betray an ear inappreciative of the sound of the language.

IX. LOUIS XVIII. AND TALLEYRAND

(*Wks.*, ii., 1846; *Wks.*, iii., 1876.)

Louis. M. Talleyrand! in common with all my family, all France, all Europe, I entertain the highest opinion of your abilities and integrity. You have convinced me that your heart, throughout the storms of the revolution, leaned constantly toward royalty; and that you permitted and even encouraged the caresses of the usurper, merely that you might strangle the more certainly and the more easily his new-born empire. After this, it is impossible to withhold my confidence from you.

Talleyrand. Conscious of the ridicule his arrogance and presumption would incur, the usurper attempted to silence and stifle it with other and far different emotions. Half his cruelties were perpetrated that his vanity might not be wounded: for scorn is superseded by horror. Whenever he committed an action or uttered a sentiment which would render him an object of derision, he instantly gave vent to another which paralysed by its enormous wickedness. He would extirpate a nation to extinguish a smile. No man alive could deceive your Majesty: the extremely few who would wish to do it, lie under that vigilant and piercing eye, which discerned in perspective from the gardens of Hartwell those of the Tuileries and Versailles. As joy arises from calamity, so spring arises from the bosom of winter, purely to receive your Majesty, inviting the august descendant of their glorious founder to adorn and animate them again with his beneficent and gracious presence. The waters murmur, in voices half-supprest, the reverential hymn of peace restored: the woods bow their heads——

Louis. Talking of woods, I am apprehensive all the game has been wofully killed up in my forests.

Talleyrand. A single year will replenish them.

Louis. Meanwhile! M. Talleyrand! meanwhile!

Talleyrand. Honest and active and watchful gamekeepers, in sufficient number, must be sought; and immediately.

Louis. Alas! if the children of my nobility had been educated like the children of the English, I might have promoted some hundreds of them in this department. But their talents lie totally within the binding of their breviaries. Those of them who shoot, can shoot only with pistols; which accomplishment they acquired in England, that they might challenge any of the islanders who should happen to look with surprise or displeasure in their faces, expecting to be noticed by them in Paris, for the little hospitalities the proud young gentlemen, and their prouder fathers, were permitted to offer them in London and at their country seats. What we call *reconnaisance*, they call *gratitude*, treating a recollector like a debtor. This is a want of courtesy, a defect in civilisation, which it behoves us to supply. Our memories are as tenacious as theirs, and rather more eclectic.

Since my return to my kingdom I have undergone great indignities from this unreflecting people. One Canova, a sculptor at Rome, visited Paris in the name of the Pope, and in quality of his envoy, and insisted on the cession of those statues and pictures which were brought into France by the French armies. He began to remove them out of the Gallery: I told him I would never give my consent: he replied, he thought it sufficient that he had Wellington's. Therefore, the next time Wellington presented himself at the Tuileries, I turned my back upon him before the whole court. Let the English and their allies be aware, that I owe my restoration not to them, but partly to God and partly to Saint Louis. They and their armies are only brute instruments in the hands of my progenitor and intercessor.

Talleyrand. Fortunate, that the conqueror of France bears no resemblance to the conqueror of Spain. Peterborough (I shudder at the idea) would have ordered a file of soldiers to seat your Majesty in your travelling carriage, and would have reinstalled you at Hartwell. The English people are so barbarous, that he would have done it not only with impunity, but with applause.

Louis. But the sovereign of his country—would the sovereign suffer it?

Talleyrand. Alas! sire! Confronted with such men, what are sovereigns, when the people are the judges? Wellington can drill armies: Peterborough could marshal nations.

Louis. Thank God! we have no longer any such pests on earth. The most consummate general of our days (such is Wellington) sees

nothing one single inch beyond the field of battle; and he is so observant of discipline, that if I ordered him to be flogged in the presence of the allied armies, he would not utter a complaint nor shrug a shoulder; he would only write a dispatch.

TALLEYRAND. But his soldiers would execute the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, and Paris would sink into her catacombs. No man so little beloved was ever so well obeyed: and there is not a man in England, of either party, citizen or soldier, who would not rather die than see him disgraced. His firmness, his moderation, his probity, place him more opposite to Napoleon than he stood in the field of Waterloo. These are his lofty lines of Torres Vedras, which no enemy dares assail throughout their whole extent.

LOUIS. M. Talleyrand! is it quite right to extol an enemy and an Englishman in this manner?

TALLEYRAND. Pardon! Sire! I stand corrected. Forgive me a momentary fit of enthusiasm, in favour of those qualities by which, although an Englishman's, I am placed again in your Majesty's service.

LOUIS. We will now then go seriously to business. Wellington and the allied armies have interrupted and occupied us. I will instantly write, with my own hand, to the Marquis of Buckingham, desiring him to send me five hundred pheasant-eggs. I am restored to my throne, M. Talleyrand! but in what a condition! Not a pheasant on the table! I must throw myself on the mercy of foreigners, even for a pheasant! When I have written my letter, I shall be ready to converse with you on the business on which I desired your presence. [*Writes.*

Here; read it. Give me your opinion: is not the note a model?

TALLEYRAND. If the charms of language could be copied, it would be. But what is intended for delight may terminate in despair: and there are words which, unapproachable by distance and sublimity, may wither the laurels on the most exalted of literary brows.

LOUIS. There is grace in that expression of yours, M. Talleyrand! there is really no inconsiderable grace in it. Seal my letter: direct it to the Marquis of Buckingham at Stowe. Wait: open it again: no, no: write another in your own name: instruct him how sure you are it will be agreeable to me, if he sends at the same time fifty or a hundred brace of the birds as well as the eggs. At present I am

desolate. My heart is torn, M. Talleyrand! it is almost plucked out of my bosom. I have no other care, no other thought, day or night, but the happiness of my people. The allies, who have most shamefully overlooked the destitution of my kitchen, seem resolved to turn a deaf ear to its cries evermore; nay, even to render them shriller and shriller. The allies, I suspect, are resolved to execute the design of the mischievous Pitt.

Talleyrand. May it please your Majesty to inform me *which* of them; for he formed a thousand, all mischievous, but greatly more mischievous to England than to France. Resolved to seize the sword, in his drunkenness, he seized it by the edge, and struck at us with the hilt, until he broke it off, and until he himself was exhausted by loss of breath and of blood. We owe alike to him the energy of our armies, the bloody scaffolds of Public Safety, the Reign of Terror, the empire of usurpation, and finally, as the calm is successor to the tempest, and sweet fruit to bitter kernel, the blessing of your Majesty's restoration. Excepting in this one event, he was mischievous to our country; but in all events, and in all undertakings, he was pernicious to his own. No man ever brought into the world such enduring evil; few men such extensive.

Louis. His king ordered it. George III. loved battles and blood.[1]

Talleyrand. But he was prudent in his appetite for them.

Louis. He talked of peppering his people as I would talk of peppering a capon.

Talleyrand. Having split it. His subjects cut up by his subjects were only capers to his leg of mutton. From none of his palaces and parks was there any view so rural, so composing to his spirits, as the shambles. When these were not fresh, the gibbet would do.

I wish better luck to the pheasant-eggs than befell Mr. Pitt's designs. Not one brought forth anything.

Louis. No: but he declared in the face of his parliament,[2] and of Europe, that he would insist on indemnity for the past and security for the future. These were his words. Now, all the money and other wealth the French armies levied in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and everywhere else, would scarcely be sufficient for this indemnity.

[1] See a passage in the Conversation of Romilly and Wilberforce. See also a passage in the Conversation of Shipley and Franklin.

[2] Pitt's speech in the House, 25 April 1793.

TALLEYRAND. England shall never receive from us a tithe of that amount.

LOUIS. A tithe of it ! She may demand a quarter or a third, and leave us wondering at her moderation and forbearance.

TALLEYRAND. The matter must be arranged immediately, before she has time for calculation or reflection. A new peace maddens England to the same paroxysm as a new war maddens France. She hath sent over hither for minister—or rather her prime minister himself is come to transact all the business—the most ignorant and most shortsighted man to be found in any station of any public office throughout the whole of Europe. He must be treated as her arbiter : we must talk to him of restoring her, of regenerating her, of preserving her, of guiding her, which (we must protest with our hands within our frills) he alone is capable of doing. We must enlarge on his generosity (and generous he indeed is), and there is nothing he will not concede.

LOUIS. But if they do not come over in a week, we shall lose the season. I ought to be eating a pheasant-poult by the middle of July. O ! but you were talking to me about the other matter, and perhaps the weightier of the two ; ay, certainly. If this indemnity is paid to England, what becomes of our civil list, the dignity of my family and household ?

TALLEYRAND. I do assure your Majesty, England shall never receive—did I say a tithe ?—I say she shall never receive a fiftieth of what she expended in the war against us. It would be out of all reason, and out of all custom in her to expect it. Indeed it would place her in almost as good a condition as ourselves. Even if she were beaten she could hardly hope *that :* she never in the last three centuries has demanded it when she was victorious. Of all the sufferers by the war, we shall be the least.

LOUIS. The English are calculators and traders.

TALLEYRAND. Wild speculators, gamblers in trade, who hazard more ventures than their books can register. It will take England some years to cast up the amount of her losses.

LOUIS. But she, in common with her allies, will insist on our ceding those provinces which my predecessor Louis XIV. annexed to his kingdom. Be quite certain that nothing short of Alsace, Lorraine, and Franc Comté, will satisfy the German princes. They must restore the German language in those provinces : for languages

are the only true boundaries of nations, and there will always be dissension where there is difference of tongue. We must likewise be prepared to surrender the remainder of the Netherlands; not indeed to England, who refused them in the reign of Elizabeth: she wants only Dunkirk, and Dunkirk she will have.

Talleyrand. This seems reasonable: for which reason it must never be. Diplomacy, when she yields to such simple arguments as plain reason urges against her, loses her office, her efficacy, and her name.

Louis. I would not surrender our conquests in Germany, if I could help it.

Talleyrand. Nothing more easy. The Emperor Alexander may be persuaded that Germany united and entire, as she would then become, must be a dangerous rival to Russia.

Louis. It appears to me that Poland will be more so, with her free institutions.

Talleyrand. There is only one statesman in the whole number of those assembled at Paris, who believes that her institutions will continue free; and he would rather they did not; but he stipulates for it, to gratify and mystify the people of England.

Louis. I see this clearly. I have a great mind to send Blacas over to Stowe. I can trust to him to look to the crates and coops, and to see that the pheasants have enough of air and water, and that the governor of Calais finds a commodious place for them to roost in, forbidding the drums to beat and disturb them, evening or morning. The next night, according to my calculation, they repose at Montreuil. I must look at them before they are let loose. I can not well imagine why the public men employed by England are usually, indeed constantly, so inferior in abilities to those of France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. What say you, M. Talleyrand? I do not mean about the pheasants; I mean about the envoys.

Talleyrand. It can only be that I have considered the subject more frequently and attentively than suited the avocations of your Majesty, that the reason comes out before me clearly and distinctly. The prime ministers, in all these countries, are independent, and uncontrolled in the choice of agents. A prime minister in France may perhaps be willing to promote the interests of his own family; and hence he may appoint from it one unworthy of the place. In regard to other families, he cares little or nothing about them,

knowing that his power lies in the palace, and not in the club-room. Whereas in England he must conciliate the great families, the hereditary dependents of his faction, whig or tory. Hence even the highest commands have been conferred on such ignorant and worthless men as the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, although the minister was fully aware that the honour of his nation was tarnished, and that its safety was in jeopardy, by such appointments. Meanwhile he kept his seat however, and fed from it his tame creatures in the cub.

Louis. Do you apprehend any danger (talking of cubs) that my pheasants will be bruised against the wooden bars, or suffer by sea-sickness? I would not command my bishops to offer up public prayers against such contingencies: for people must never have positive evidence that the prayers of the Church can possibly be ineffectual: and we can not pray for pheasants as we pray for fine weather, by the barometer. We must drop it. Now go on with the others, if you have done with England.

Talleyrand. A succession of intelligent men rules Prussia, Russia, and Austria; because these three are economical, and must get their bread by creeping, day after day, through the hedges next to them, and by filching a sheaf or two, early and late, from cottager or small farmer; that is to say, from free states and petty princes. Prussia, like a mongrel, would fly at the legs of Austria and Russia, catching them with the sack upon their shoulders, unless they untied it and tossed a morsel to her. These great Powers take especial care to impose a protective duty on intellect; to let none enter the country, and none leave it, without a passport. Their diplomatists are as clever and conciliatory as those of England are ignorant and repulsive, who, while they offer an uncounted sum of secret-service money with the left hand, give a sounding slap on the face with the right.

Louis. We, by adopting a contrary policy, gain more information, raise more respect, inspire more awe, and exercise more authority. The weightiest of our disbursements are smiles and flatteries, with a ribbon and a cross at the end of them.

But, between the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham, I must confess, I find very little difference.

Talleyrand. Some, however. The one was only drunk all the evening and all the night; the other was only asleep all the day.

The accumulated fogs of Walcheren seem to concentrate in his brain, puffing out at intervals just sufficient to affect with typhus and blindness four thousand soldiers. A cake of powder rusted their musket-pans, which they were too weak to open and wipe. Turning round upon their scanty and mouldy straw, they beheld their bayonets piled together against the green dripping wall of the chamber, which neither bayonet nor soldier was ever to leave again.

Louis. We suffer by the presence of the allied armies in our capital: but we shall soon be avenged: for the English minister in another fortnight will return and remain at home.

Talleyrand. England was once so infatuated as to give up Malta to us, although fifty Gibraltars would be of inferior value to her. Napoleon laughed at her: she was angry: she began to suspect she had been duped and befooled: and she broke her faith.

Louis. For the first time, M. Talleyrand, and with a man who never had any.

Talleyrand. We shall now induce her to evacuate Sicily, in violation of her promises to the people of that island. Faith, having lost her virginity, braves public opinion, and never blushes more.

Louis. Sicily is the key to India, Egypt is the lock.

Talleyrand. What if I induce the minister to restore to us Pondicherry?

Louis. M. Talleyrand! you have done great things, and without boasting. Whenever you do boast, let it be that you will perform only the thing which is possible. The English know well enough what it is to allow us a near standing-place anywhere. If they permit a Frenchman to plant one foot in India, it will upset all Asia before the other touches the ground. It behoves them to prohibit a single one of us from ever landing on those shores. Improbable as it is that a man uniting to the same degree as Hyder-Ali did political and military genius, will appear in the world again for centuries; most of the princes are politic, some are brave, and perhaps no few are credulous. While England is confiding in our loyalty, we might expatiate on her perfidy, and our tears fall copiously on the broken sceptre in the dust of Delhi. Ignorant and stupid as the King's ministers may be, the East India Company is well informed on its interests, and alert in maintaining them. I wonder that a republic so wealthy and so wise should be supported on the bosom of royalty.

Believe me, her merchants will take alarm, and arouse the nation.

TALLEYRAND. We must do all we have to do, while the nation is feasting and unsober. It will awaken with sore eyes and stiff limbs.

LOUIS. Profuse as the English are, they will never cut the bottom of their purses.

TALLEYRAND. They have already done it. Whenever I look toward the shores of England, I fancy I descry the Danaids there, toiling at the replenishment of their perforated vases, and all the Nereids leering and laughing at them in the mischievous fulness of their hearts.

LOUIS. Certainly she can do me little harm at present, and for several years to come: but we must always have an eye upon her, and be ready to assert our superiority.

TALLEYRAND. We feel it. In fifty years, by abstaining from war, we may discharge our debt and replenish our arsenals. England will never shake off the heavy old man from her shoulders. Overladen and morose, she will be palsied in the hand she unremittingly holds up against Ireland. Proud and perverse, she runs into domestic warfare as blindly as France runs into foreign: and she refuses to her subject what she surrenders to her enemy.

LOUIS. Her whole policy tends to my security.

TALLEYRAND. We must now consider how your Majesty may enjoy it at home, all the remainder of your reign.

LOUIS. Indeed you must, M. Talleyrand! Between you and me be it spoken, I trust but little my loyal people; their loyalty being so ebullient, that it often overflows the vessel which should contain it, and is a perquisite of scouts and scullions. I do not wish to offend you.

TALLEYRAND. Really I can see no other sure method of containing and controlling them, than by bastions and redoubts, the whole circuit of the city.

LOUIS. M. Talleyrand! I will not doubt your sincerity: I am confident you have reserved the whole of it for my service; and there are large arrears. But M. Talleyrand! such an attempt would be resisted by any people which had ever heard of liberty, and much more by a people which had ever dreamt of enjoying it.

TALLEYRAND. Forts are built in all directions above Genoa.

LOUIS. Yes; by her conqueror, not by her king.

TALLEYRAND. Your Majesty comes with both titles, and rules, like your great progenitor,

Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance.

LOUIS. True; my arms have subdued the rebellious; but not without great firmness and great valour on my part, and some assistance (however tardy) on the part of my allies. Conquerors must conciliate: fatherly kings must offer digestible spoon-meat to their ill-conditioned children. There would be sad screaming and kicking were I to swaddle mine in stone-work. No, M. Talleyrand; if ever Paris is surrounded by fortifications to coerce the populace, it must be the work of some democrat, some aspirant to supreme power, who resolves to maintain it, exercising a domination too hazardous for legitimacy. I will only scrape from the Chambers the effervescence of superficial letters and of corrosive law.

TALLEYRAND. Sire! under all their governments the good people of Paris have submitted to the *octroi*. Now, all complaints, physical or political, arise from the stomach. Were it decorous in a subject to ask a question (however humbly) of his king, I would beg permission to inquire of your Majesty, in your wisdom, whether a bar across the shoulders is less endurable than a bar across the palate. Sire! the French can bear any thing now they have the honour of bowing before your Majesty.

LOUIS. The compliment is in a slight degree (a *very* slight degree) ambiguous, and (accept in good part my criticism, M. Talleyrand) not turned with your usual grace.

Announce it as my will and pleasure that the Duc de Blacas do superintend the debarcation of the pheasants; and I pray God, M. de Talleyrand, to have you in his holy keeping.

X. M. VILLÈLE AND M. CORBIÈRE

(*Imag. Convers.*, iv., 1829; *Wks.*, i., 1846; *Wks.*, vi., 1876.)

Villèle. We are safe: God defends the monarchy. The giraffe is arrived.

Corbière. The Giraffe!

Villèle. The giraffe, the giraffe.

Corbière. I pay little attention to these barbarians: they enter not within my department. In what canton of India are his dominions?

Villèle. Whose dominions? You are absent, my dear Corbière.

Corbière. No, not at all. I suspected he would be troublesome to Pondicherry. I know very well he has agents at Madagascar. A schooner off Cape Verde might—— let us think of it. We never can trust the English near us. We ought not to have ceded to them so much at the late peace, when we made them come to us in Paris and had them under our thumb. Our trade languishes extremely in those colonies.

Villèle. Pardon me: I spoke of the giraffe, that the Pacha [1] of Egypt has sent over, in homage to his ally and friend, our most august master.

Corbière. Oh! I did not recollect at first that the Egyptians call by that name their old mummies and obelisks——

Villèle. It is no mummy, no obelisk, but a return for the fine frigate——

Corbière. Very true! very true! these nautical terms always escape me. Why cannot we speak of them in French? Why recur to Dutch, English, Egyptian, and what not?

Villèle. The giraffe is a beast——

Corbière. I know it; who does not know that? So is the unicorn: yet we call a ship the *Unicorn*, and on the same principle the *Giraffe*. Have I explained my meaning?

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Bashaw."

The pacha, I understand, has given us another frigate, in compensation for that which we equipped in his service. I hope he has remembered that we two sent him our best sailors, sent him powder, artillery, gunners, and as many officers as the Jesuits could persuade to abjure the Christian faith, "pro tempore, cum reservatione mentis, et ad certum finem, nempe gloriam Dei et suæ ecclesiæ."

VILLÈLE. You speak excellent Latin.

CORBIÈRE. Ciceronian, Ciceronian: you may find the very words in that great man's commentary, *De Gloria in excelsis*.

Well, well, we must not always be scholars: now to business. The pacha, I trust, has notified his gratitude, that we ordered the frigate to sail exactly in readiness to sink M. Cochrane.

VILLÈLE. We are unlucky in our sinking of Englishmen. Several thousands of them were sunk by us in the late war, as we read in the *Moniteur;* but they rose up again, being amphibious, and fought like devils. The most imprudent thing that Napoleon ever did, was, to drive them into the sea. He did it fifty times at the least, and they always came out again the stronger for it, and finally dragged him in after them, and gave him such a ducking that he died.

CORBIÈRE. You used the word *amphibious*. In my literary recreations, which a close attention to politics renders necessary, I have entered into several discussions upon that word. Originally it is not French, and must be used cautiously, and only in a particular acceptation. It signifies a very fierce animal; such as a crocodile, a dromedary, an ostrich, or a certain serpent of the desert. It may comprehend, also, by the figure we call *meta*—that is, *meta*, &c., &c. —a stout man, or strong-minded one. I was formerly at table in company with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and wished him to support my definition, which, as I was not then in the ministry, no one else would. Although he declined to lend me all the assistance I could have desired, he silenced my opponents, or rather he conciliated all parties, by saying that a man was justly called amphibious who could live equally well and happily in office or out. Upon which I turned to M. Gregoire, and said intelligibly enough, "Let faction be silent; let quibbling cease! Democracy herself has no longer the effrontery to deny that amphibious means strong-minded." Overcome by authority, he bowed assent, and declared that neither he nor anyone could follow a surer guide, in thought or action, than M. de la Rochefoucauld. The whole party

rose up, bending first to M. Gregoire, then to the duke, who, returning the salute, took the old man by the elbow and conducted him to the ladies. I never was less witty with them in my life.

VILLÈLE. Be contented : we have stripped of their authority, we have deprived of consideration, the two persons that twenty-five millions call the two best in France. As for the word *amphibious*, we will drop it : it is an ugly word, and I should not like it to be applied to me.

CORBIÈRE. But these English ; I do not discover that they come under the designation more than other people.

VILLÈLE. Not indeed in your sense. I was observing that by sea they usually give us some trouble. Having more money than we, and oaks that are all heart, and copper and iron upon the surface of the ground, they can construct more ships ; and, before the war is over, we always teach them how to fight. Beside, they take twenty while we build one.

CORBIÈRE. We may laugh at that : it can only last for a time.

Now the giraffe you were talking of. There are some difficulties, some considerations—I would know more about it.

VILLÈLE. The giraffe is——

CORBIÈRE. I know perfectly well what giraffes are in general : but this one, being sent by our friend the pacha, may differ, not perhaps essentially, but in a leg or two and in colour.

VILLÈLE. The giraffe is a quadruped, that, according to Buffon and Tite-Live——

CORBIÈRE. O parbleu ! now you explain the thing completely. It is the very creature put down in the list with *hippopotamus*, *rhinoceros*, *lynx*, *zebra*, and that other. How considerate and attentive is our friend, Mohammed-Ali ! Who could have expected that a brute of a pacha would have followed our directions so precisely !

VILLÈLE. He sees his interests as clearly as we see ours, and knows them to be the same. M. Appony told you truly that Athens would fall about this time ; that England, as we desired of her minister, would refuse to ratify the convention with Russia and us ; and that the people of Paris would be frantic at the extinction of the Greeks, unless there came over some odd beast to look at. The cause of kings triumphs : long live the pacha and the giraffe !

CORBIÈRE. Let us order a thanksgiving in the churches, on this signal intervention of divine Providence.

VILLÈLE. Much obliged as we are to the saints of heaven, for such a declaration of their goodwill in our behalf, we may abstain at present from promulgating a royal ordinance, particularly as the archbishop of Paris, though a good Frenchman, had a sort of objection to offer up any, for all the hailstorms and all the inundations we have been favoured with lately to the same effect. He was of opinion that there are people who would carp at it, observing that even the discharge of the national guard had made a bustle, in some quarters of Paris, for almost a week. In vain I promised him that I would restore the censorship on printing: I did it: he still was timid, and recommended that the thanksgiving should be private. He told me that the utmost he could do, was, on his word of honour, as archbishop and peer of France, to assure God and his father and mother that we are quite sincere, and would thank him more openly, more loudly, and more munificently, if the king and clergy thought it expedient.

CORBIÈRE. That affair of the censorship was opportune. Every nation is restored to tranquillity and independence, yet is open-mouthed for *Lives of Napoleon.*

VILLÈLE. Too true: I have seen one, compiled from old gazettes, that made the author's fortune: yet the style is low and ungrammatical wherever it is his own, and the materials are coarse and undigested. You would not trust a valet with an odd glove, who possesses so little discernment of the truth, or feels so little desire of it. The author had the effrontery to ask Madame Hortense for documents; and, because she refused them, he blackens the whole house from top to bottom, running first among the gazetteers, and boasting publicly that she complied with his wishes.

CORBIÈRE. Cannot[1] we employ him?

VILLÈLE. Peace, peace! He serves us, and is paid by others. The best arrangement possible.

CORBIÈRE. We may indirectly guide him to waylay our enemies. All popular writers must have many assistants at the press: without it, who can be popular? Let him call out as many as he wants of these: let them join him at the first whistle, and push down the precipice anyone we may point out to him, walking alone

[1] 1st ed. reads: "Scoundrel! Cannot," etc.

and unconcernedly in the narrower paths of literature, where few people come, and none help.

Villèle. The thought is a good one : we will follow it.

Unless we had erected the censorship, fifty hired writers would not have sufficed. Those who hated and detested Napoleon, while he was living and in authority, began to think his death a calamity to the world. We were told of his victories, of his institutions, of his rewards to valour, to agriculture, to manufactures, to letters, to all the fine arts, to worth of every kind. We were asked what genius languished under him, what industry was discouraged, what invention was reprimanded, what science was proscribed. We were reminded of public festivals to honour the obscurer fathers of general officers, and of public grief at their funerals. He did great evil : how much greater must that be (people cry) which covers and conceals it, and which lets our France, bending in sadness over the abyss, see now but the titles of her triumphs, and one bright name below them.

Corbière. Galimatias ! galimatias !

Villèle. So it is. There is no danger of his rising up from the dead before his time. Only one thief ever did that.

Corbière. And it was not to filch or fight, but to eat a good supper in Paradise.

Villèle. Which he must have wanted after the work of the day.

Corbière. He died a catholic ; he confessed *in articulo ;* he prayed.

Villèle. Well ; we may think at some other time of the worthy thief. Thank God, we have nothing left to apprehend from liberalism or letters.

Corbière. I doubt whether the censorship would not have saved us, even without the giraffe.

Villèle. There never was a question, in ancient days or modern, in which every people of Europe was perfectly agreed, until the Greek cause was agitated. Now what every people wishes, every king must forbid ; or where would be distinction ? where prerogative ? M. Canning by our advice has assumed the tone and air of a liberal, in order to make the liberals of England keep the peace, and to torpefy and paralyse the efforts of the rebels. Two or three years ago an idle visionary, an obscure and ignorant writer, in a work entitled *Imaginary Conversations*, was hired by some low

bookseller to vilify all the great men of the present age, to magnify all the philosophers and republicans of the past, and to propose the means of erecting Greece into an independent state. Unhappily we find ourselves reduced to adopt the plan of this contemptible author, who writes with as much freedom and as little care for consequences as if he could claim the right of entering the cabinet, and held a place under government of three thousand pounds a-year. We have, however, inserted one paragraph of our own, which totally neutralizes the remainder.

CORBIÈRE. I am glad to hear it: what is that?

VILLÈLE. Turkey shall admit only whom she chooses for chief magistrate of Greece. This will reduce the nation to the same condition as Wallachia and Moldavia.

CORBIÈRE. But will it not render the Greeks as ready to admit the Russians?

VILLÈLE. Do not look forward. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Looking forward makes philosophers: looking backward makes dissidents: the good catholic and sound royalist do neither.

CORBIÈRE. There never was anything so wonderful in policy, as that Russia should have abstained so long from hostilities with Turkey, when every nation in Europe called on her against the oppressor of Greece, the violator of treaties, the persecutor of that religion of which her emperor is head, the murderer of those patriarchs whom she venerates as martyrs; and when the most ingenious of her enemies could not deny the justice of her cause. The British minister would not have dared to ask from Parliament one shilling to oppose it: and in France both royalist and republican have entered into a conspiracy for Greece. The king and his ministers alone are out of it: in all other countries of Europe the majority consists of the same number and the same persons.

VILLÈLE. Never were three millions of francs so wisely spent as the last of ours at Petersburg. How the child Nicolas will stamp and stare! Chateaubriand says of us, in his poetical mood, "Children of Charlemagne and St. Louis, you have broken the spear of Pallas, and plucked her owlet." Come along, my dear Corbière! we shall sleep soundly after dinner on the cushion stuffed with her feathers.

CORBIÈRE. Russia may give us some trouble yet; not indeed our colleagues his ministers; but Nicolas. He must find them out at last.

VILLÈLE. Why did the booby wait to play his rubber till the lights

were out? I suspect he will wake in the morning with a cramp in the calf, for having stood so long cross-legged behind our chairs. M. Canning may ratify now, if he will; *our* king will not take it amiss in him; nor *his* neither.

Corbière. We will compliment him in the name of our royal master and in our own. We will speak magnificently of his firmness, his perseverance, his timing of things well.

Villèle. He understands jokes and jeers: he himself is a joker and jeerer.

Corbière. Is he? How he will laugh then at the dupes he has made!

Villèle. Ah! my dear Corbière! his dupes never shut their eyes but upon full pockets: they are whigs and Scotchmen: cheat them if you can: be not cheated by them if you can help it. They are lawyers, literators, metaphysicians; but whose metaphysics have always a nucleus of attractive arithmetic in the centre. Scotland is the country where everyone draws advantage from every wind that springs up, from every van that turns, and catches his grist from under it. They are fierce with empty stomachs, and confident with full ones. Their tune is always the same; the words alone are different; and even these are thrown backward and forward and shuttled with such dexterity, they would persuade you they are of the same substance, tendency, and import; and that, if you cannot perceive it, the fault is entirely in your apprehension. Edinburgh is the city where a youth practises best the gymnastic exercises of patriotism. Time never fails to render his eye-sight clearer, to knit his joints with sounder logic, to force away in due season the shrivelling blossom from the swelling fruit, and to substitute the real and weighty for the speculative and vain. Somebody of this description, I know not whether Scotch or English, or partaking of both, but whig unequivocally, was called a liar in the House of Commons by his worthy friend M. Canning; and you would really have thought him angry: so admirably did he manage it. Now he swears that M. Canning is the most consistent of men, though (between ourselves) he has deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.

Corbière. Do you call that inconsistency? I thought you a better casuist. We have him where we wanted him: could not we

make the other his successor, if still living? He was merely called in the chamber of representatives what we are called everywhere else. Such men should divide the world.

Villèle. Keep the world before the fire a while longer, and its flesh and bones will separate more easily. Let it cool a little in the dish before we touch it with our fingers: others have harder ones and more enterprising, but will never lift so much to the mouth. The pulpit is ours, the pen is ours, the bayonet is ours: we have quashed everything that was not: we have only to make England do the same, now she has a liberal for a minister. In that country, if you wrote *dwarf* on the back of a giant he would go for a dwarf.

Corbière. Then the best thing you can do, is, to let people there write for ever. Here indeed they have lost all decency: persons who do not pay fifty francs a year in taxes, were setting us right perpetually.

Villèle. Always to set one right is very wrong: patience wears out under it. The indexes of a watch may be turned by key after key, and finger after finger, until at last they are so loose that everything moves them but the works.

Corbière. My dear Villèle, you grow dull; you reflect; you reason; you make observations. In fine, the Greeks are past hope; the good cause is safe.

Villèle. Down comes the Parthenon: down comes the temple of Theseus: down comes the study of Demosthenes.

Corbière. Away with paganism and republicanism! Vive le roi!

Villèle. Vive le roi!